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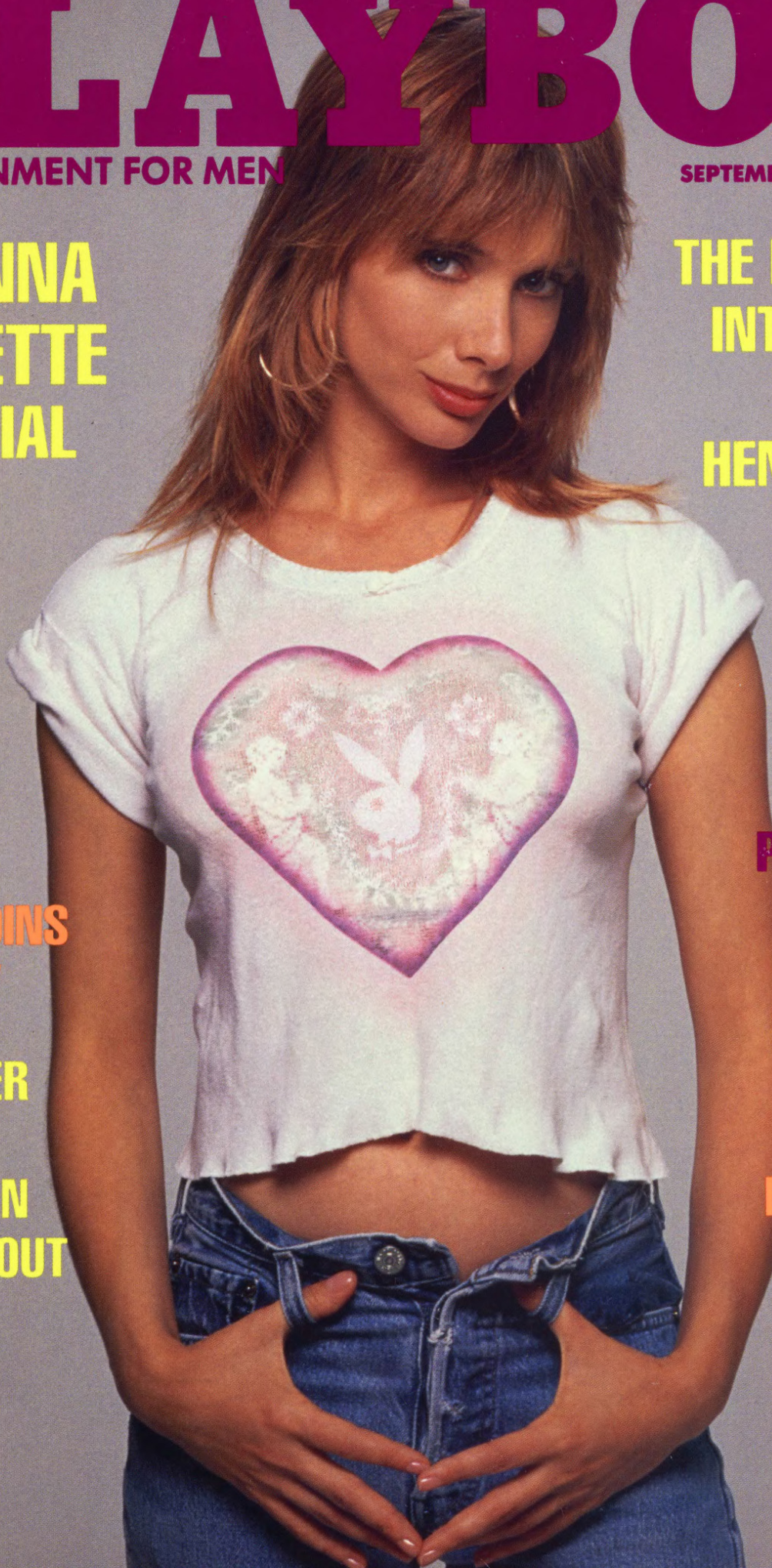

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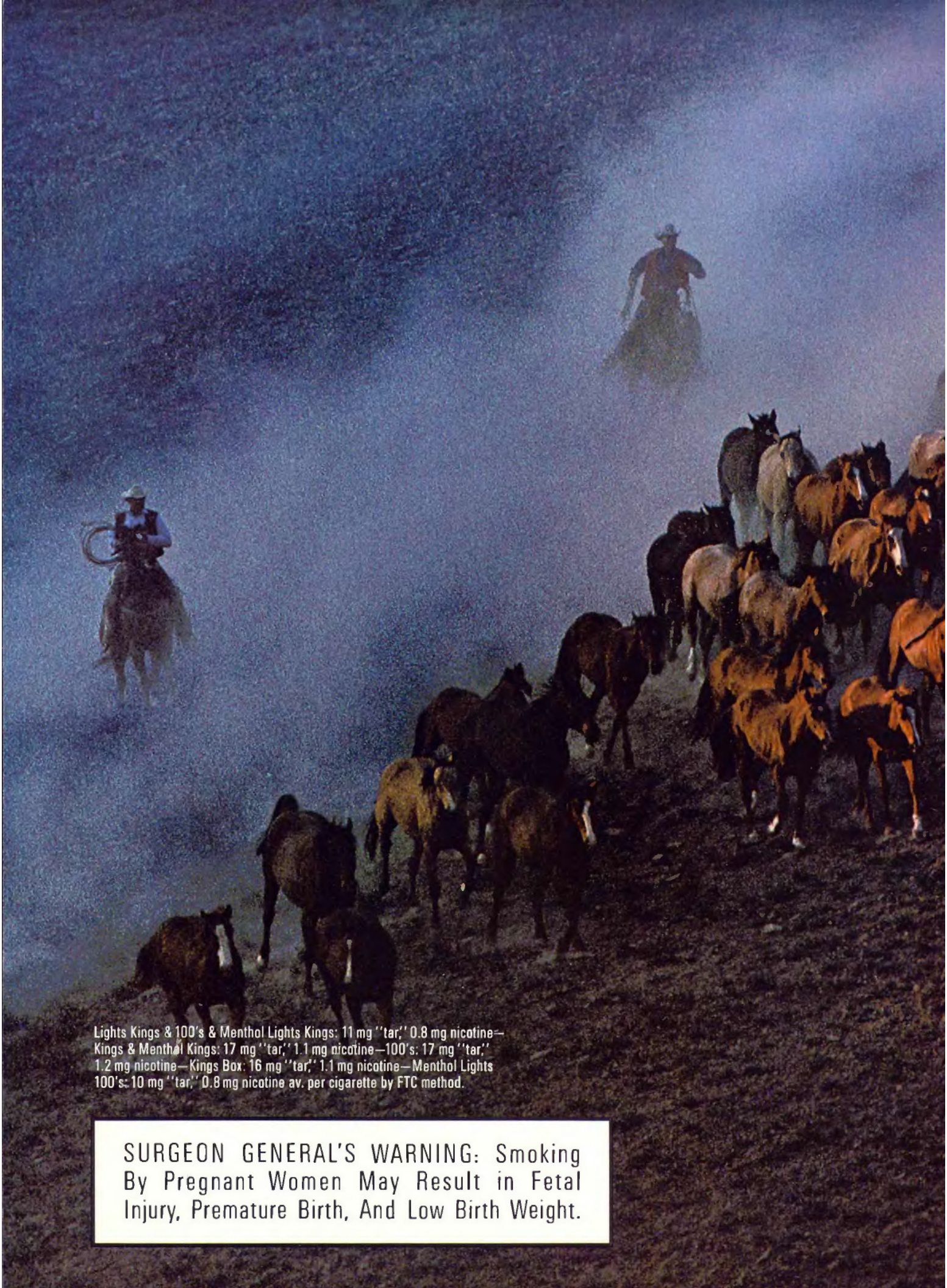

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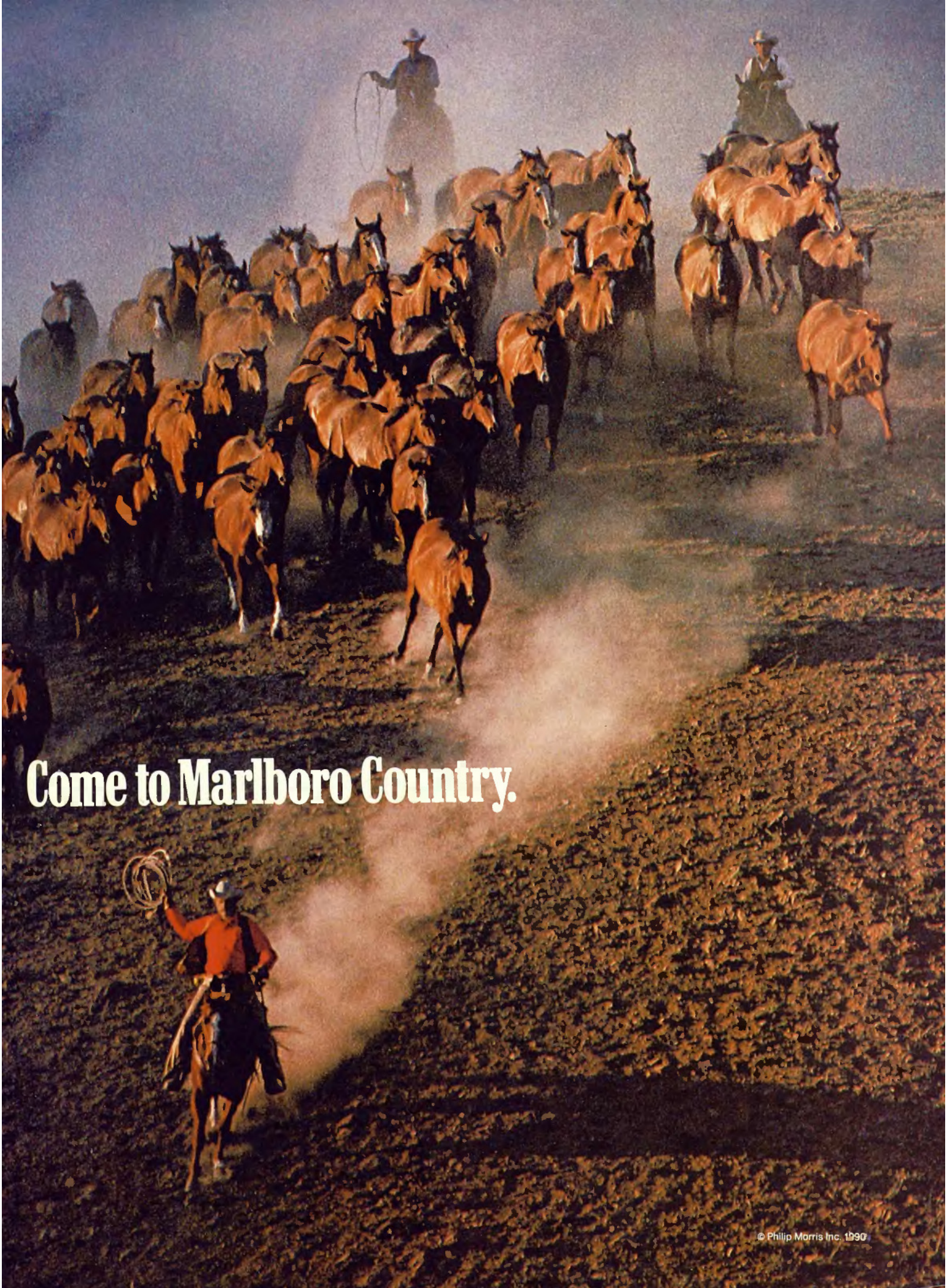
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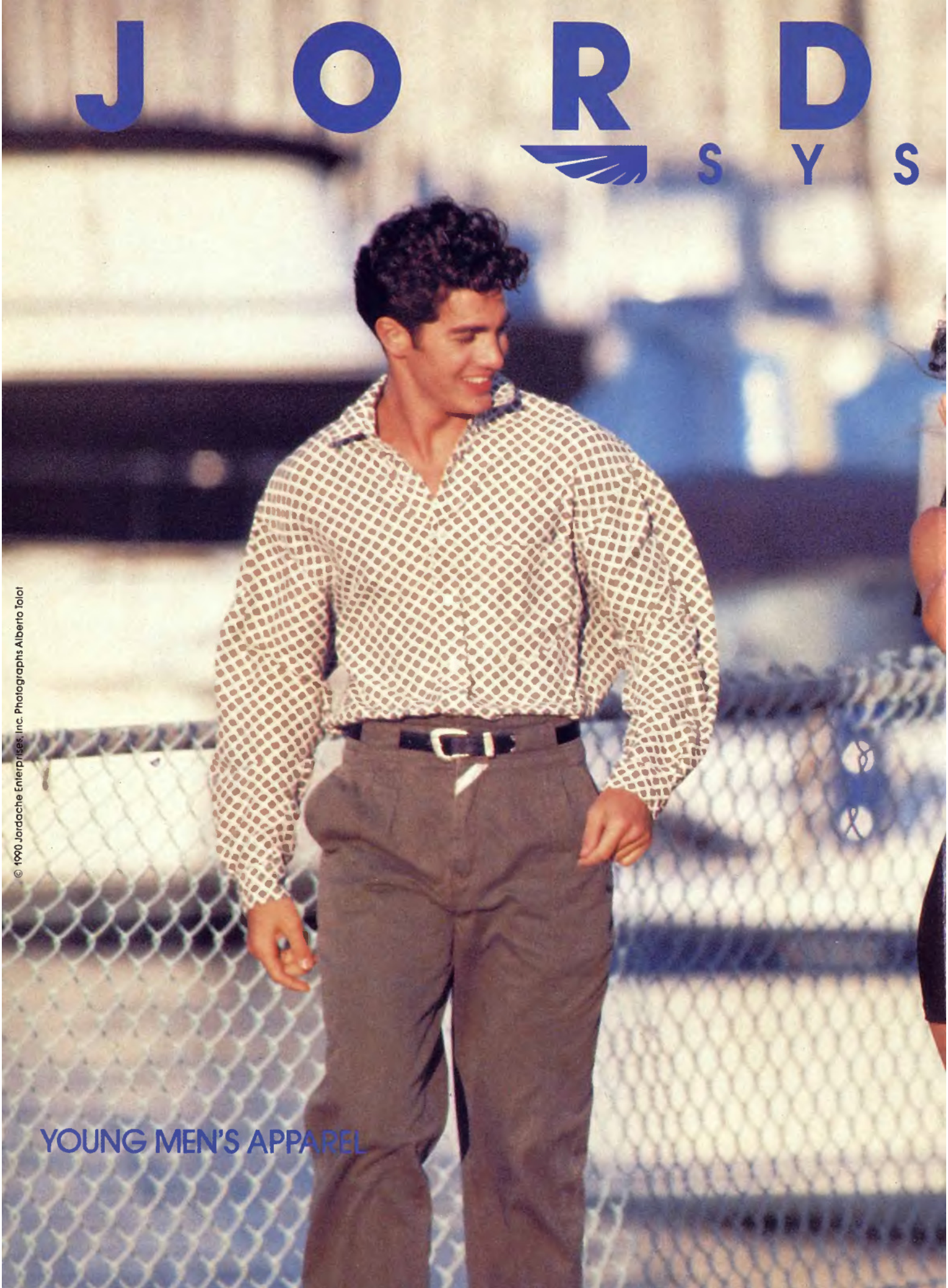
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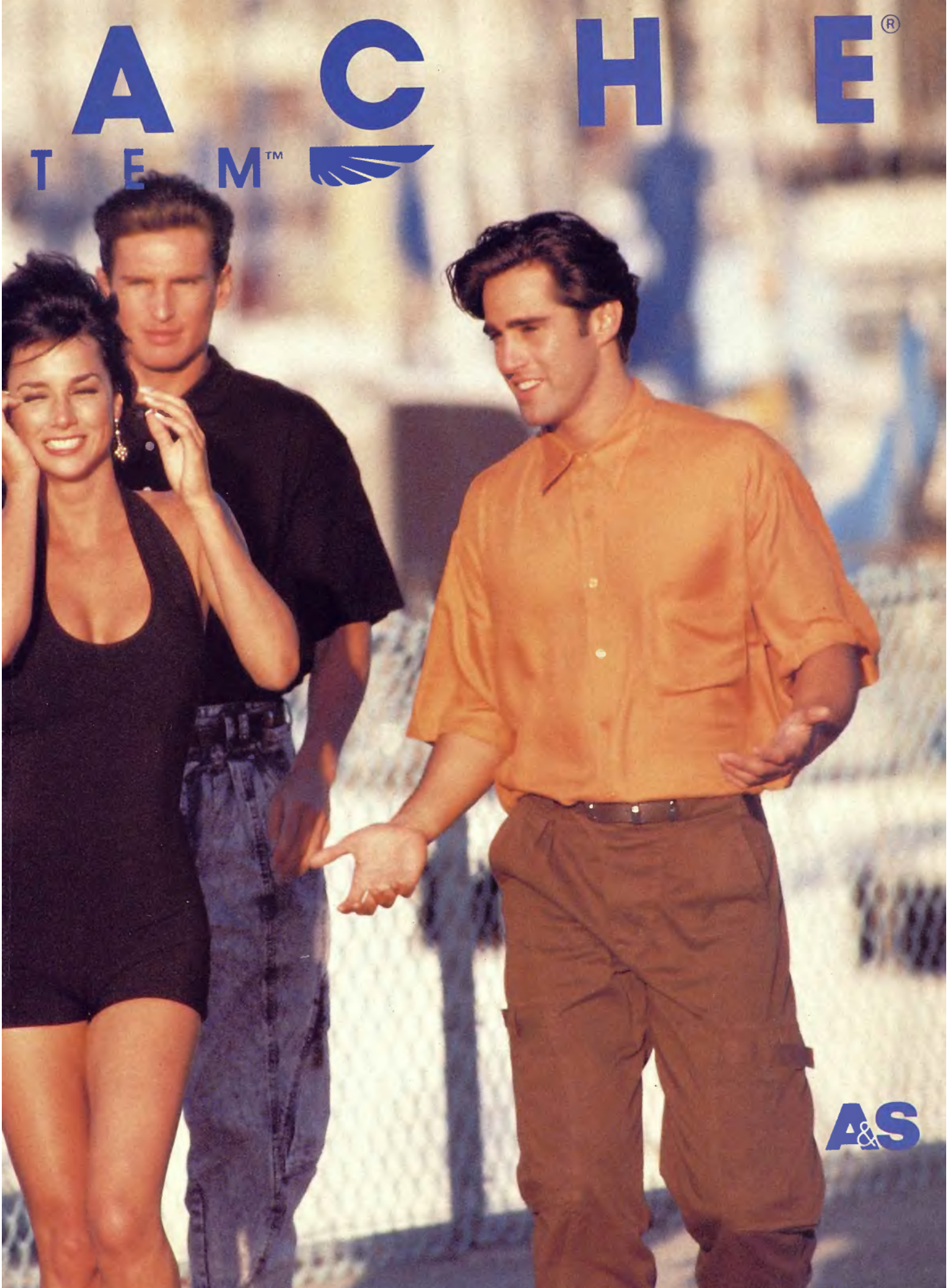
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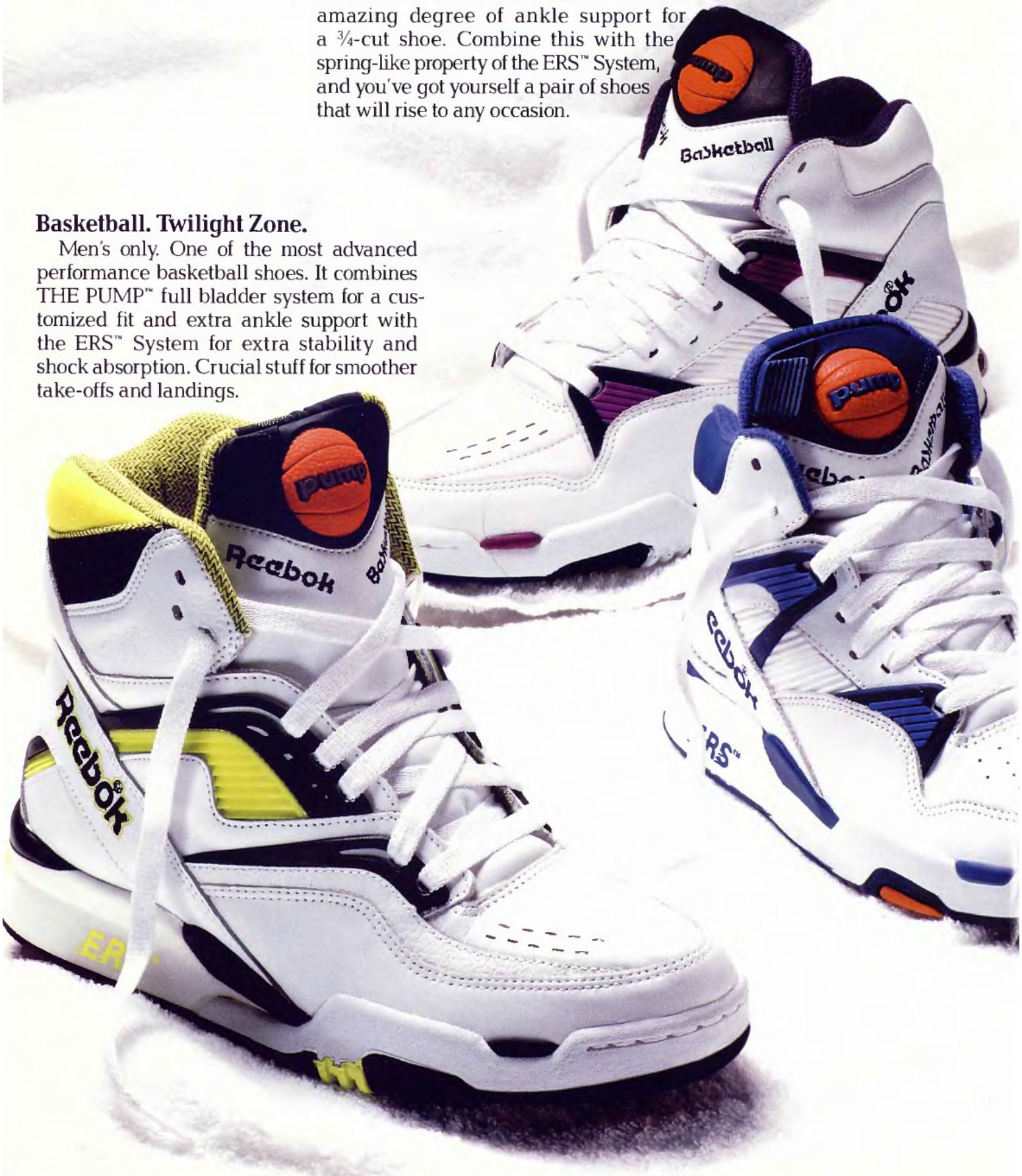

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Aerobics.

Women's
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Training. THE PUMP™ SXT.
s only. Although this shoe is built on any sport, its customized fit is ılly helpful for those who spend more time weight training. The Mid-foot Stability Bar is designed to keep your feet from giving in to the pressure overhead.

Tennis. THE PUMP™ Court Victory.
Men's only. With the inflatable air bladder you not only get a perfect fit, you get an amazing degree of lateral and medial support for all those quick stops and side-to-side starts. Together with Hexalite™ technology for lightweight cushioning and Dura Trac™ Plus for glue-like traction, you'll always be right where you need to be. On the ball.

THE PUMP™ Aerobic Lite
only. Whether you're into high- w-impact, you can adjust THE PUMP to ɔu through any level of aerobics. lightweight Hexalite™ cushioning sys- elp absorb the shocks. How the rest feels is up to you.

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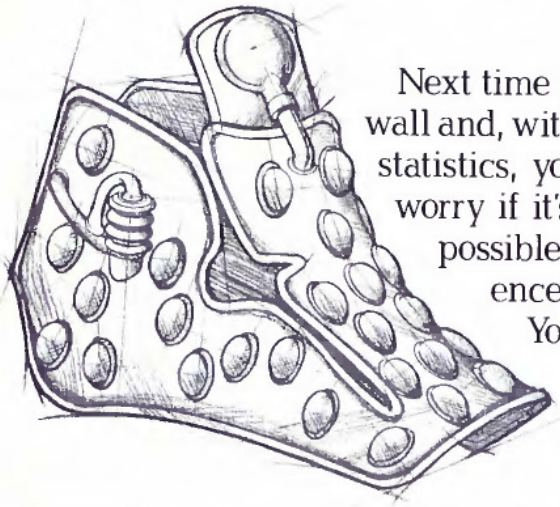
The revolutionary PUMP™ technology is now available from $90.00.

The same technology that revolutionized the basketball shoe has now been built into Cross Training, Tennis and Aerobic shoes. Offering the same kind of customized fit, with the right kind of support and cushioning that each activity demands. Leaving you free to think about what your feet are doing, instead of how they're feeling.



THE PUMP.™ With the full bladder system, your entire foot is surrounded by pillows of air. The inner lining of the shoe inflates to give you the extra ankle, mid-foot and heel support that's crucial for better mobility.

Next time you take your shoes off, stand with your heels against a wall and, with your feet together, take a look at your toes. According to statistics, your left foot is probably bigger than your right. (Don't worry if it's the reverse, you're still quite normal.) And if it were possible to compare their profile, you'd see a surprising difference there, too.

Your shoes, on the other hand, are virtually identical. And therein lies the problem. They're formed to fit the average person with the average foot. Which, unfortunately, doesn't exist. So it's a safe bet you've never had the benefit of performing in two shoes that fit exactly.

With THE PUMP™ System, you will. Because THE PUMP technology lets you customize the shape of each shoe to fit the precise shape of each foot.

What makes it possible is a construction that integrates an inflatable urethane bladder with an air compressor and a release valve.

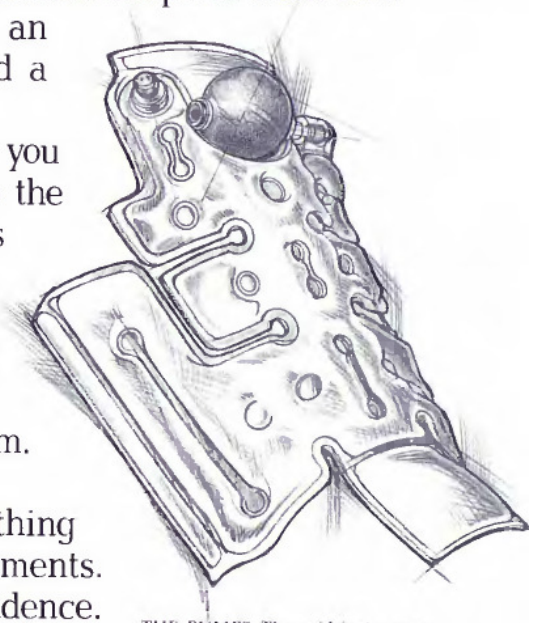
The air bladder is "quilted" to control the amount of air you can pump into specific locations around your foot. Less to the places where the foot flexes. More to the hard-to-fit areas where you normally find gaps between the foot and shoe.

In ordinary athletic shoes, these gaps give the foot room to slide around. And once you've worn THE PUMP™ shoe, you'll realize just how much your feet do move in ordinary athletic shoes. No matter how tightly you lace them. And that movement can affect your performance.

Because ideally, your shoes should be doing the same thing as your feet. And if they aren't, you have to make adjustments. Adjustments that do nothing for your concentration or confidence. With THE PUMP from Reebok®, you just adjust the fit in each shoe.

Drop in to your local athletic shoe retailer and try on a pair.

But don't be surprised if, compared to THE PUMP™ shoes, your other shoes suddenly feel like they don't fit. Because the truth of the matter is, they probably don't.



THE PUMP.™ The mid-foot system not only gives you a customized fit, it keeps your heel in its proper place while providing the lateral and medial support you need for weightlifting, high-impact aerobics, basketball or tennis.

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LIFE SHIFTS in September. Summer ends and there's the first snap of fall in the air. A lot of us go from full-time play to full-time work. Transition is in the pages of *Playboy* this month, too. We're proud to bring you what we hear is the last in **John Updike's** wonderful series of Harry "Rabbit" Angstrom books, *Rabbit at Rest* (to be published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., in the United States and by Andre Deutsch, Ltd., in the United Kingdom). Our excerpt, illustrated by **Pat Andrea,** puts Rabbit on the first tee, where, even with faulty vision, he sees a world full of possibility.

Three of our nonfiction pieces are by guys who made the transition from editors (at *Playboy*, as chance would have it) to writers. **Geoffrey Norman's** piece, *Captive Honor*, is from his book *Bouncing Back* (to be published by Houghton Mifflin), a riveting look into a POW camp called the Plantation in North Vietnam. Illustrated by painter and muralist **Richard Iammarino,** *Captive Honor* tells how captured U.S. officers maintained their sanity as their North Vietnamese captors tried everything from trickery to torture to win their cooperation. **Craig Vetter,** whom we've sent to do our thrilling dirty work many times, says he has now hit the wall bungee jumping. Vetter, in *Rubber Jump*, became a human yo-yo when he leaped from a bridge in the Sierras. (The guys who arranged it were none other than the Kockelman brothers, whose bungee stunt in a Reebok commercial got pulled from TV. Seems viewers believed the brother in the Nikes had actually plunged to his death.) **Laurence Gonzales** had his own adventures hanging out with **Charlie Sheen** on the set of *Navy SEALS*, Hollywood's attempt at the 1990 version of *Top Gun*, for the profile *Charlie Sheen Goes to War*. (**Bruce Williamson** reviews the movie on page 28.)

Another sure sign of September is **Gary Cole's** annual preview of the pro-football season. *Playboy's Pro Football Forecast* will not tackle the burning question of Mike Ditka's ratings on *L.A. Law* last spring; but it will assess the 49ers' chances to do it again. In another important sports read, longtime contributor (and another former *Playboy* editor) **Lawrence Linderman** chats up the Oakland A's chief thief of stolen bases, **Rickey Henderson,** in the *Playboy Interview*. For more prime-time conversation, Contributing Editor **David Rensin's** *20 Questions* asks **Maury Povich** about his plans to retire as host of *A Current Affair*, about tabloid TV and, of course, what **Connie Chung** is really like.

We know you're thinking about September's photo opportunities right about now. Well, hold on to your pages, guys. **Bert Stern,** one of our most eminent glamour and portrait photographers, took some stunning shots of actress **Rosanna Arquette.** Arquette couldn't be hotter—in her film career, that is: She has a batch of new movies and a TV miniseries on the Custers in the works. Our other big photo splash is *World Cup Women* (photographed by **Byron Newman**). We went to Italy, site of this summer's World Cup battles, rounded up 11 international beauties and entered them in *Playboy*'s world Foosball championship. The idea was *Playboy* Netherlands Editor-in-Chief **Jan Heemskerk's;** he and his Art Director, **Piet van Oss,** produced it.

What else do you need to know before you start this feast for the eyes and the brain? **Robert Scheer's** *Reporter's Notebook* tackles the savings-and-loan mess and its villainous grand Pooh-Bah, **Charles H. Keating, Jr.,** and *The Playboy Forum* takes a look at the National Obscenity Enforcement Unit (it sounds dire, and it is). And if you can't wait to catch the trends on the quad, don't miss our important fashion feature *Back to Campus*.

Sometimes, transitions produce perfect symmetry. Try this one: Our lead book review is a rave for **Kurt Vonnegut's** newest novel and the illustration was done by **Edie Vonnegut,** Kurt's daughter. And, speaking of perfect symmetry, September's Playmate, **Kerri Kendall,** could write chapter and verse. We've been telling you all along: Reading *is* fundamental.

UPDIKE

ANDREA

IAMMARINO

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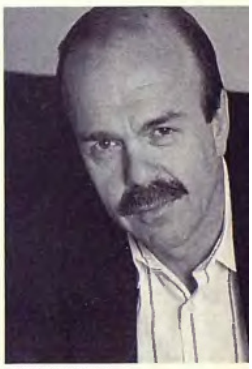
COLE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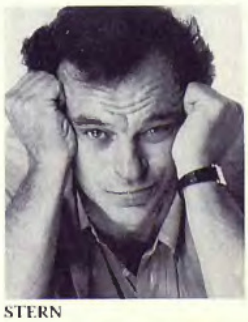
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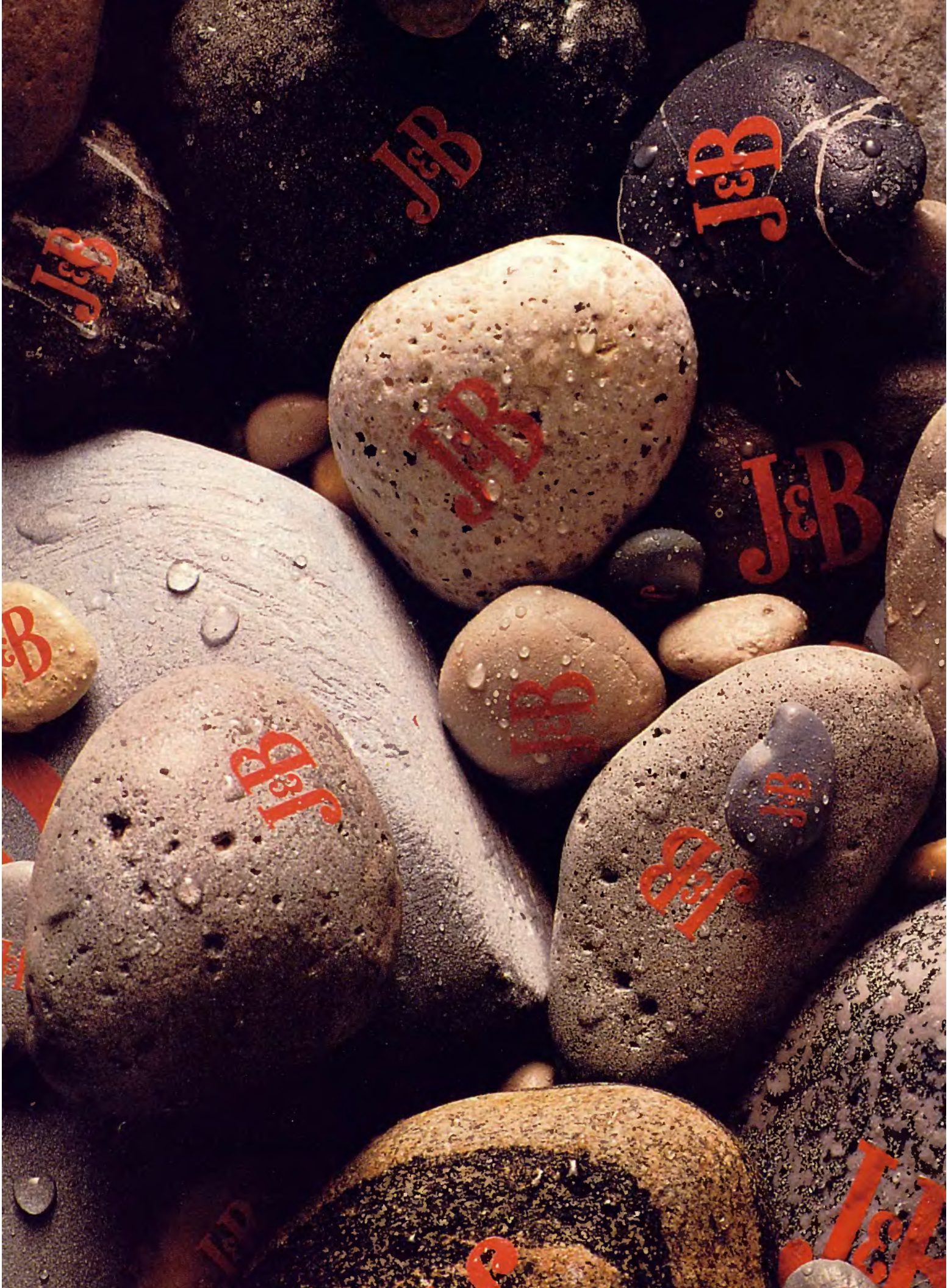
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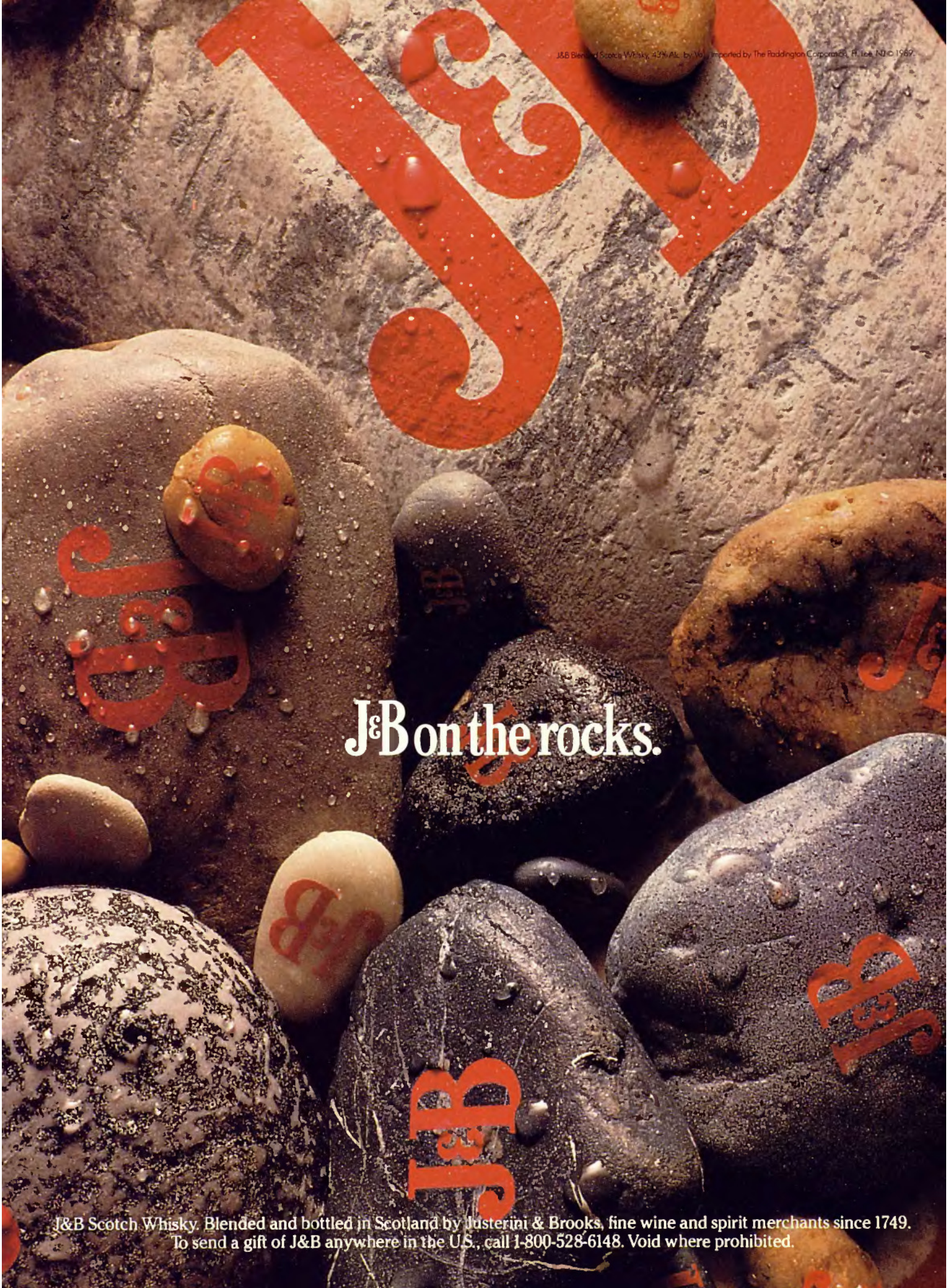

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PLAYBOY

vol. 37, no. 9—september 1990

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COVER STORY

Baby, it's you! You know you've arrived when you've played a sultry Soho eccentric, General Custer's wife and Gary Gilmore's lover, switched roles with Madonna and had a hit sang written about you. Look far Rosanna Arquette in a wet, wild (and spontaneous) *Playboy* pictorial and in four hot new films. Kudos to photographer Greg Gorman of Gamma-Liaison for our cover, which we changed to show our Rabbit's heart-on for Rosanna.

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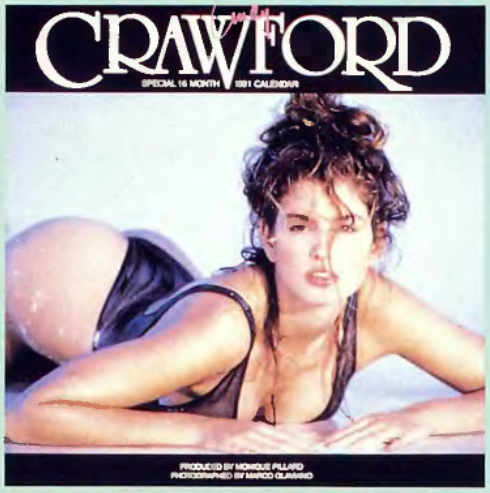

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The #1 Supermodel is hotter than ever!

Patrick Nagel
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Obsession Women
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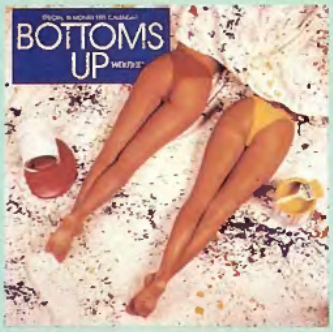

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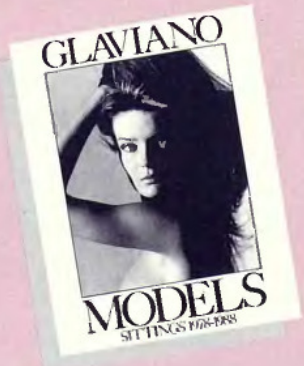

These photos are just a sample of the *Models Sittings* book

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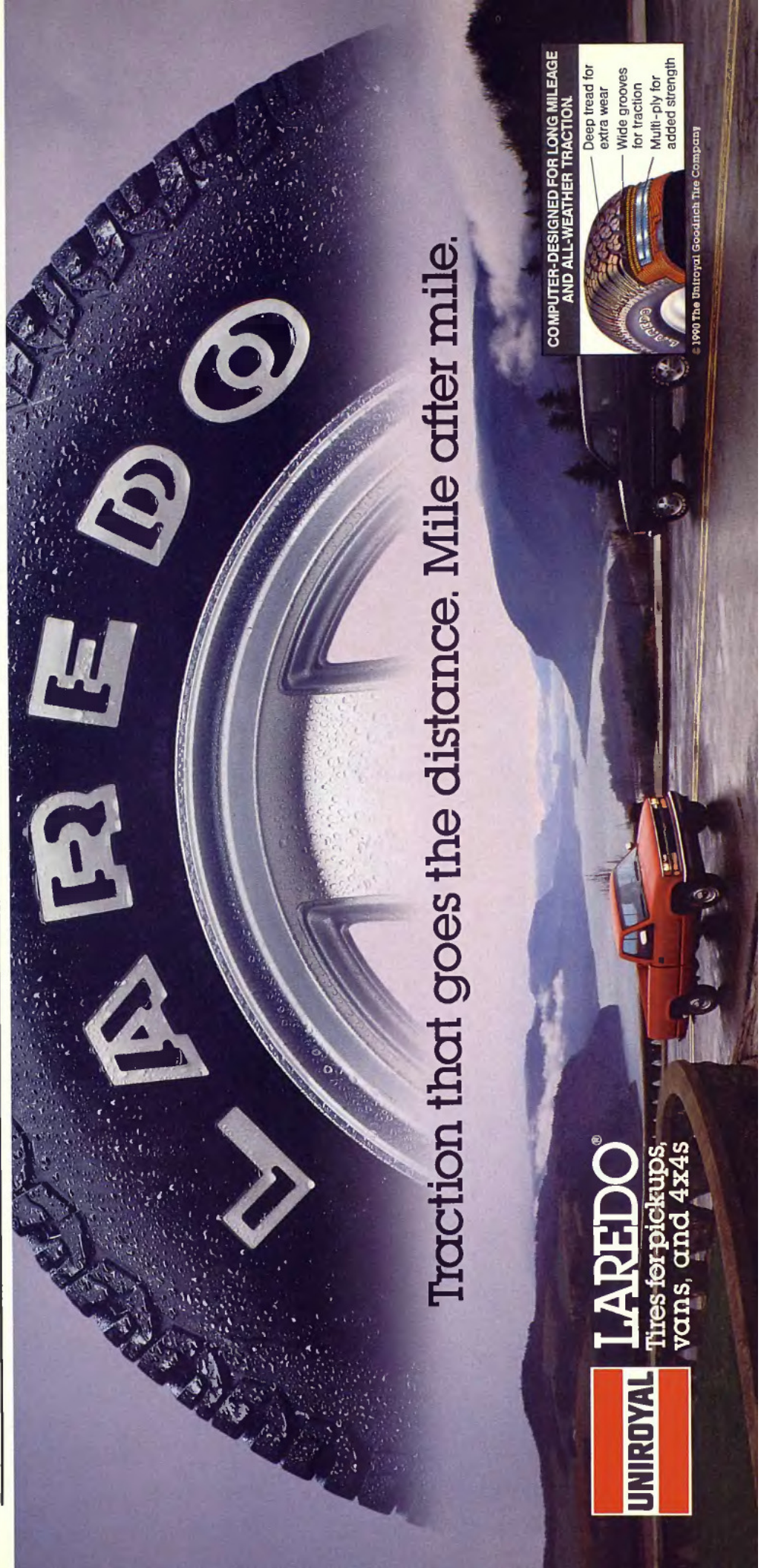
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"UNHOLY BUSINESS"

Covenant House founder Bruce Ritter (*Reporter's Notebook*, "Such Unholy Business," by Robert Scheer, *Playboy*, June) is just another righteousness-monger who has run into trouble. Here in Canada, Roman Catholic priests from Newfoundland to British Columbia have been charged with sexual assault of young boys.

Last year, public television telecast a ten-part series by John Bradshaw on deviance in the family. It made two memorable points:

1. Emotions are energy. If we don't let it out, that energy remains bottled up and often creates problems.

2. You become what you hate. The continuous dwelling on a subject that you scorn and resist, such as sex, creates energy that, if repressed, finds expression through the route most programed into your mind.

Ronald V. Harrington
Burlington, Ontario

A recent study by Daniel Wegner, Ph.D., a psychologist at Trinity University in San Antonio, and his colleagues, published by the American Psychological Association's Journal of Personality and Social Psychology, *indicates that the suppression of exciting emotions may stimulate the production of intrusive thoughts that become increasingly fascinating and ultimately irresistible.*

TWAIN ON ART CENSORS

As right-wing religious zealots from Cincinnati to Chicago attack funding for the National Endowment for the Arts, we should recall Mark Twain's dim view of religionists' moral sense of bodily modesty.

"The convention miscalled modesty has no standard, and cannot have one, because it is opposed to nature and reason, and is therefore an artificiality and subject to anybody's whim, anybody's diseased caprice," he wrote in *Letters from the Earth*.

Twain ridiculed the Adam and Eve myth in which Adam and Eve are made ashamed of their bodies. He noted that all people enter the world naked, unashamed and clean in mind: "They have entered it modest. They had to acquire immodesty and the soiled mind; there is no other way to get it. A Christian mother's first duty is to soil her child's mind, and she does not neglect it."

Jim Senyszyn
Naugatuck, Connecticut

"ANATOMY OF A WITCH-HUNT"

When I received the June issue of *Playboy*, the first article I read was the *Forum* Special Report concerning the McMartin molestation case, "McMartin: Anatomy of a Witch-Hunt."

I live in the Los Angeles area and have been following the case since its inception. It has certainly been a waste of time and money. The D.A. took many crazy statements made by the McMartin children, threw away those that were obviously a product of the children's imaginations and kept those that seemed useful in the prosecution of the case.

Bernhardt Sandler
Venice, California

Thank you for "McMartin: Anatomy of a Witch-Hunt." I am ashamed to admit I was part of the public who had McMartin convicted before her trial. Having had my eyes opened by your article, I wrote to my local newspaper alerting its readers.

Carol Jennison
Modesto, California

WHEN IN MEXICO . . .

In *Mexico for Lovers*, your June travel guide, you offer some advice on how to deal with a Mexican policeman looking for a payoff. As a police officer for 13 years, I take strong exception to your advocating bribery. Mexico is notorious for underpaying its police officers. Some cops resort to supplementing their income by tapping tourists. However, rest assured that if you run into an honest cop (still in the majority down there) and try to buy his integrity with ten bucks, you *will* piss him off. If he had been inclined to stop and warn you about some minor infraction, he will now escort your arrogant gringo ass down to

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the station to post bond. My suggestion: If you commit an offense, let the cop do the talking. If the stop is legit, go to the station, pay the fine, put the incident behind you and try to enjoy the balance of your vacation.

Daniel Crawford
Ashland, Wisconsin

How could you have made those mistakes in Spanish in your June issue—the one that came out right before my students' final exams? You know these college kids—if it's in *Playboy*, it has to be true, right?

Please publish these corrections pronto: *Con tigo* should be *contigo*; *¿Quanto cuesta esto?*, *¿Cuánto cuesta esto?*; *me encatan*, *me encantan*; *otra cervesa*, *otra cerveza*.

Nancy Sochia
Potsdam College
Potsdam, New York

You're right, Nancy; we goofed. We did show our translations to a Spanish instructor at a respected university, who assured us we got it right. Can't trust anyone these days.

RAVES FOR RENEÉ

Just received my June issue and it's great to see that my choice for Playmate of the Year made it. What a beaut! Reneé Tenison has the loveliest eyes I've seen in years.

Les Gilbert
Nelson, British Columbia

It's great that Reneé Tenison is the first black Playmate of the Year. But she should

PLAYBOY
FOR MEN
PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR
INTERVIEW: GREAT TALK FROM TV'S TALKIEST SHOW, THIRTYSOMETHING
MICKEY ROURKE AND CARRÉ OTIS ARE ON FIRE IN
PLUS: MEXICO FOR LOVERS, HORSE RACING FOR FUN AND PROFIT, BIKES FOR THE NINETIES

get another award, for the *sexiest* cover shot of the year.

Rodney Kenneth Theodore Graber
Madison, Wisconsin

Your choice of Reneé Tenison has completed a triple-crown win for African-American womanhood: Miss America, Miss U.S.A. and now Playmate of the Year.

I am of Irish and Italian descent. My wife is of African-American heritage. These young ladies' victories will become important in our daughter's development as a self-assured, beautiful woman.

Robert Webb
Lafayette, Indiana

Playmate of the Year Reneé Tenison is positively spectacular! She says that she couldn't get a date in high school, which leads me to believe that guys from Melba, Idaho, must be blind. I'm a white guy from a predominantly white town in Massachusetts, and if Reneé had grown up here, she'd have had guys waiting in line to ask her out.

Jack Daly
Hingham, Massachusetts

I am white and I live in the Deep South, but I heartily admire you for selecting Reneé Tenison as Playmate of the Year. I am certain that many consider it a bold step to choose a black woman for this honor, but she is beautifully deserving.

Barrett J. Day
Mandeville, Louisiana

ROCK'S ROOTS

Thanks for your splendid article *Playboy's History of Jazz and Rock, Part One: The Devil's Music* in the June issue. Author John Sinclair has helped erase the line between jazz and rock. The public has no idea that these two musical styles come from the same roots, and sometimes it

seems that we need to get back to those roots. With the music field advancing so rapidly, let's forget the differences and just call it all music. I can't wait for Part Two.

Michael Crutcher
Lowell, Massachusetts

CORY EVERSON IN THE SWIM

Thanks for your swimsuit pictorial *Swimwear 1990* (*Playboy*, June), featuring six-time Ms. Olympia Cory Everson. Cory has an incredible body and an eye for fashion. She's truly one of the most beautiful women in the world.

Ernie Rupp
Shawnee, Kansas

Cory Everson can kick sand in my face any time she wants.

John L. Tweed
Toms River, New Jersey

WHAT'S IN A WORD?

The etymology of the word pencil is even more interesting than you indicate in your short review of Henry Petroski's *The Pencil: A History of Design and Circumstance* in June's *Playboy After Hours*. The source of this word traces back to the Latin *penes* (within; in the possession or power of), which is the source of penetrate.

The Romans generally referred to the *membrum virile* as a *gladius* (sword); *vagina* is Latin for sheath.

As one thing leads to another, we may as well consider the origin of the word vanilla. *Vanilla* is the diminutive of *vagina*, or little sheath, a reference to the shape of the vanilla bean. Vanilla, as is well known, is widely used to neutralize the bitter taste of chocolate, and chocolate has the same effects on the human hormone system as sex.

While on the subject of sex, orchids derive their name from the Greek *orchis*, or testicle, because their roots resemble a pair of balls. Orchid is, indeed, an appropriate name for so romantic a flower.

Richard E. Irby, Jr.
Winterville, Georgia

You must be hell to beat in Scrabble.

"CASUAL SEX"?

Cynthia Heimel seems amazed that "for men, love and sex are two separate things," as she writes in her June *Women* column, "The Terrors of Casual Sex." I have news for her. Love is an emotion, an attribute of an individual. Sex is an activity. Attributes and activities are fundamentally distinct modes of existence. Sometimes they occur at the same time, but love and sex *are* separate things.

Paul Thiel
Crescent Springs, Kentucky

YO, ANXIETY

In reference to "Yo, Consonants," by Aaron Freeman (*Playboy After Hours*, June), I identify with Freeman's childhood anxiety about being an educated, articulate black boy accused of talking "white." The misunderstanding of the black middle-class child by blacks and whites alike has disturbed me most of my life, though as I grow older, I do not experience the deep psychological humiliation that I felt as a child. I sense a genuine interest on *Playboy*'s part in changing some of the stereotypes that run rampant in our society. Thank you.

Raphael Shaw
Fort Washington, Maryland

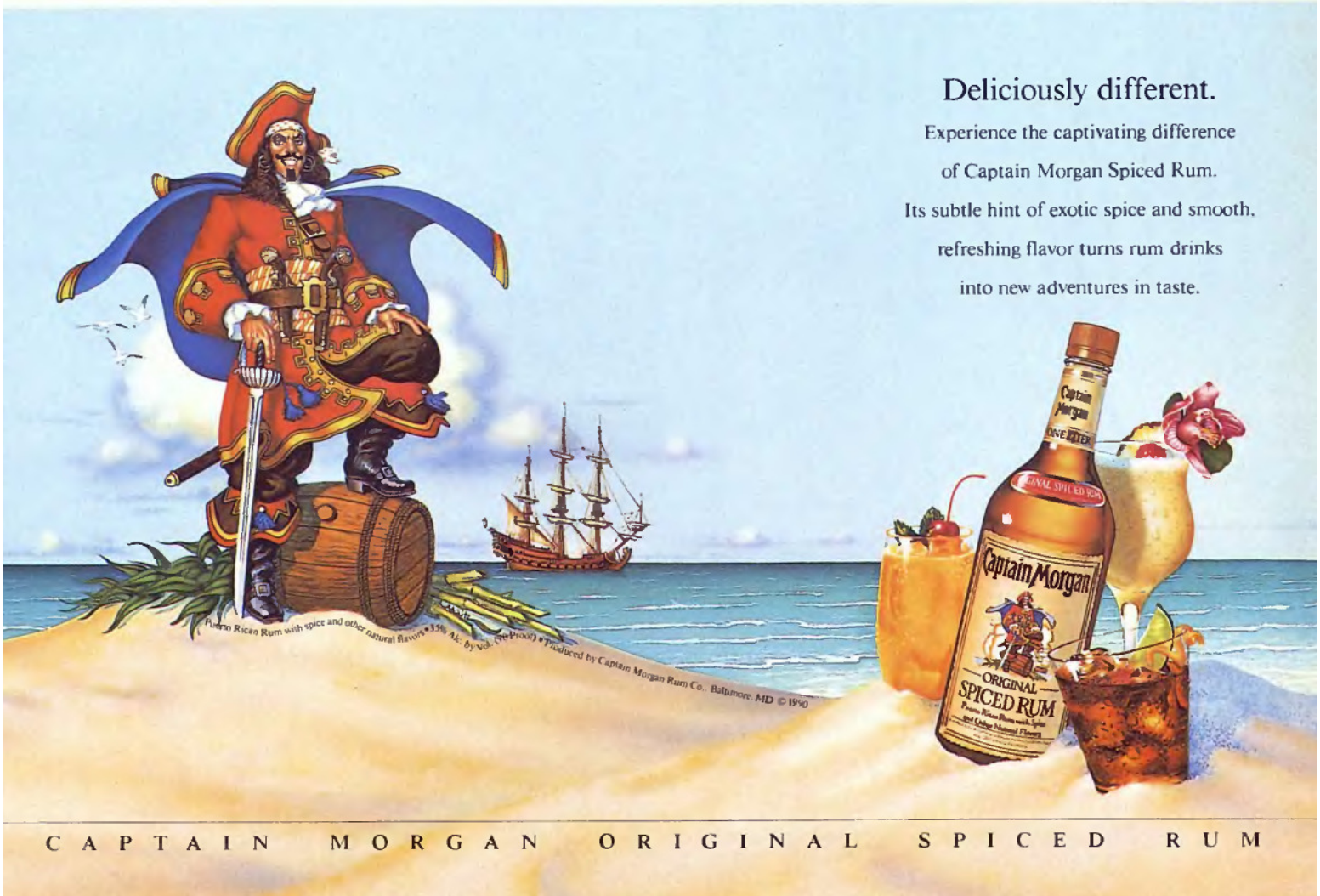
A RUBLE FOR RIBBS

Thanks for Contributing Editor Walter Lowe, Jr.'s, *20 Questions* with Willy T. Ribbs (*Playboy*, June). I've been following Ribbs's career since he won the Star of Tomorrow championship in England in 1977. I only wish that the rest of the American media would realize that color is only skin deep and concentrate on Ribbs's racing rather than on his race.

Do I qualify to win a Willy T. Ribbs Flying Tiger fan club T-shirt? How can I join the club?

Dan Ruble
Cupertino, California

We're sure the Flying Tiger fan club will welcome your membership and send you a T-shirt, Dan. Write to P.O. Box 2802, Sunnyvale, California 94087.



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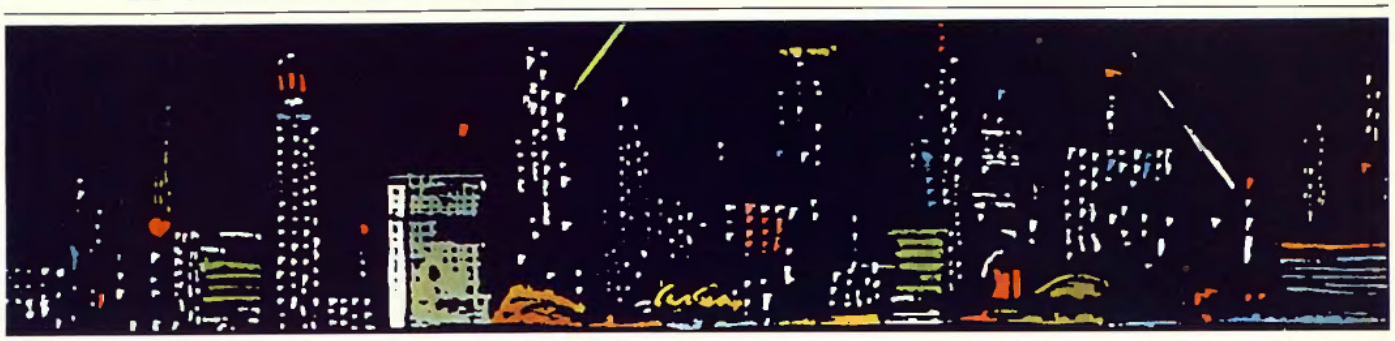

MODEL CITIZENS

It was bound to happen. As part of "the new openness" between the United States and the Soviet Union, seven Soviet fashion models—four women and three men—have arrived for work in New York City. The Idols International models are among a minuscule number of traveling Soviets—in addition to athletes and other performers—permitted to cash in on U.S. capitalism, but there's little fear of an ideological invasion from this crowd. Idols' head, August Sehven, who elbowed out John Casablanca's Elite agency and other biggies for first dibs on the Russian recruits, has labored tirelessly (spending, by his estimate, $300,000 in the process) to rid his investments of any Communist leanings.

"Basically, we've reprogramed their way of thinking," says Sehven. "They had to learn that in America, you have to be better than somebody."

Like a drill instructor hammering his weight lifters into Olympic champions, Sehven has had the gang hit the gym at daybreak. In the beginning, he mixed modeling work with a regimen of money-management seminars and private English tutorials. The models, who range in age from 20 to 23, share a Manhattan brownstone and are made to observe a strict curfew. "It's like being in the army," says Sehven.

But just so the models don't get the idea that America is all work and no play, Sehven carts them to various publicity events at some of New York's hottest hot spots. They've also hit the clubs. At one party we attended, Irina Danilina, a stunning 20-year-old blonde, heated up the dance floor at the Red Zone in a hip-to-hip sashay with a brand-new American friend. Wrapped in a belly-clinging black dress, she leaned intimately into him as he pumped his pelvis to the beat of *Pump Up the Jam*. Earlier, she had gazed his way with such smoldering intensity that the young man nearly fumbled his bottle of Bud.

On the night the Soviet government turned off oil supplies to Lithuania, Sehven's seven turned heads at Six Bond Street, where they first informally modeled a new brand of jeans and then mingled with the locals.

The press, of course, follows them around, drooling, and the Soviets are proving very cooperative. During a recent interview with reporters, model Anya Chernysheva slung her arm luxuriously around one questioner and asked if he would like to see her portfolio. When she caught him ogling a photo of her bulging bosom, she asked coyly, "See my breastkies?" *Glasnost* lives.

THE LOVEDOME

As any baseball fan knows, there's more than one way to score, and this season, Toronto Blue Jays fans have been switching their attention from the playing field to the nearby SkyDome Hotel. With 70 rooms making up the north wall of the stadium, the hostelry provides occupants a perfect view of the game below. It also provides the fans a clear view into the rooms, so when the play gets slow and hotel guests opt for America's *second* favorite pastime, the crowd rises as one to watch.

At least, that's what happened during a

Seattle Mariners visit, when fans with binoculars focused on a couple in the process of sliding into home. A previous highlight involved a man who wowed spectators with an outstanding solo effort. Hotel management was quick to point out that the rooms *do* have curtains. The publicity generated by these antics has prompted phone calls from as far away as Australia. Guess people are willing to travel a long way for an exhibition game.

CLASSICAL COMICS

Faster than a speeding allegory, more powerful than a recurring motif, *Classics Illustrated* are back at a comics vendor near you. Back in 1975, Twin Circle Publishing discontinued the newsprint versions of famous works of literature it had been issuing for decades. Now the immortal books you've always treasured (or long avoided) are being turned into slick graphic narratives, thanks to Berkeley/First Publishing. The new glossy editions feature the work of such cutting-edge comics artists as Bill Sienkiewicz, who takes on *Moby Dick*, and veteran *Playboy* contributor Gahan Wilson, who has illustrated Poe's *The Raven and Other Poems*. Other titles so far include Dickens' *Great Expectations*, Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter* and Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.

Highbrow readers seem to be the latest targets of comics publishers. DC is now marketing a comics series based on Wagner's operatic *Ring* cycle. And Sienkiewicz is collaborating with Alan (*Watchmen*) Moore on a 12-issue series based on chaos theory, titled *Big Numbers*. Appropriately, its price is a big $5.50.

NEAT STREETS

Lately, we've been thinking, How come *every* city doesn't have a pompous-sounding street? After all, New York has Avenue of the Americas and Los Angeles has Avenue of the Stars. Naturally, we have some suggestions:

Atlantic City—Avenue of Appallingly Bad Taste.

Beirut—Avenue of the Exploding Mercedes.

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"Next thing I knew, mate, she had her dress off and was standing in front of me in her knickers. But I had the presence of mind to buzz my secretary. That was the last time I saw any sheila [woman] on my own."—a diplomat at Australia's Beijing embassy, where young Chinese are trying to bribe their way out of China

FACT OF THE MONTH

Median number of sexual partners a prostitute has in a lifetime, according to a survey of female prostitutes for *The Journal of the American Medical Association*: 2900.

MIGHTY MOUTHS

Number of words Abraham Lincoln used to dedicate a battlefield cemetery: 271, in his Gettysburg Address.

•

Number of words Thomas Jefferson used to launch a nation: 1321, in the Declaration of Independence.

•

Number of words Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., used to spur on the civil rights movement: 1660, in his "I have a dream" speech.

•

Number of words Richard M. Nixon used to defend his ethics and expenditures: 4704, in his "Checkers" speech.

DEALS ON WHEELS

Original purchase price of a 1941 Cadillac convertible: $1645. Current value: $28,000 to $38,000.

•

Original price of a 1941 Lincoln Continental convertible: $1801. Current value: $36,000 to $62,000.

•

Original price of a 1942 Ford convertible: $1080. Current value: $16,000 to $23,000.

•

Original price of a 1965 Pontiac GTO convertible: $3093. Current value: $7500 to $11,000.

•

Original price of a 1968 Chevrolet Corvette 427-435 roadster: $6163. Current value: $40,000.

•

Original price of a 1970 Mustang Mach 1 428 Cobra Jet: $3647. Current value: $16,000 to $24,000.

OPENING REMARKS

Shortest Inaugural Address: 135 words, delivered by George Washington (original rough draft: 62 pages).

Longest Inaugural Address: more than 9000 words, delivered during a downpour by William Henry Harrison (who subsequently died of pneumonia).

NO DOPES

Percentage of marijuana users among American high school seniors: in 1979, 37; in 1989, 17.

•

Percentage of marijuana users among American college students: in 1980, 34; in 1989, 16.

•

Percentage of cocaine users among American high school seniors: in 1986, 6.2; in 1989, 2.8.

•

Percentage of cocaine users among American college students: in 1986, 7; in 1989, 2.8.

•

Percentage of American high school seniors who have used crack in their lifetime: in 1987, 5.4; in 1989, 4.7.

•

Percentage of American high school seniors who have used crack in the past year: in 1987, 3.9; in 1989, 3.1.

Chicago—Avenue of the Unknown Voter.

Houston—Avenue of a Zillion Empty Offices.

Las Vegas—Avenue of Taste So Appalling That It Makes Atlantic City Look like Paris.

Philadelphia—Avenue of the Big Stupid Statue of Stallone.

San Francisco—Avenue of the Really Excellent Fault Line.

SPOTLIGHT

Pedal-Steel Magnolias.

Kennedy-Rose, the female country duo, was worried about opening for rockers Stanley Clarke and Stewart Copeland's Animal Logic.

"Then we realized that all you have to do is scream 'Fuck!' on stage and everybody listens real nice," explained the impish Maryann Kennedy. Actually, according to Pam Rose, the blonde, they've never quite known what to call their own music; Rose's percussive guitar work combines rhythm and lead, while Kennedy furiously attacks her mandolin, dulcimer and various drums. Together, they weave beautiful vocal harmonies out of their rich, soaring melodies. Think of two angels backed by John Cougar Mellencamp's band.

Whatever you call their music, Kennedy and Rose call their first album on Pangaea/IRS *Hai-Ku*. But why, we asked, did they name it after a form of Zen poetry?

"It's not about no Zen," insists Rose in her best fake Southern drawl. "It's about my G.E."

Kennedy adds, "Wahl, we jes' thought it was somethin' the folks could all relate to, 'cause in the summah, when yew get hot, yew got yer low-cool settin' on yer air conditioner and yer *high-cool*."

We were almost afraid to ask how it was that ex-Policeman Sting had come to sign Kennedy-Rose to his new label. "We signed with his label because he heard the unusual in us and loved it," explained Rose.

"Actually," confided Kennedy, "he thought he was getting President Kennedy's mother. Now he's stuck with us." Ba-dump-bump.

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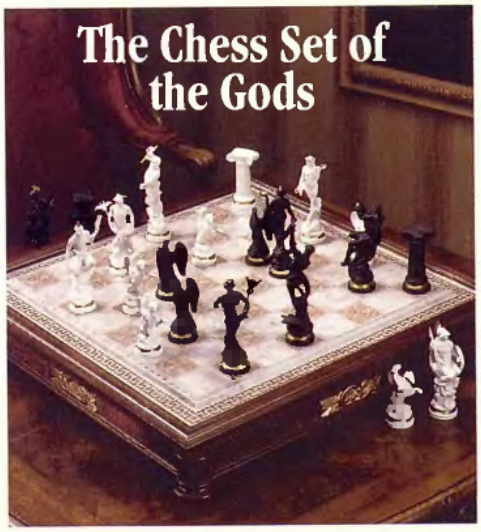

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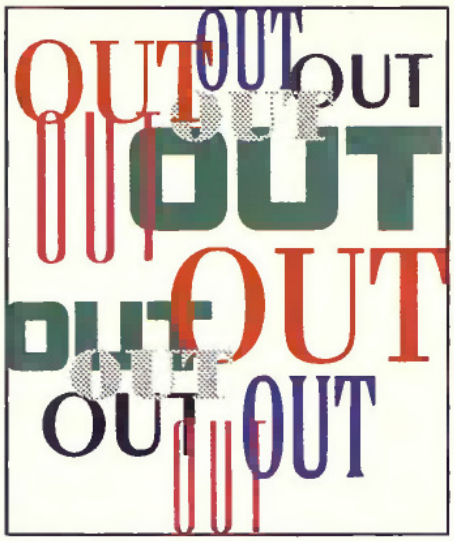
By STEPHEN RANDALL

IT TOOK a man with an angelic name, two hoop earrings and a highly developed sense of rage to create the first controversial media trend of the Nineties. When Malcolm Forbes died, Michelangelo Signorile, the features editor of a gay news magazine called *OutWeek*, published in New York City, wrote a cover story titled "The Secret Gay Life of Malcolm Forbes." It wasn't news, exactly. Forbes was hardly an anonymous figure in New York—any world-famous 70-year-old billionaire who haunted gay clubs on a motorcycle was bound to be noticed. Gossip stuck to Forbes like Velcro, but it remained gossip. While journalists may get feisty about the sex lives of the rich and famous (Donald Trump, meet Gary Hart), the press is unusually polite when it comes to homosexuality. Even in the gay press, there has been an understanding that famous gays could hang out in the closet as long as they wanted, provided they didn't literally force coverage by getting busted on sex charges or dying of AIDS.

But Signorile is much too angry to be polite. And he has a political agenda. "We're saying homosexuality is natural; it's normal. Why is covering Roseanne Barr's boozing husband or Donald Trump's extramarital affair OK, but homosexuality is so horrible we should hide it? How can we ever convince the public that homosexuality is normal unless we show the public who is gay?"

Indeed, Signorile is brimming with good intentions. On TV and on the phone, he comes across as sort of a male Helen Gurley Brown—*he only wants to help*, he says. Like *Cosmopolitan*'s matronly saint of lonely single women, he sees little gay mouseburgers everywhere. Lost gays, lonely gays, gays who need role models—they're all facing a hostile world of homophobes and mendacity and Signorile can help them. Really, he can.

There's a catch, unfortunately. In order to make the world a better place for homosexuals—certainly a worthy enough cause—you might think that Signorile would attack gay bashers or celebrate successful gay role models. But no. He is using a new approach called outing—yanking privately gay public figures unwillingly from the closet if they don't meet his rigorous standards for correct behavior. In "Gossip Watch," his weekly column, he identified a famous fashion designer as gay and then chided him for hypocrisy when he married a woman. He terrorized a noted gossip columnist several times. Why? She's a lesbian, he says, and yet she allows gays—such as Malcolm Forbes—to pretend they're straight in her newspaper column by linking them romantically with women—such as Elizabeth Taylor.



Is it "in" to be forced out?

"Outing" comes out of the closet and into the press.

Take a recent Signorile column: In it, he attacks—and *attacks* is actually a mild word here—a supposedly gay Hollywood mogul for his role in promoting a couple of Signorile's least favorite stars: "This is a self-hating man of power and privilege who . . . spends his day literally making millions and then pumping those millions into homophobes like Guns n' Roses and Andrew Dice Clay so he can net even more millions while they spew venom on his own people." When Signorile gets really angry, he uses all caps: "YOU PIG. WE DEMAND YOU IMMEDIATELY STAND UP FOR YOURSELF AND THIS COMMUNITY AND DENOUNCE AND DROP GUNS N' ROSES." In case anyone was missing the point, Signorile ran the man's office phone number three times—twice in giant type—urging readers to call and protest.

Signorile wants everyone in the media to name names—to tell the truth, he says—and his actions are taken very seriously by the press. Put five of the best journalistic minds at the same dinner table and they won't discuss the First Amendment. They'll gossip about who's sleeping with whom. So when Signorile opened the floodgates with the Forbes article, journalists felt as if they had just picked the right six numbers on a Lotto ticket. Irony! Gossip! Celebrities! Sex! A chance to ponder the media's role in the culture! Outing was a media feast.

Given the history of the gay movement, how gays have traditionally banded together to help and protect one another, irony is unavoidable. Gays have always argued passionately *for* the right to privacy: They want AIDS-test results kept secret and they want the Government to stay out of their bedrooms.

As sometimes happens, by doing the wrong thing, Signorile raised the right issues. He forced the press to mull just how far it should delve into private sex acts done by public people. The answer, of course, is not very far—unless there's an important reason. Outing a secretly gay politician, for instance, who votes for anti-gay legislation makes sense. If Warren Beatty—to cite an unlikely example—cheerfully announced on the *Today* show that he was gay and was planning to set up housekeeping with Jack Nicholson, it's a safe bet that the media would fall all over themselves covering it. But is it good journalism to drag a fashion designer out of the closet against his will? Hardly. To savage an individual's privacy in order to achieve a wider acceptance of gays may well be burning down the condo to kill the termites.

It's doubtful that Signorile will have much effect on mainstream media. But his legacy is already apparent at supermarket check-out lines. For years, the tabloids were surprisingly timid about homosexuality, fearful of offending their readers in Our Town, U.S.A. But when *Newsweek* and other magazines publicized outing, it gave the tabloids license to kill.

How would you like to have your private life exposed next to a photo feature on Inga, the human magnet? In one *National Enquirer* classic ("I WAS [MR. MOVIE STAR'S] GAY LOVER"), a well-known actor is supposedly lying in bed with his male lover while pondering marriage—sincerely, it would appear—to Miss Sex Symbol, one of his widely publicized romantic entanglements. The lover, who sold the story to the *Enquirer* for a quick $40,000, confesses, "For the record, I'm as straight as an arrow. I like women." He quotes Mr. Movie Star as saying, "I only have sex with women and straight men. I won't sleep with gays." So much for gay pride, good role models and truth in journalism.

Signorile is unperturbed by the course his prodigal crusade is taking. "I think it's fine," he says. "It's too bad there are victims. Thirty years ago, Ingrid Bergman had to leave the country when she had a child out of wedlock. Today, that's laughable. Twenty years from now, we'll think this was silly, too."

We may well have 20 years to figure out if he's right. "Outing is going to happen more and more," says Signorile proudly.

"We won't see the end for a while," agrees a writer for the *Enquirer*, calculating astronomical newsstand sales. "At least not as long as there are movie stars left in the closet."

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MUSIC

NELSON GEORGE

THE TERM new jack swing describes the fusion of rhythm-and-blues and hip-hop popularized in the late Eighties by writer-producer Teddy Riley. One Riley jack-swing hit, Keith Sweat's *I Want Her*, made Sweat, a former Wall Streeter, famous. But Sweat's ultraslick self-produced and -written tracks were what crowned his platinum debut, *Make It Last Forever*, one of the finest albums of the past decade. And his smart, expressive vocal style—soulful without mimicking the great soul voices of the past—helped put him across.

On ***I'll Give All My Love to You*** (Elektra), Sweat mostly avoids new jack swing while reaffirming his strengths as a singer-songwriter. The ballads, in particular, are so well arranged and sung that they evoke Luther Vandross, except that Sweat has a rawer, more street-wise quality. A quartet of slow, sexy soul songs forms the core of this fine collection. One of them, *Just One of Them Thangs*, is a duet with Sweat and LeVert lead singer Gerald Levert that shrewdly contrasts the latter's Gospel-based style with Sweat's more urbane approach. And the title song will surely be considered a classic one day, both for Sweat's emotive performance and a sing-along hook that lingers in the mind.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Even while Madonna seems endlessly to dominate the gossip columns, she has managed to focus most of her astounding energy where it has counted—on her art. ***I'm Breathless: Music from and Inspired by the Film Dick Tracy*** (Sire/Warner Bros.) proves for any remaining doubters just how extensive her talent is. Except for the dance single *Vogue*, the music is styled after a Thirties musical, so she has no walls of high-tech production to hide behind. Her phrasing more than stands up to the spotlight. She concentrates on being the character Breathless Mahoney from the movie, an exercise in pure fun and caricature. The role of shameless, glamourous vamp fits her as tightly as the dress her breasts are falling out of on the back cover. She has an unerring instinct for going just far enough to discombobulate but not quite enough to get stickered by one of those new warning labels—despite the tune *Hanky Panky*, about the joys of getting tied up and spanked.

On Billy Idol's last non-greatest-hits album, *Whiplash Smile*, he seemed obsessed with Elvis Presley. On ***Charmed Life*** (Chrysalis), he seems obsessed with Jim Morrison, and not just because he covers *L.A. Woman*. I'm guessing Morrison is whispering in Idol's ear from beyond the grave, "Anyone who truly loves rock and roll would never sing one of those wretchedly sentimental power ballads that take up half of MTV's *Headbanger's Ball*. If you sing slow, make it eerie. Think about mortality and you won't be a hambone." And so it is the slow stuff—*Prodigal Blues*, *Mark of Caine* and *Endless Sleep*—colored by the cosmic lines of Idol's latest guitar wizard, Mark Younger-Smith, that stuns. The fast stuff ain't bad, either, but we always knew Billy yowled with lust and defiance. Now we know he can moan with metaphysical distress.

Sweat: Not doing the jack-swing thing.

Pop go Keith Sweat, Madonna, Jack DeJohnette and even a *griot* from Mali.

VIC GARBARINI

Drummer Jack DeJohnette's ***Parallel Realities*** (MCA) is the jazz equivalent of a wolf in sheep's clothing. DeJohnette has enlisted Herbie Hancock and Pat Metheny to create the first jazz supergroup with both commercial appeal and true depth, vision and intimacy since—take your pick—the demise of Weather Report or *Bitches Brew*–era Miles Davis. DeJohnette's tumbling percussion brilliance is highlighted by his shifting accents, polyrhythms and angular, melodic invention, both in his playing and in his writing. Hancock deftly follows DeJohnette's contours and curves—and then suddenly arcs off into solos of astonishing elegance and grace. The centrifugal force of these Miles vets goes a long way toward swinging Metheny away from his more clichéed designer scales and pastel chords. The result is plenty of tuneful innovations and some dazzling, quicksilver solos. He's still often hamstrung by that muffled, limp tone that seems endemic to jazz guitar. But he's a great player who's at his best when he takes risks such as this. Both jazz purists wary of a soft-core sellout and pop-jazz fans leery of getting lured in over their heads should be pleasantly surprised.

DAVE MARSH

Like every other continent, Africa offers an immensity of musical styles. Strangers snap up whatever catches their ear and call it African pop. But it's important not to confuse a part with the whole. So all I'll claim for Ali Farka Toure's ***The River*** (World Circuit) is that this Mali *griot* turns the *Graceland* approach inside out, effectively using Euro-American instruments such as saxophone, fiddle and harmonica, and (noncelebrity) musicians to make fundamentally African sounds more accessible to Western ears. Despite this stratagem, however, Toure remains something of a

GUEST SHOT

SINCE THE *debut LP "Talking Heads '77," Talking Heads keyboardist* **Jerry Harrison** *has picked up both producer and soloist credits, most recently on his own album, "Walk on Water," recorded with Casual Gods. But Harrison remains a fan at heart. Right now, he's hot for Faith No More.*

"Even though *The Real Thing* was actually released in '89, it's just *happening* now. It's rare to see a record company give an album enough time to find its audience. This one's worth it. Faith No More truly does something unique: It manages to make the classic formula of guitar-based 'heavy' music fresh again. This sort of music is about *energy*—but if the energy level doesn't rise and fall, it either exhausts or bores the listener eventually. Faith No More uses verses to build tension and choruses to release it, while guitar is used for rhythm *and* melody, as on the title track. Give an extra listen to the strongest tracks: *From Out of Nowhere*, *Epic*, *The Real Thing* and *Underwater Love*. This is a formidable effort."

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FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Beats International *Let Them Eat Bingo*	9	6	8	5	7
Billy Idol *Charmed Life*	2	6	7	7	8
Madonna *I'm Breathless*	9	6	7	7	7
Keith Sweat *I'll Give All My Love to You*	6	5	9	6	7
Ali Farka Toure *The River*	8	7	7	8	8

IDOL TEES OFF DEPARTMENT: Listen, we know golf's in. We also know rock stars have been showing up at celebrity golf tournaments. But **Billy Idol?** The guy who sneers for a living? Our golf spies say that Billy played in the L.A. Police Department celebrity tournament with guys like **Telly Savalas** and **Chuck Norris.**

REELING AND RACKING: Director **Jim** (*My Left Foot*) **Sheridan** is thinking of casting his friend **Bono** in a movie about country music. . . . Singer **Dianne Reeves** has a part in **Robert De Niro's** *Fear No Evil*, playing a singer. . . . Look for a cameo by **Tone-Lōc** in the **Gregory Hines/Danny Glover** film *A Rage in Harlem*. . . . Director **Alan Parker's** next movie, *The Commitments*, is about a white Irish rock group that does soul music American style. . . . A movie bio of **Gram Parsons** is in the works. . . . **Chris Isaak** will appear in **Jonathan Demme's** *Silence of the Lambs* with **Jodie Foster.** . . . Singer **Patsy Kensit,** who played **Mel Gibson's** girl in *Lethal Weapon 2*, is shooting an action thriller called *Nameless*. . . . **Nick Ashford, Vanessa Williams** and rapper **Ice-T** will be acting in *New Jack City*, a modern gangster film set in the Big Apple. . . . Check out **Eric Burdon** in a cameo role in **Oliver Stone's Doors** movie.

NEWSBREAKS: The **Band** is reportedly working on new music for an October album. . . . **Jon Bon Jovi** is starting a record company called Underground and its first release will be Bon Jovi's own solo LP. **Richie Sambora** and **Aldo Nova** will also record for Underground. . . . In other new-record-company news: Disney has gone into the music biz with Hollywood Records. Its first release is the sound track to **Steven Spielberg's** *Arachnophobia*. Actor/producer **Michael Douglas** also has a new record company, Third Stone. . . . **Bob Seger** expects to be on the road this fall to support a new album coproduced by **Don Was.** . . . **Paula Abdul** has been writing songs for her next album with the **Family Stand,** a hot Brooklyn trio. . . . Check out Mental Wear, a new line of urban-style clothes that the trio **Bell Biv Devoe** has designed. . . . Our vote for a very tough act to follow: **Paul Simon** is working on his first album since *Graceland*. Keep an eye out for other new LPs by **INXS, Donna Summer, Crowded House, Megadeth,** Tone-Lōc, **Mr. Mister** and **House of Lords.** . . . **Davy Jones** (a.k.a. one of the **Monkees**) has made a TV pilot tentatively called *Baby Boomers*. The syndicated show will take viewers on a trip through the Fifties and Sixties. . . . Some movie theaters installed CD sound quality this past summer and more will be offering the improved sound by the summer of 1991. . . . Earth Day update: A coalition of artists, record execs and organizations is opposing the CD long-box packaging as environmentally harmful and is calling the protest Ban the Box. For more info, write to Ban the Box, 12 East 41st Street, Suite 1600, New York 10017. . . . There have always been movie and book tie-ins. This past summer, we got an album and book tie-in when Bantam released the **New Kids on the Block** official autobiography the day before N.K.O.T.B.'s LP came out. You've got to hand it to the handlers, the New Kids probably have their own bank on their block. . . . Finally, **Christian Slater** stars in a movie about Arizona kids who build their own radio station for $300. It turns out that's a real price, according to **Dewayne Readus** in Springfield, Illinois, who has just such a station in spite of grumbling from the FCC. Readus has made a home video telling you how to do it yourself: 333 North 12th Street, Springfield, Illinois 62702.

—BARBARA NELLIS

rustic, playing Jimmy Reed to his countryman Salif Keita's B. B. King.

Toure's similarity to Reed is more exact and deliberate than it is to Paul Simon in that his guitar playing has been heavily influenced by Reed and John Lee Hooker. Maybe what makes me like *The River* so much is that it's the most original take on country blues I've heard in a couple of decades. Steve Williamson's sax turns *Ai Bine* into the best version of *Baby, Please Don't Go* I've heard since mid-Sixties garage rock.

The comparison of Toure and Simon still has it uses. Like *Graceland*, *The River* centers on a song about a metaphoric destination—in this case, the mountain Heygana—and, like Simon, Toure finds his material in the society around him, whether singing about social parasites, the government, beautiful women or fighting off locusts. Translate these concerns to the cocktail-party chitchat of Manhattan's Upper West Side and you have Simon's recent material exactly.

So there's no reason not to rush out and pick up *The River*, except that your local record shop may not have it. If that's the case, try Stern's Music, 500 Broadway, New York 10012, a branch of Stern's African Music Centre in London.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Unlike most of the two-year wonders who achieve instant renown in the United Kingdom while scarcely denting college radio here, the Housemartins deserved better. On the surface, they were one more feckless, jangling pop band. But with dulcet-voiced Paul Heaton's intense lyrics—worthy of a bomb-throwing skinhead—against guitarist Stan Cullimore's uncommonly fetching tunes, they packed a wicked aftershock. Even so, their 1988 breakup seemed to be the end of them.

But now come two terrific spin-off albums by Housemartins personnel. ***Welcome to the Beautiful South*** (Elektra) is the one that sounds like the Housemartins, except that its surface is even more feckless and dulcet: Drummer turned vocalist Dave Hemmingway trades sugar lumps with Heaton, the political edge is gone and keyboards cut into the jangle that new guitarist David Rotheray isn't much given to anyway. Keep listening, though, and Rotheray's melodies start to sink in.

In one respect, former Housemartins bassist Norman Cook is less complex: Beats International's ***Let Them Eat Bingo*** (Elektra) means to be as happy as it sounds. But Cook's methods are anything but simple. A d.j. in Hull, England, since his band disbanded, Cook has created the mix that record lovers dream about—with bits of Afro-pop, Delta blues, disco, folk-strum and every kind of pop-funk hybrid *segued* together into a universal dance music. The only people immune to music this universal are copyright lawyers.

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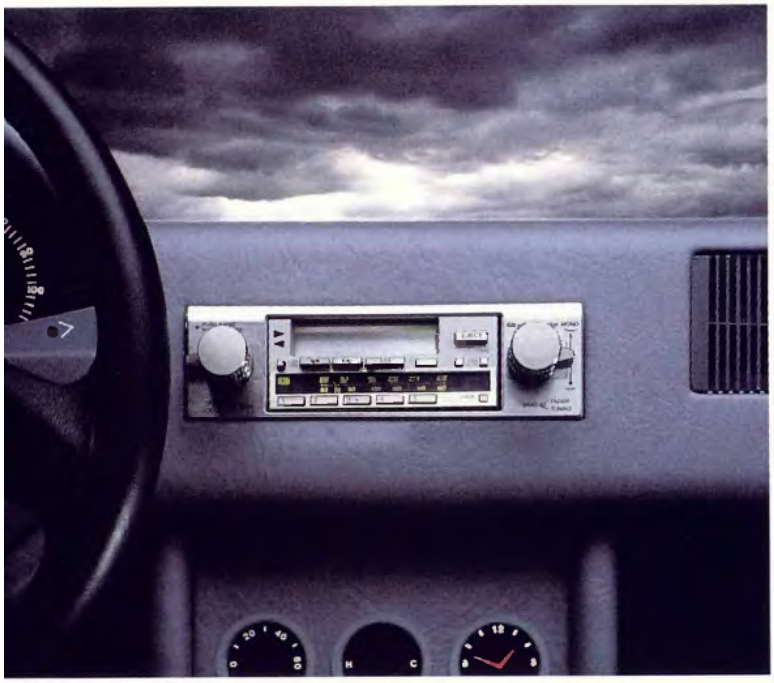

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

ONLY ONE American GI was ever convicted and hanged by British civil authorities during World War Two. That wartime case, a headline sensation back in 1944, is recapped with some verve in ***Chicago Joe and the Showgirl*** (New Line). Although a legend on screen asserts that no names have been changed, no events altered, director Bernard Rose (with a screenplay by David Yallop) appears to take quite a few liberties in this moody vintage blend of harsh reality and a shopgirl's imagined dreams of glory. Kiefer Sutherland and England's brash blonde Emily Lloyd portray the murderous soldier and the Cockney thrill seeker who call themselves, respectively, Ricky and Georgina. They are models of amoral youth on the rampage, he pretending to be a Chicago Mobster loyal to Al Capone, she claiming to be a future starlet. Their frenzied, six-day relationship results in thieving, senseless beatings and the brutal murder of a taxi driver, all in fun. Patsy Kensit plays the pleasant middle-class girl wooed by Ricky when he's not practicing shock tactics with Georgina. Lloyd and Sutherland are a *Bonnie and Clyde* on the loose in London, without the same headlong cinematic style. Even so, *Chicago Joe* is a chilling picture that would be foolish to invent. The detailed, awful truth compensates, in part, for the film's lack of feeling. ¥¥½

•

Guerrilla frogmen operating for the U.S. by sea, air and land are the go-getting good guys celebrated in ***Navy SEALS*** (Orion). This state-of-the-art saga of retribution also has a set of archenemies everyone loves to hate: international terrorists hatching havoc in the Middle East with a stock of contraband guided missiles—American-made Stingers, at that. Michael Biehn plays the handsome, conscientious SEAL team leader, with devil-may-care Charlie Sheen as his most reckless aide (see *Charlie Sheen Goes to War* in this issue). Both are hunks who get high on danger, from underwater heroics to parachuting into the sea from an airplane roughly five miles up. This realistic action thriller makes the U.S. Armed Services look good, like a World War Two epic of yesteryear. There's no time for nuances, though some relief from tension is provided by Joanne Whalley-Kilmer as a TV newscaster of Lebanese descent. When she's not tempting Biehn or Sheen into extracurricular lust, she knows secrets that pave the way for a scorching finale in Beirut. ¥¥¥

•

In an unabashed, entertaining parody of his *Godfather* role, Marlon Brando plays it for laughs opposite Matthew Broderick in ***The Freshman*** (Tri-Star). Brando is

Showgirl (Lloyd), Joe (Sutherland).

A GI jerk, Navy hunks, vintage Brando, colorful comics and sequels galore.

Carmine Sabatini, who hires a New York film school newcomer to pick up a giant lizard from Borneo at the airport. Broderick's right on as the befuddled innocent who is also supposed to marry the Mobster's daughter (Penelope Ann Miller). The mishmash plot concerns Brando's scam, a gourmet club serving endangered species as delicacies to big spenders. Maximilian Schell plays the chef. Bert Parks also appears as himself. And Brando, drolly upholding the notion of honor among thieves, deadpans at one point, "Every word I say is by definition a promise." Only writer-director Andrew Bergman could explain *The Freshman*, though he might not want to, lest he spoil an offbeat comedy that defies description. If nothing else, Bergman's foolery is memorable for putting Marlon Brando on ice skates. ¥¥¥

•

Warren Beatty's wildly hyped ***Dick Tracy*** (Touchstone) is decidedly something to see, if not always something to cheer. Filmed by cinematographer Vittorio Storaro in eye-popping primary colors, true to its source as a vintage Chester Gould comic strip, the movie is a flashy visual feast—fleshed out with music, decor and make-up so thick you can't always tell who's playing whom. You'll spot Beatty, for sure, directing himself as Tracy, stalwart and strong-jawed, if not always as poker-faced funny as Ralph Byrd used to be when he played the same part in 1947's *Dick Tracy Meets Gruesome* and a long line of movie and TV prequels. Tracy's nemesis here is a superb Al Pacino, doing a nigh-perfect spoof of an underworld czar called Big Boy Caprice. There are also nice stints by Charlie Korsmo as a character known just as Kid—something for the young'uns—and Glenne Headly as Tracy's loyal Tess Trueheart. What everyone wants to know, of course, is, What about Madonna? She's Breathless Mahoney, a torchy temptress, singing a few Stephen Sondheim songs and virtually stopping the show every few minutes. Her contribution is less a real acting performance than a stagy *appearance*, costumed to kill, but she emphatically keeps her legend alive. This lavishly produced *Tracy* also has Dustin Hoffman, Mandy Patinkin and a host of other *farceurs* doing everything in their power to make a routine cops-and-robbers plot loom far larger than life. Sometimes they succeed. ¥¥¥½

•

There's more promise than polish in ***The Unbelievable Truth*** (Miramax). Hal Hartley's first feature film as writer, director and editor won deserved acclaim at the U.S. Film Festival in Park City, Utah, for its originality as a black comedy full of small, cheerful surprises. There's lots of kinky humor in Hartley's tale of a Long Island lad (played by handsome newcomer Robert Burke) who returns to his home town after a prison term. Convicted of killing his former girlfriend's father, Josh gets work as an auto mechanic for a local garage owner whose daughter Audry (Adrienne Shelly) finds him hard to resist. The smitten girl *sleeps* with his crescent wrench, oddly enough. Also, Audry's otherwise square, protective dad gallantly defends her budding career as a nude model. "Things happen," remarks Josh, summing up *Unbelievable Truth*'s sometimes shrill but nevertheless provocative view of everything from accidental murder to passion, parenthood and love at first sight. ¥¥

•

Among the major summer movies still with us, sequels are all the rage. ***Back to the Future Part III*** (Universal) is admittedly an effort by director Robert Zemeckis to "bring back the Western." Cheery but still inferior to the stunning original, it was slapped together with somewhat fresher results from additional footage shot while making *Back to the Future Part II*. The second sequel is set mostly in 1885 waaay out West, where Michael J. Fox as Marty McFly and Christopher Lloyd as Doc, the mad scientist, have a hell of a problem making their time-warped DeLorean look inconspicuous. The best thing here is Mary Steenburgen as an uptight schoolmarm rediscovering her place in history. ¥¥½

•

Sheer idiocy is laid on *that* thick in ***Gremlins 2: The New Batch*** (Warner). Phoebe

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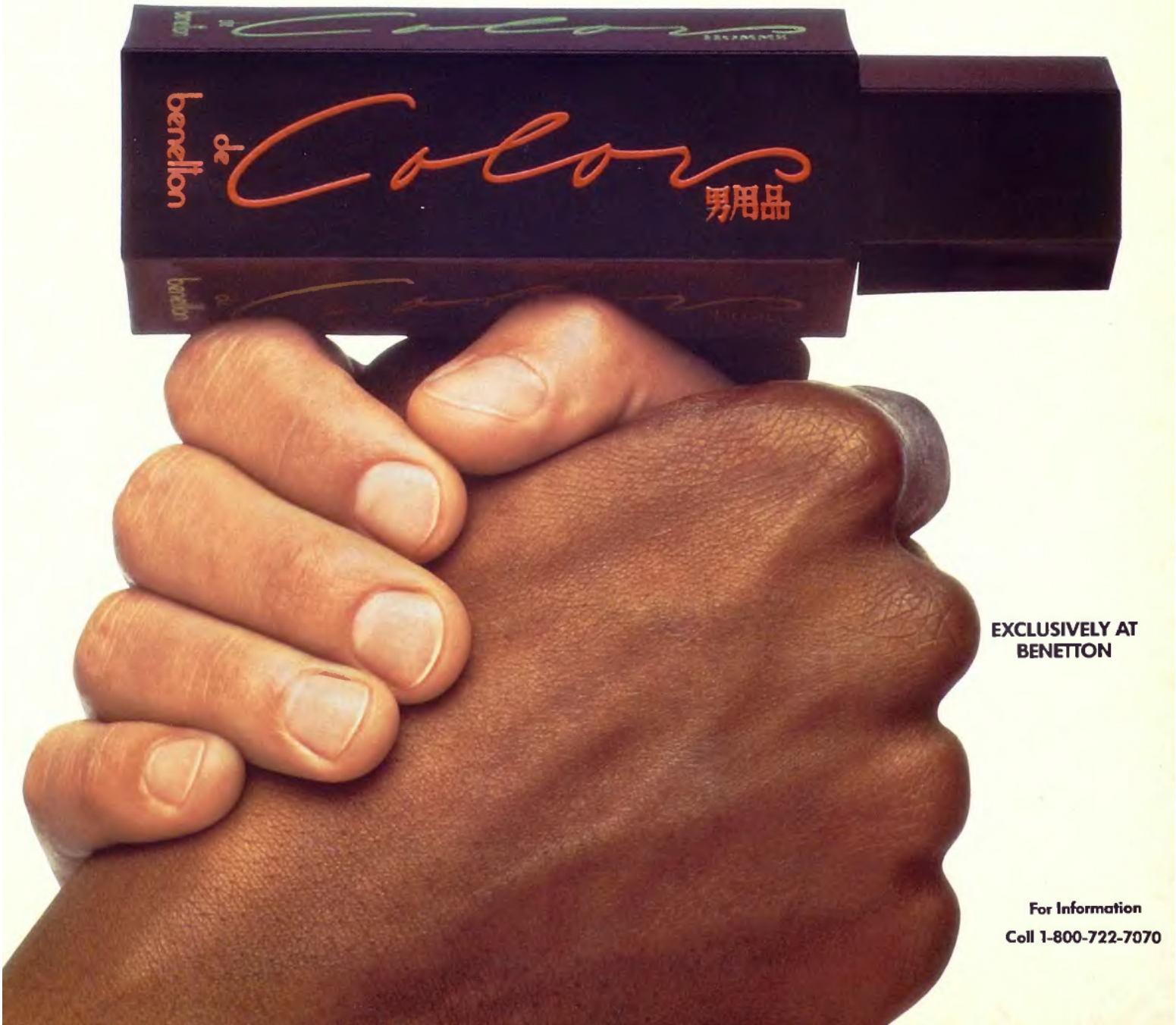

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Cates and Zach Galligan repeat their roles as a nice young couple harried by hordes of hideous evil creatures. The movie's most workable joke, worth a few yuks, concerns a New York mover and shaker named Daniel Clamp (John Glover) who, like a certain D. Trump, has a building named after him. He also develops some interest in a gorgeous employee named Marla (Haviland Morris). The destructive gremlins proliferate in Clamp's high-rise, with entirely predictable results that only a teeny-bopper could love. ¥½

•

Blasting right along, ***Another 48 HRS.*** (Paramount) is director Walter Hill's hell-bent, trigger-happy sequel to the 1982 hit that launched Eddie Murphy's meteoric movie career. Reteamed with Nick Nolte, Murphy gets back to his roots playing a cocksure ex-jailbird who refuses to believe he has been marked for death by a drug lord on the police force. A quick survey of the faces down at headquarters might untangle the whole yarn in a hurry, but then there'd be no story, no sassy exchange between a couple of all-out pros who need *Another 48 HRS.* to strut their stuff. ¥¥¥

•

After a slow start that may have you wondering who's who, the French subtitled ***Life Is a Long Quiet River*** (MK2 U.S.A.) *segues* into sneaky social satire about what happens to two babies switched at birth. To get even with a married doctor who has done her wrong, a resentful nurse changes the babies' name tags. By the time the truth is revealed, the boy, known as Momo (Benoit Magimel), has become a street-wise petty thief, raised in a rough neighborhood by the vulgar, roistering Groseille family. *Their* daughter, named Bernadette (Valerie Lalande) by the stuffy, middle-class Le Quesnoys, is a precocious girl who already has an identity problem. The Le Quesnoys want both children. All the Groseilles want is money. All Momo wants is trouble, evidently: He lies, steals, spies on his new mom in her bath and initiates sexual hanky-panky between his Le Quesnoy older brother and his cheap, voluptuous former sister on the Groseille side. What is director Etienne Chatiliez trying to say about heredity? Environment? Class consciousness? He says just enough to make his reputation abroad, which *Long Quiet River* seconds with ripples of earthy, tongue-in-cheek charm. ¥¥¥

•

Our July cover girl, Sharon Stone, plays the worldly, bitchy beauty making life hell for Arnold Schwarzenegger in ***Total Recall*** (Tri-Star). Arnold's other love interest is Rachel Ticotin, an agent he encounters on Mars, where an evil bastard named Cohaagen (Ronny Cox) is depriving a thickly populated settlement of oxygen. The details don't matter. Dutch-born director Paul (*RoboCop*) Verhoeven mounts it all in spectacular future-world fashion, clearly enjoying the absurdity, with Arnold playing a man so brainwashed he can't be sure of his own identity. Still, as one hustler selling him on head trips in space puts it, "By the time the trip is over, you get the girl, kill the bad guys and save the entire planet." For Schwarzenegger nuts, that's *Total Recall* in a nutshell. ¥¥¥

Turturro pauses to talk.

OFF CAMERA

After a bout of cross-country telephone tag, busy **John Turturro** woke from a nap in his temporary West Coast digs to discuss why he has been named one of the hottest actors extant (by consensus, and by *Rolling Stone* last May). Soon to be seen in *State of Grace*, Turturro flew west to play the title role in *Barton Fink* ("I'm a Broadway writer going to Hollywood back in the Thirties") for the Coen brothers, Ethan and Joel. In the Coens' imminent gangland drama, *Miller's Crossing*, he fires up the screen as a craven but cunning bookie who begs on his knees not to be shot. He first got noticed as a sleazy comic emcee in *Desperately Seeking Susan*, then as an ex-con in *Five Corners* and as Danny Aiello's racist son in *Do the Right Thing* for Spike Lee. He's also in *Mo' Better Blues* and will be "one of the principals" in Spike's upcoming *Jungle Fever*. Meanwhile, Turturro, 33, has played an updated Macbeth in a film called *Men of Respect* opposite his wife, actress Katherine Borowitz. "I'm also collaborating with Brandon Cole on a screenplay I want to direct called *Mac*—about a working man, sort of based on my own father." Somewhere between gigs and a needed rest, the Queens-born New Yorker, who has appeared in more than 100 plays, plans to go back on stage in the Hitleresque title role of Bertolt Brecht's *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui*. Turturro scoffs when anyone describes him as "an ethnic type." "I can't help it if I don't have a pug nose. I don't *want* to be a movie icon. I just want to express myself . . . I'm an *actor*." Not much doubt about that.

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

After Dark, My Sweet (Reviewed 8/90) A kidnap caper with Rachel Ward. ¥¥
Another 48 HRS. (See review) Murphy and Nolte with more than time on their hands. ¥¥¥
Back to the Future Part III (See review) Wild, wild West time travel. ¥¥½
The Big Bang (8/90) James Toback gets some talkers to let it all hang out. ¥¥½
Chicago Joe and the Showgirl (See review) Both fakes, wielding lethal weapons. ¥¥½
The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover (4/90) Stylish restaurant raunch. ¥¥½
Def by Temptation (8/90) Black brothers meet a bloodthirsty lady. ¥¥
Dick Tracy (See review) The comic hero comes colorfully to life on film. ¥¥¥½
Fire Birds (Listed only) Grounded. ¥½
The Freshman (See review) Broderick's good, but Brando steals the show. ¥¥¥
Gremlins 2: The New Batch (See review) They're back with a Trump card. ¥½
Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer (7/90) Harrowing stuff from first to last. ¥¥¥
How to Make Love to a Negro Without Getting Tired (8/90) White mischief. ¥¥½
Jesus of Montreal (7/90) An actor takes his part to heart in a vivid, witty, semi-tragic Canadian satire. ¥¥¥½
The Killer (8/90) *Film noir* with an Oriental slant starring Mr. Yun-fat. ¥¥
Life Is a Long Quiet River (See review) Switched babies with a French flair. ¥¥¥
Longtime Companion (6/90) Best AIDS drama yet—worth upgrading. ¥¥¥¥
The Man Inside (8/90) Yellow journalism in Germany, with Jürgen. ¥¥½
May Fools (7/90) Louis Malle shows us how the upper crust takes a fall. ¥¥¥
Metropolitan (8/90) New York's college crowd doing what comes naturally in an elegant comedy. ¥¥¥½
The Misadventures of Mr. Wilt (8/90) A life-sized doll is his best bit. ¥
Monsieur Hire (6/90) Simenon suspense bearing a very smart French label. ¥¥¥
Navy SEALS (See review) Swimming to Beirut after Arab terrorists. ¥¥¥
RoboCop 2 (Listed only) Short on humor, long on ammo. We'll wait for *RC 3*. ¥¥
Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down! (7/90) Saucy black comedy about an abducted actress, by Spain's Almodóvar. ¥¥¥
Total Recall (See review) It's Arnold flexing those muscles on Mars. ¥¥¥
The Unbelievable Truth (See review) Not so credible, but different. ¥¥
The Witches (7/90) Boys will be mice—when Anjelica Huston gets 'em. ¥¥½
Without You I'm Nothing (7/90) Not for everyone, but Sandra Bernhard's odd comedy is a one-woman showpiece. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥¥ Outstanding
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¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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MISERY

FROM COLUMBIA PICTURES

Paula Abdul: Forever Your Girl (Virgin) 00933

Janet Jackson's Rhythm Nation 1814 (A&M) 72386

Aerosmith: Pump (Geffen) 63678

Sinead O' Connor: I Do Not Want What I Haven't Got (Chrysalis) 33512

Clint Black: Killin' Time (RCA) 01112

Skid Row (Atlantic) 01038

20 Collector's Records Of The '50s & '60s, Vol. 1 (Laurie) 70224

Roxette: Look Sharp! (EMI) 01106

Tanya Tucker: Tennessee Woman (Capitol) 54399

Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles/Soundtrack (SBK) 00725

Jane Child (Warner Bros.) 60204

Alan Jackson: Here In The Real World (Arista) 53833

Wilson Phillips (SBK) 00726

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The Who: Who's Better, Who's Best (MCA) 00790

Kenny G: Live (Arista) 64505

Reba McEntire: Reba Live (MCA) 44602

Jimi Hendrix: Electric Ladyland (Reprise) 23362

Barry Manilow: Live On Broadway (Arista) 24805

Nitty Gritty Dirt Band: Will The Circle Be Unbroken, Vol. 2 (Universal) 93648

The Beach Boys: Made In U.S.A. (Capitol) 64143

Alannah Myles (Atlantic) 30045

The B-52's: Cosmic Thing (Reprise) 14742

Eric Clapton: Journeyman (Warner Bros.) 53940

Best Of Eric Clapton: Time Pieces (Polydor) 23385

Kentucky Headhunters: Pickin' On Nashville (Mercury) 24740

Whitney Houston: Whitney (Arista) 52854

Lorrie Morgan: Leave The Light On (RCA) 01111

Guns N' Roses: Appetite For Destruction (Geffen) 70348

Best Of Dire Straits: Money For Nothing (Warner Bros.) 00713

The Moody Blues: Greatest Hits (Threshold) 34284

Duran Duran: Decade (Greatest Hits) (Capitol) 73573

The Glenn Miller Orch.: In The Digital Mood (GR) 43293

Best Of Mitch Ryder & The Detroit Wheels: Rev Up (Rhino) 64188

Willie Nelson: All Time Greatest Hits, Vol. 1 (RCA) 00705

Peter Murphy: Deep (RCA) 44638

Love And Rockets (RCA) 01083

Whitesnake: Slip Of The Tongue (Geffen) 01147

Exile: Still Standing (Arista) 14861

Anderson, Bruford, Wakeman, Howe (Arista) 01115

Yes: Fragile (Atlantic) 53807

Elton John: Sleeping With The Past (MCA) 10469

Highway 101: Paint The Town (Warner Bros.) 14820

Great Love Songs Of The '50s & '60s, Vol. 1 (Laurie) 20768

Dan Seals: On Arrival (Capitol) 63634

John Williams/Boston Pops: Pops In Space (Philips) 05392

Billy Idol: Charmed Life (Chrysalis) 62264

Milli Vanilli: Girl You Know It's True (Arista) 01048

Randy Travis: No Holdin' Back (Warner Bros.) 34766

Quincy Jones: Back On The Block (Warner Bros.) 64116

Johnny Cash: Boom Chicka Boom (Mercury) 44574

Tom Petty: Full Moon Fever (MCA) 33911

George Harrison: Best Of Dark Horse, 1976-89 (Dark Horse) 80307

The Traveling Wilburys: Vol. One (Wilbury) 00711

Roy Orbison: The Sun Years (Rhino) 30965

Anne Murray: Greatest Hits, Vol. 2 (Capitol) 33332

Horowitz At Home (DG) 25211

Earl Klugh: Solo Guitar (Warner Bros.) 63942

The Statler Brothers: Live And Sold Out (Mercury) 70440

R.E.M.: Green (Warner Bros.) 00715

Robert Plant: Manic Nirvana (Es Paranza) 54122

Led Zeppelin IV (Runes) (Atlantic) 12014

Kathy Mattea; Willow In The Wind (Mercury) 60075

Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young: Greatest Hits (So Far) (Atlantic) 30230

Neil Young: Freedom (Reprise) 54012

George Strait: Beyond The Blue Neon (MCA) 01025

Def Leppard: Hysteria (Mercury) 00927

Heart: Brigade (Capitol) 64305

Taylor Dayne: Can't Fight Fata (Arista) 01114

Garth Brooks (Capitol) 33963

The Black Crowes: Shake Your Moneymaker (Geffen) 52142

The Cure: Oisintegration (Elektra) 01109

Rod Stewart's Greatest Hits (Warner Bros.) 33779

Kenny Rogers: Something Inside So Strong (Reprise) 82493

Air Supply: Greatest Hits (Arista) 34424

Pavarotti At Carnegie Hall (London) 15311

Richard Marx: Repeat Offender (EMI) 01118

Waylon Jennings: New Classic Waylon (MCA) 33805

Dave Grusin: Collection (GRP) 00929

Van Halen: OU812 (Warner Bros.) 50913

Dirty Dancing/ Soundtrack (RCA) 82522

Raffi In Concert (A&M) 54361

Dolly Parton: Greatest Hits (RCA) 14090

John Cougar Mellencamp: Big Daddy (Mercury) 80064

The Police: Every Breath You Take—The Singles (A&M) 73924

Tone-Loc: Loc-Ed After Oark (Delicious) 01033

Oionne Warwick: Greatest Hits (Arista) 00667

Lionel Richia: The Composer (Motown) 24700

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Dwight Yoakam: Just Lookin' For A Hit (Reprise) 74052

Grateful Dead: Built To Last (Arista) 72230

Anita Baker: Giving You The Best That I Got (Elektra) 00586

Bruce Hornsby & The Range: A Night On The Town (RCA) 63689

U2: Rattle And Hum (Island) 00596

Cher: Heart Of Stone (Geffen) 42874

The Dizzy Gillespie Symphony Sessions (Pro Jazz) 44022

Gun: Taking On The World (A&M) 82473

Kiss: Hot In The Shade (Mercury) 53475

James Galway: Greatest Hits (RCA) 73233

Kitaro: The Kojiki (Record Of Ancient Matters) (Geffen) 43758

Hank Williams, Jr.: Lone Wolf (Warner Bros.) 64311

Linda Ronstadt: Cry Like A Rainstorm, Howl Like The Wind (Electra) 52221

The Judds: River Of Time (RCA) 01027

ZZ Top: Afterburner (Warner Bros.) 64042

The Sound Of Music/ Soundtrack (RCA) 00046

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Phil Collins: No Jacket Required (Atlantic) **20771**

Expose: What You Don't Know (Arista) **00937**

Scorpions: Best Of Rockers 'N' Ballads (Mercury) **63492**

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Edie Brickell: Shooting Rubbar Bands... (Geffen) **00789**

Neil Diamond: The Jazz Singer (Capitol) **32877**

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Bon Jovi: New Jersey (Mercury) **00516**

Lisa Stansfield: Affection (Arista) **34198**

Tanya Tucker: Greatest Hits (Capitol) **53968**

Eagles: Their Greatest Hits 1971-75 (Asylum) **23481**

Don Henley: The End Of The Innocence (Geffen) **01064**

Eddie Rebbitt: Jersey Boy (Capitol) **24350**

The Judds' Greatest Hits (RCA) **44578**

Slaughter: Stick It To Ya (Chrysalis) **42308**

Najee: Tokyo Blue (EMI) **44482**

Carly Simon: My Romance (Arista) **24824**

Bobby Brown: Dance!...ya know it (RCA) **73660**

Ghostbusters II/ Soundtrack (MCA) **51964**

Metallica: Master Of Puppets (Elektra) **34552**

Dolly Parton, Linda Ronstadt, Emmylou Harris: Trio (Warner Bros.) **14804**

The Church: Gold Afternoon Fix (Arista) **71667**

Norrington: Beethoven, Symphony No. 9 (Choral) (Angel) **00467**

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Tina Turner: Foreign Affair (Capitol) **32900**

The Best Of Little Anthony & The Imperials (Rhino) **33581**

Irving Berlin: Always (Verve) **00808**

Winger (Atlantic) **00830**

Depeche Mode: Violator (Sire) **73408**

Tesla: The Great Radio Controversy (Geffen) **00639**

Dianne Reeves: Never Too Far (EMI) **44301**

Pretty Woman/ Soundtrack (EMI) **34631**

Michel'le (Ruthless) **40090**

Lita Ford: Stiletto (RCA) **63893**

Julia Fordham: Porcelain (Virgin) **50098**

Cinderella: Long Cold Winter (Mercury) **14780**

Slatkin: Classic Marches (RCA) **00996**

Bonnie Raitt: Nick Of Time (Capitol) **54410**

Fine Young Cannibals: The Raw And The Cooked (I.R.S.) **01068**

Tears For Fears: The Seeds Of Love (Fontana) **33653**

Pat Benatar: Best Shots (Chrysalis) **44319**

Tommy James & The Shondells: Anthology (Rhino) **44185**

Patty Loveless: Honky Tonk Angel (MCA) **01037**

The Smithereens 11 (Capitol) **10619**

Tracy Chapman: Crossroads (Elektra) **42496**

Great White: Twice Shy (Capitol) **01100**

Keith Whitley: I Wonder Do You Think Of Me (RCA) **33768**

Madonna: Like A Prayer (Sire) **01029**

Little Feat: Representing The Mambo (Warner Brothers) **43785**

Johnny Clegg & Savuka: Cruel, Crazy, Beautiful World (Capitol) **44564**

Hank Williams, Jr.: Greatest Hits III (Warner/Curb) **00840**

Desert Rose Band: Pages Of Life (MCA/Curb) **54585**

Simon & Garfunkel; Concert In Central Park (Warner Bros.) **44006**

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GUEST SHOT

It's no surprise that when **Bill Gates**—the boy-wonder C.E.O. of the Microsoft computer corporation—began collecting videos, he did it *logically*: "First, I bought every Best Picture Oscar winner—there are only about three you can't get on tape. I came across some incredible movies following that path, such as *An American in Paris* and *All About Eve*. Then the side paths pulled me along; for example, after I saw *Roman Holiday*—which got Audrey Hepburn her Oscar—I bought all of her other films." Gates guesstimates his vid haul to be 250-plus flicks, including "everything with Jimmy Stewart, Cary Grant and Robert Mitchum." What you *won't* find in his collection are horror films ("They're not based on reality, so they don't increase one's understanding of anything") and—surprise!—computer movies. "*Tron* did some very good things with computers, but you'd grasp it only if you were familiar with them. Let's face it, computers don't have a big future as film stars. Basically, they just sit there."

—LAURA FISSINGER

VIDEOLDIES

antique gold for the vcr

This month: the cliff-hanger serials.

Adventures of Captain Marvel: A secret tomb, an ancient curse, alchemy, greed, a native uprising, the British army . . . that's just the first episode. Familiar faces populate this 12-part saga in which Captain Marvel battles the evil Scorpion to secure the return of a magic idol. *Shazam!*

G-Men vs. the Black Dragon: Arson on the open sea. Water-combustible paint spells doom for the American war effort—but not if Rex Bennett, G man, has anything to say about it. Rex's nemesis is Black Dragon leader Haruchi, who sounds more like an Italian Dracula than like a Rising Sun villain. Best performance: Haruchi's pet bird, which, in addition to lighting his cigarettes, finishes off his victims.

SHORT TAKES

Best Just-What-We-Need Video: *More Nuclear Power Stations*; **Best *Really* Special-Interest Video:** *Bow-Hunting for Russian Boar in Eastern Tennessee*; **Smelliest Video:** *Garlic's Pungent Presence*; **Favorite Video Couple:** *Barbie and Snakewoman*; **Second-Favorite Video Couple:** *Bed and Sofa*; **Dumbest Video Title:** *Making Womb for Baby*; **Best Thrill-a-Minute Video:** *Coleslaw*; **Best It's-a-Living Video:** *Wildlife Decoy Carvers of the Illinois Flyway.*

Jesse James Rides Again: Not only does "honest" Jesse ride again, he literally rises from the dead to combat the land-grabbing Black Raiders. Clayton Moore (TV's Lone Ranger) is a mite too gee whiz as Jess, but he's still the perfect hero, with lightning reflexes, eyes in the back of his head and an inexhaustible six-shooter. Hi-ho, Jesse—away. . . .

(For information on tapes and catalog, call Republic Pictures Home Video, 800-826-2295.)

—DAN CURRY

VIDEO SLEEPERS

good movies that crept out of town

Dealers: As a financial-whiz bitch on the go in London, Rebecca DeMornay plays a wily working girl worth a look and a promise.

Getting It Right: Some English swingers—mainly Lynn Redgrave—helping a 30ish virgin (Jesse Birdsall) come of age.

Gumshoe: Albert Finney's bravura early-Seventies stint as a private eye who has seen too many Bogart movies. Directed by then-little-known Stephen (*Dangerous Liaisons*) Frears.

The Powwow Highway: Indian lore and laughter in an easygoing road movie about two modern braves riding to rescue a lady in jail.

Sherman's March: A film maker on location to make a Civil War documentary gets turned on by Southern women and animal instinct in a hilarious movie about himself.

We Think the World of You: This typically wry bundle from Britain tells how two more or less homosexual men (Gary Oldman and Alan Bates) break up over a dog named Evie.

—BRUCE WILLIAMSON

VIDEOSYNCRASIES

The Saloon Shooter: Now *you* can call the shots. Champion pool player Thomas Crown shows off 25 years' experience, divulging secrets known only to pros—until now (Shadow Picture Production).

The Best of Nightline: It was bound to happen. If you don't stay up that late, here's 45 minutes of Koppel's greatest hits—perfectly playable in prime time. Ted for President, anyone (MPI)?

Supermarket Savvy: Vid trip up the supermarket aisle, focusing on smart label reading and healthful eating and cooking. Hosted by nutrition expert Leni Reed (Family Experiences Productions, Inc.).

Massage Your Mate: A vid lesson in the basics of Swedish and Shiatsu massage. Decently composed, effectively produced and a welcome alternative to Scrabble. Grab a partner (View Video).

THE HARDWARE CORNER

Big Cover-up: Ever been outside with a camcorder when a sudden downpour ruins your shooting—not to mention your equipment? Well, check it out: Beaver Park Products has a camcorder field cover—a flexible hood that starts near your eye and extends beyond the lens. Safe shooting for $24.95.

Key Club: You've seen the commercial where the kid puts the mush in Dad's new VCR, but that's no longer possible with VCR Loc ($19.95) from Solution Factory. It locks your slot with a turn of a key, deterring theft, controlling viewing and stopping Junior from prematurely sowing his oats.

—MAURY LEVY

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
FEELING MASCULINE	***Tango & Cash*** (Sly Stallone and Kurt Russell tackle thugs and the whole *quien es mos mocho* thing); ***Old Gringo*** (Jimmy Smits fires up Mexican revolutionaries while Jane Fonda swoons); ***Internal Affairs*** (sleazy cop Richard Gere screws everyone over and still stays sexy).
FEELING FEMININE	***Steel Magnolias*** (six stars shine in Deep South beauty parlor; Julia Roberts sparkles); ***The Little Mermaid*** (Disney tale of fish *fatale*/human wanna-be; copped two music Oscars); ***Smile*** (cynical backstage peek at beauty pageant; features a young—and topless—Melanie Griffith).
FEELING FEISTY	***Roger & Me*** (Michael Moore documents G.M.'s corporate indifference by pestering its C.E.O.); ***Hard to Kill*** (cop wakes from a seven-year coma with a bad case of movie vengeance); ***Blood of Heroes*** (better-than-you'd-expect *Mad Max*/*Rollerball* hybrid; Rutger Hauer and Joan Chen star).
FEELING BESIEGED	***Tremors*** (*Dune*like jumbo worms invade Nevada; Fred Ward and Kevin Bacon squirm); ***Men Don't Leave*** (widowed mom Jessica Lange fends off parade of quirky rescuers); ***Sweetie*** (hormonal misfit visits Sis and creates major disturbance; won top Australian prizes).

WHITE RABBITS,

MOSCOW AND POLISH VODKA.

NICE TOWN, MOSCOW. RED SQUARE, ANCIENT SPIRES, FUR HATS, CAPITALISTS . . . AND A VERITABLE MONOPOLY ON THE WORLD'S GREAT VODKAS. WHICH BRINGS US TO AN INTERESTING PIECE OF TRIVIA ABOUT WHAT IS ARGUABLY THE FINEST VODKA IN ALL OF RUSSIA. WYBOROWA (VEE-BA-ROVA). IT ISN'T RUSSIAN. IT'S POLISH VODKA.

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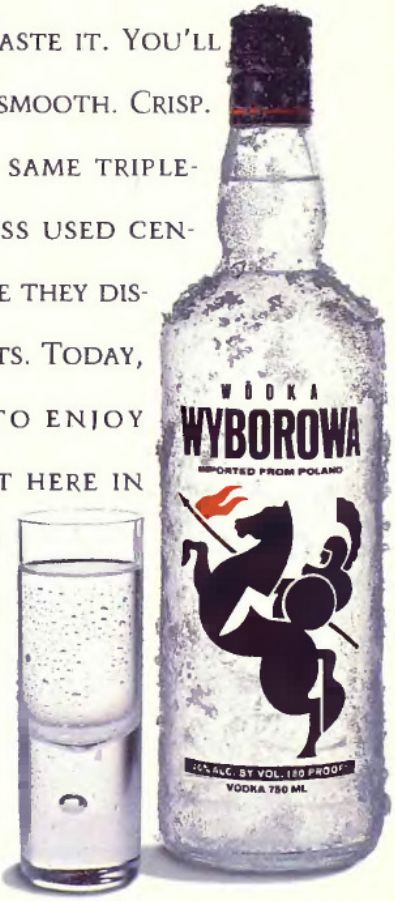

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

A FEW MONTHS AGO, Kurt Vonnegut wrote an essay for the *New York Times Book Review* about why American humorists ceased to be funny as they grew older and cited himself as an example of this phenomenon. Happily, his funny new novel, ***Hocus Pocus*** (Putnam's), proves him wrong.

Hocus Pocus is every bit as humorous as *Cat's Cradle*, *Slaughterhouse-Five*, *Breakfast of Champions* or any of Vonnegut's other comic masterpieces. Although his books have never been knee-slappers, Vonnegut evokes the cynical chortle, the knowing grin, the inner laughter that soothe our troubled reflections. This new novel, despite its darker contemplations, offers us a king-sized relief valve of comedy.

The antihero of this "sardonic fable in a bed of gloom" is Eugene Debs Hartke, a decorated Vietnam vet. Gene was nicknamed The Preacher in Vietnam because he refused to use profanity and, instead, would use phrases such as "When the excrement hit the air conditioning." Fired from his job teaching at Tarkington, a college for the educationally disabled, because he tells his students the truth about the war and American society, he ends up teaching convicts in a nearby prison. There, a prison breakout and the subsequent slaughter of local townspeople are blamed on him.

As he narrates his saga, Hartke reveals that his thinking has been influenced by an unsigned story in *Black Garterbelt* magazine titled "The Protocols of the Elders of Tralfamadore," which suggests that humans are only being used as incubators to breed germs that will be tough enough to spread microbiotic life throughout the universe. He finds this deflationary view of human life reinforced by a computer game called Griot, which predicts patterns of future life for individuals based on their social and economic history.

There is also a hilarious scene in which a billionaire speculator and publisher of magazines and books about high finance (guess who) comes riding up to Tarkington on a Japanese motorcycle, with an old movie star riding behind him. Thirty of his friends and employees on motorcycles follow, all wearing gold crash helmets decorated with dollar signs. And *they* are followed by Henry Kissinger in a limousine, a huge hot-air balloon and a sound truck blasting bagpipe music.

If you don't find these scenes potentially diverting and you are not amused by the idea of a mortician named Norman Updike, then you may agree with Vonnegut that he is no longer funny. But we think his glum self-judgment is a crock of excrement. He's mad as hell and laughing all the way to the apocalypse.

Hocus Pocus: King-sized comedy relief.

Vonnegut's sardonic fable, sensitivity to racism and two political thrillers.

T. Coraghessan Boyle's latest novel, ***East Is East*** (Viking), is exceptionally funny, too, but not so angry as Vonnegut's book. Boyle appears generally bemused by the human comedy, with all its cockeyed misunderstandings. In this novel, he is specifically fascinated by the cultural chaos caused when a young Japanese disciple of Mishima jumps ship near Tupelo Island off the coast of Georgia and hides out at a writers' colony called Thanatopsis House.

Hiro, the fugitive Japanese seaman who is being hunted by the I.N.S., is taken in by an elderly lady who thinks he is the conductor Seiji Ozawa. Then he is protected by a young woman at Thanatopsis House who finds him a thrilling stimulant to her boring life as a writer. Along the way, Boyle skewers the petty infighting and backbiting of the colony's literary set with a comic precision born of intimate knowledge. This fast and funny novel gives Boyle ample opportunity to dazzle us with his sharp ear for dialog and his rich descriptive phrases. He ranks as one of the most exciting young fiction writers in America.

This year marks the 25th anniversary of the signing of the Voting Rights Act, and ***Black in Selma: The Uncommon Life of J. L. Chestnut, Jr.*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), written by Chestnut with Julia Cass, is the story of the civil rights struggle that led up to that document and of the years in Selma that have followed. "Chess" was Selma's first black lawyer, and he unhesitatingly defended black rights in case after case in the city's hostile white courtrooms. With the same spirit and resolve, he fought for national civil rights legislation with Martin Luther King, Jr. Chestnut's eloquent autobiography is both a microcosm of the civil rights movement and a study in grassroots politics. It is the powerful story of how one man can make a difference.

In contrast to the undeniable progress in race relations made in Selma, there is the ugly specter of the Tawana Brawley case in Dutchess County, New York. In November 1987, a 15-year-old black girl was found outside an apartment building smeared with feces and with racist epithets written on her body. She claimed to have been abducted and raped by several white men, possibly including police officers. As a team of six reporters from *The New York Times* carefully documents in ***Outrage: The Story Behind the Tawana Brawley Hoax*** (Bantam), the abduction and rape tale was no more than a teenage girl's lie to avoid punishment by her mother's companion. But the astonishing brouhaha that followed revealed racially motivated distrust, if not hatred, by both blacks and whites. Headline grabbers and politicians gathered around the case until the facts were obscured by a blitz of accusations and counteraccusations. This retrospective look is a riveting, sobering documentary of media manipulation and public hysteria triggered by skin color.

Finally, we have two fictional thrillers focused on Washington, D.C., each with an insider's viewpoint: ***Potomac Jungle*** (Knightsbridge), by David Levy, and ***Playing the Dozens*** (Viking), by William D. Pease. Levy has written a good old-fashioned potboiler, with the special edge that comes from having been closely involved with national politics since the Forties, and he presents the inner workings of the White House with impressive authority. His novel revolves around a tense power struggle between an aging President and a young, ambitious Vice-President who invokes the 25th Amendment to become acting President at a point of international crisis. Pease was a prosecutor in Washington for 18 years before entering private practice. *Playing the Dozens*, his first novel, reflects an intimate understanding of criminal investigations and political corruption. This is a tightly plotted story of drug deals and double agents that is stylistically somewhere between Scott Turow and John le Carré and filled with details about D.C. politics that might have come right from today's front page.

BOOK BAG

Crooning (Simon & Schuster), by John Gregory Dunne: This collection of 16 brilliant nonfiction pieces ranges from a tough assessment of the Kennedys to a series of wonderful dissections of Hollywood.

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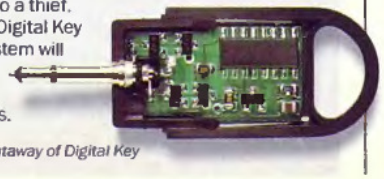

Actual size cutaway of Digital Key

STYLE

RETURN OF THE NATIVE

Out of the West rides the Indian-blanket coat with a range of styles from leather-trimmed toggle and European-influenced double-breasted jackets with wide shawl collars to a Calvin Klein rug-patterned vest. Coats from the Colorado Clothing Company are mostly made on Indian reservations. And, of course, Pendleton Woolen Mills has been selling Indian-inspired jackets and blankets for almost 100 years. The Indian motif is also turning up on everything from sweaters and embroidered shirts to scarves, ties and even underwear. Charles Goodnight's hot-colored corduroy boxer shorts feature an Indian-inspired pattern. (Those who take the look a little less seriously may prefer Joe Boxer's little-feather-print silk skivvies.) Why this return to the native look? Designers see it as part of the fashion industry's resurgence of interest in nature. In addition, the Sante Fe influence is everywhere, from food to home furnishings. Even Ralph Lauren is offering Indian-motif-patterned terrycloth towels. Whatever its impulse, the Indian look is one trend that we can recommend—without reservation.

A FASHION BONFIRE

So what's the power look that Tom Hanks will be wearing as master financier Sherman McCoy in Brian De Palma's film *Bonfire of the Vanities*? "Braces with a pinstripe heavyweight-wool suit," says costume designer Ann Roth. Roth is ordering menswear "in the Savile Row tradition" from Henry Stewart, a New York–based custom tailor. "The suspenders," she says, "are mostly from Barneys." Other power threads that the film will feature are custom white shirts by L. Allmeier in Manhattan and Hermès ties. "This was the era of Reaganomics," says Roth. "Hanks plays the kind of guy who goes to London six times a year and wears only New & Lingwood custom shoes."

"Hanks plays the kind of guy who goes to London six times a year."

MELROSE AVENUE: HOT SHOPPING

L.A.'s Melrose Avenue may be the only place where Angelenos actually walk. Stores on the mile-long strip cater to every taste from Euro chic to rock and roll. Here are the standouts. • Fred Segal (8100 Melrose): After 25 years, it's still the mecca for the style savvy, everything from top-designer looks to T-shirts. Segal's patio café is great for celeb spotting. • Aaardvark's Odd Ark (7579 Melrose): *The* place for authentic Hawaiian shirts, hand-painted jeans or a Madonna *bustier*. • Roppongi (7574 Melrose): *Avant* clothes and shoes with a preference for Belgian designers. • Wacko (7416 Melrose): The name says it all. Enter through a long corridor of funhouse mirrors. Inside, scratch your *kitsch* itch with a string of eyeball lights or a Fred Flintstone doll. • Wanna Buy a Watch? (7410 Melrose): L.A.'s best selection of vintage American and Swiss timepieces.

VIEWPOINT

"Elliot loves for people to notice him," says 33-year-old Timothy Busfield, whose character, Eliot Weston on *thirtysomething*, wears wild hand-painted hula-girl ties and lavender shirts. The Thirties and Forties retro look suits the role, an art director, if not Busfield. "At home I wear 501 jeans, T-shirts and work boots. My wife is a former assistant clothing designer and we argue all the time about going out. She's Armani and I'm May Company."

HOME CHIC

What's the hottest trend in interior design? Wardrobization. The idea is that your space should evolve just as your personality has. Forget the everything-matches motif. Designers are into opposites. A funky postmodern vase atop a Victorian dresser, for example. Or a signed Louis Icart etching hung above a Bang & Olufsen sound system. • Speaking of etchings, you don't have to be a Japanese electronics tycoon to hang eye-catching art on your walls. If you have a minimum of $250 to spend, think signed prints. As art prices skyrocket, limited-edition prints accrue in value (Patrick Nagel's 30th-anniversary *Playboy* poster went from $255 to $3100 in just five years). Scour small galleries. Buy art you like. It's the smart way to add class to your home.

STYLE METER

COWBOY BOOTS	IN	OUT
TOE	Pointed or needle-pointed toes with a squared-off outsole	A rounded or "roper" toe
HEEL	A lower walking heel; at the highest, it should be one and a half inches	Any high-stacked, deeply sloped heel
COLOR	All shades of brown; black is still strong	Gray, blue and all bright colors
SKIN	Soft leathers made of elk- and deerskin; lizard remains hot	Any exotic skin from an endangered species

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SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

LITERARY BALL

As ironies go—and I have actually sailed one as far as I have a plate of *nouvelle* cuisine—none is more baffling to the grizzled sportswriter than the alarming number of Literary People who think of baseball as not just a game but an intellectual pursuit. This seems to be so even though a majority of Literary People do not generally use the word cunt in polite conversation, which is something baseball players do as regularly as they fondle their nuts in public.

A sportswriting friend of mine once gave up the major-league-baseball beat on a well-to-do magazine because the C word wasn't allowed in the family publication and, therefore, he felt he couldn't cover the sport accurately or honestly.

Anyone who has ever been close to the sport knows that baseball players are a sorry lot, basically, and without question the most profane of all athletes. It's the main part of their charm.

And yet every now and then a Literary Person will write an entire book about baseball, usually telling us things we already know but in the language of Percy Bysshe Shelley, and without using the C word or any other four-letter bauble, and what happens? Hordes of other Literary People slobber over it, believing they have been enlightened by a mind, an eye and a tongue that no sportswriter could possibly possess.

Today, I am here to explain this strange love affair between Literary People and baseball, having given it considerable thought for the past four hours, or roughly the same amount of time used by a major-league manager to change pitchers in the sixth inning.

To be exact, there are five reasons for the love affair between Literary People and baseball, which curiously corresponds with the number of letters in Henrik Ibsen's last name.

Rikky Ibsen, of course, was a fastballer who went up to the show with the Norwegian Wild Ducks in 1867 and once pitched a no-hitter against Karl (Cookie) Marx and the Berlin Proletariats. Rikky got in trouble in the eighth and could only stand around thinking up disturbing questions for himself until his manager, Peer (Casey) Gynt, went out to the mound and said, "You want to get this guy out? Drop a deuce on his doll's house."

Doll's house is what passed for the C word in those days.

But to get on with the reasons.

1. Baseball is boring.

So are Literary People. By and large, this helps them reach out for one another, and a certain bonding occurs.

After all, the most exciting thing that can happen in a baseball game is that a guy will hit a ball over a fence.

But Literary People have a deep appreciation for the home run. It connects with their lust for boring, pretentious, unreadable books.

The bat is the writer, the ball is the book and the fence is the reader. The bat (writer) hits the ball (book) over the fence (reader's head) and into oblivion, with a hardcover sale of 1467 copies, which, according to Literary People, is the perfect batting average for a potential winner of the National Book Award in fiction.

2. Following baseball is a way for Literary People to go slumming.

Occasionally, Literary People will slum in a ball park, if they get free passes, and occasionally, they will slum in front of a TV set, if the game is coming from an intellectual hotbed such as Fenway Park; but most often, they slum in the agate type of box scores.

The explanation for this is simple. They like the mysterious prose of box scores, such as:

E-Galileo. LOB-Nazis 3, Marxists 1. 2B-Lucullus. 3B-Arturo Ui (1). HR-Hegel (9). SB-Schiller (4). SF-Marcuse.

Why?

It reminds them of dialog from Bertolt Brecht.

3. Certain infielders can frequently be the same size as Literary People and dachshunds.

This gives baseball a human quality, as the Literary Person sees it.

In contrast, football and basketball players do not have a human quality. Literary People look at a lineman on a football team and they see someone with arms the size of Victor Mature's leg and legs the size of a DC-10's fuselage. Moreover, they see someone wearing more clothes than an archbishop, with a little city jail wrapped around his face. They could identify with a smaller player in the backfield if they didn't suspect that he was a collegiate version of Stepin Fetchit, who could run fast only if he saw a ghost. Meanwhile, although they like the nudity of basketball, Literary People are troubled by athletes who are taller than the buildings they work in.

4. Baseball is essentially a summer game.

You can't overstate the importance of this for Literary People, for no books of even the remotest interest are published during the summer months.

What this does is free up the Literary People to go out to the Hamptons and see each other more often than they have for the past nine months, but also to think about nothing but baseball and traffic jams.

5. Literary People played baseball in one form or another when they were kids.

Although it was usually sand-lot softball and they were assigned to deep right field—as far out of the way as possible—it gave them a taste for the intricate fundamentals and deceiving complexities that make a pop fly such a thrilling intellectual topic.

Of course, some Literary People were never chosen to play in the sand-lot games as kids because they were too clumsy, too weak, wore glasses or held the bat by the wrong end.

This was sad, but many of them got their revenge later, when they grew up to be book critics.

MEN

By ASA BABER

The headline jumped out at me: "WOMEN REALLY TICKED OFF AT MEN, POLL SAYS." "Oh, no!" I cried. "Have I done something wrong *again?*" Suddenly, I felt very insecure. I hugged my Alan Alda doll even tighter.

I kept reading: "American women increasingly believe that most men are mean, manipulative, oversexed, self-centered and lazy. . . . And the women are getting annoyed." According to this report, The Roper Organization polled 3000 women and found "growing numbers of women expressing sensitivity to sexism and unhappiness with men on many issues."

Forty-two percent of the women polled found men to be "basically selfish and self-centered." Some 54 percent of the women agreed that "most men look at a woman and immediately think how it would be to go to bed with her." According to 52 percent of the women, their mates do not help with the household chores.

What makes matters worse, according to the Roper poll (financed, incidentally, by Philip Morris U.S.A.), is that a similar poll was taken 20 years ago, and the 1990 results show greater female discontentment. In 1990, for example, 58 percent of women agreed that "most men think only their own opinions about the world are important"—up from 50 percent in 1970. And given the statement "Most men find it necessary for their egos to keep women down," 55 percent agreed, up from 49 percent.

Ellen Merlo, a Philip Morris vice-president, was quoted as saying, "The frustration [of women toward their lifestyle] is expressed in hostility toward men. Women are looking to men for more support. And their attitude toward men has turned somewhat sour."

The Roper poll surprised me, of course. Sour women? Frustrated and angry women? Are they out there? I certainly have never met any women who fit that description. I assume from the steady smiles and constant generosity of the women I meet that most are very satisfied with the men in their lives. And I know—I absolutely know—that American men today are as happy as pigs in shit. For us, life is just a bowl of orgasmic oatmeal. We've never had it so good. And if you doubt me, I've got proof. It's called the Baber poll.

I recently polled 3000 men. The results are astounding. Men, it turns out, have no criticisms of women, no sense of anger or frustration, no gripes. For us, women are ideal, loving, supportive and wondrous. They shine like beacons in an otherwise hopeless sea. And I can back this conclusion up with hard data:

HAPPY AS PIGS

• One hundred percent of the men polled by The Baber Organization agreed with the statement that "most women are basically kind, gentle and thoughtful." This was reflected in individual interviews, as well. "Women are great, just great," said Ronald Rexmard of Baggs, Wyoming. "They are a constant joy to me because they are never critical of me and they tickle me in funny places and make me giggle. I've never seen a harsh or overly aggressive woman, and I doubt that they exist. Women are, to a person, as gentle as baby doves in a grain field at daybreak in the springtime."

• One hundred and one percent of the men agreed that "women live up to every ideal I ever had for them, and they do it with subtle grace and exquisite charm." Maurice Shubertini of Dothan, Alabama, agrees. "I am awed with the way women comport themselves in these chaotic times," he said. "There is never a mean word, never a slip of the lip that causes me shame, and as much as I hate to admit it, only men are selfish and cruel. It must be genetic. Men are doomed. But women? Women are perfect."

• One hundred and two percent of the men polled confessed that they enjoy oppressing women economically. "Yes, yes, I admit it," sobbed Johnny Bluthcorn of Waimanalo, Hawaii. "I do everything I can to deny women their rightful place in the business community. After all, it used to be a man's world, and I want to go back to that world as soon as possible. If a woman enters my workplace, I try to get her fired, and I never recommend her for promotion. As far as I can tell, all of my fellow males agree that a woman's place is in the home, not the office—and that she'd better work at home for free! We all know that men stand for slavery and tyranny and oppression."

• Zero percent of the men polled found women to be "sexist and unfair in their judgments of men." Arthur Windsock of Caribou, Maine, put it this way. "The Roper poll simply verifies what we as men have known all along. Women see us through very realistic glasses. They don't expect too much from us, and when they are disappointed in us, they don't overreact and stick pins in our doll. Personally, I've enjoyed the last quarter century of male-bashing. I think we've deserved it. Of course, by the year 2000, I will probably have had my sex-change operation, so it doesn't really matter to me."

• One hundred and ten percent of the men *disagreed* that "women look at a man and immediately think how it would be to go to bed with him." Charlie Kravanaugh of Lake Mills, Wisconsin, said, "That's what I like about women. They are very clear and clean in their sexuality. Just take a look at the soap operas they watch, at the movies they attend, at the video tapes they rent, at the books they read, at the signals they give in social situations, and I think you'll agree with me that women are basically in control of their sexuality, honest and upright citizens of the republic who would *never* think immediately of what it would be like to go to bed with a man."

So there you have it. Which poll are you going to believe? Is it Roper or Baber? Is it fiction or fact?

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res from around the world steadily over the last Grant Pace, a crack eden. "More accelerated

Concurring with Dr. Pace was Dr. Helmut Young, founder and curator of the Thermometer Museum in Oslo. "I am not one to use hyperbole, and avoid using sensationalistic terms just for their shock value. But there really is no other way to describe it— things 'sizzle.' That's right, 'sizz! it. Go ahead and quote me on that. What does this mean in terms of day to day living? "Ha

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I'm enclosing a short description of sexual etiquette your readers may find interesting. It is from a report called "Contraceptive Technology Update."—O. Y., Madison, Wisconsin.

Thanks. We've never viewed etiquette as a form of contraceptive technology, but maybe we are backward. The list is worth reprinting, so here goes:

• Respect the word no. Either partner has the right to refuse physical contact. A woman's "no" does not mean "Try harder so I can be swept away." A man's "no" is not an invitation to be seduced.

• Prepare for sex. If there's a possibility you'll have intercourse, carry contraception. If you're not prepared, don't do it.

• Keep sex private. Public expressions of intimacy may embarrass or offend others.

• Don't kiss and tell. Talking about sexual experiences violates your partner's privacy.

• Observe the golden rule. Treat your partner with the care and respect you'd want in return.

Why does adult entertainment have to be so dirty? When traveling recently, my boyfriend and I thought we'd incorporate some adult pleasure in our trip. We were simply looking for an adult motel with mirrors on the ceiling, X-rated movies and a water bed—pretty tame stuff. Across five states, it became obvious that what we wanted existed on the bad side of town, isolated among warehouses and run-down buildings. Who could feel safe there? It was discouraging, and we wondered, Don't others look for similar fun once in a while? Likewise, when we decided to have some fun by my participating in amateur night at a strip bar, it was hard to find a decent, clean place that wasn't in a bad neighborhood. Finally, in the small resort city of North Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, we found two clean strip bars on a major highway that were worth walking into. I did enter the amateur-night contest and we had some of our hottest sex ever later that night and for a while thereafter. I have a feeling that there are clean adult motels across this great nation of ours. I thought your readers might enjoy nominating their favorite motels, maybe give us a directory to match the best of America's bed and breakfasts. My nominations are in the strip-bar category: The Doll House and The Crazy Horse on Highway 17 in North Mrytle Beach. Amateur nights are Tuesday and Sunday, respectively.—Miss A. M., Columbia, South Carolina.

We like the idea of a reader directory. So, folks, send in cards or letters telling us where you had your last hot rendezvous. Do others need to know of that tiny hotel in New York City? The place where you rent hot tubs by the hour? The strip club with the best amateur night? We'll check them out and report the results. What we don't understand is the need to go out to have these things. Why not rent your own adult movies? You can order a Mylar ceiling mirror (which can be removed in seconds) from Stamford Hygienic Corporation (Box 932, Stamford, Connecticut 06904) for $15.95. (The company also sells a pleasure swing that attaches to the ceiling and can be removed in seconds for $44.95.) If you wish strip joints were as clean as health clubs, why not reverse the equation and make health clubs as sexy as strip joints? Wear an oversized ripped T-shirt with large armholes and no bra to your next workout and check the attention you get. The notion that sex is sleazy comes from zoning it—into public and private, board room and bedroom.

Do the scents of men's colognes and after-shaves change with time? What is the average shelf life of scents? What factors will contribute to their longevity or demise?—L. C., Largo, Florida.

If you keep your bottles of after-shave and cologne tightly capped when not in use, as well as protect them from sunlight and extreme temperature, the products should be fine for about a year. Scents may alter slightly after the bottles have been opened. Buying them in small quantities will minimize exposure to air.

I'm a college student enjoying my first serious sexual relationship. Having grown up in the conservative Eighties, I know all about birth control and AIDS, but what I don't know much about is how to make my love affair adventurous and spontaneous. What do you suggest?—A. T., Spokane, Washington.

We love this kind of question. It brings out all our Sixties nostalgia for the days when living an experimental life was fraught with mistakes but no real danger. Here are some suggestions. Free your libido from the same old routine. Try doing it with no foreplay, or at least with the appearance of no foreplay. Ask her to leave her underwear at home, but don't tell her why. Find a secluded corner and show her why. Or don't. Let the suspense be the experience. Try a quickie in the car. Try the opposite, having foreplay in a place where there is no chance for consummation. Experiment with isolating neglected senses. Capture the sounds of your lovemaking on cassette (later—after finishing that special dinner you cooked, for instance—play it back). Give her a full-service massage (include lotions, feathers, vibrators and any rock music with a powerful bass line). Tell her stories about sex. Engage in phone sex (this will tell you a lot about her fantasies—and yours). Spoil her with sensuous gifts—buy her filmy lingerie to play in (texture is everything—think silk). Do something extremely physical that is not sexual—run together or take up Greco-Roman wrestling. Get acquainted with one organ at a time. Start with her skin. Lightly pinch every square inch of her body, or drum it lightly with your finger tips. Enough for now.

As a wine collector, I like to know the current value of individual wines. With my Bordeaux, it's not difficult: I look at the auction results of Christie's, Sotheby's and others to see what specific vintages of specific châteaux are fetching. With my California wines—especially those I bought in the Sixties and Seventies—it's not so easy. Also, I haven't seen reliable tasting notes on premium California wines as there are with Michael Broadbent's *The Great Vintage Wine Book* or Robert M. Parker, Jr.'s, *Bordeaux*. Do you have any suggestions?—J. R., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

There is some attempt afoot to standardize and rate the value and drinkability of the premiere California wines. James Laube, an editor with The Wine Spectator, *has come out with "California's Great Cabernets." He rates the vineyards in a fashion similar to the Bordeaux châteaux ratings, offers his tasting notes for specific vintages, notes the original purchase price of the wines, as well as their current value, and speculates on both their drinkability and how well they meet expectations in terms of quality. For example, we happened to taste a 1974 Robert Mondavi Winery Reserve that was purchased for $30 a bottle. Laube opines that the wine should be drunk from 1990 to 1996 (we think it's fabulous right now) and correctly notes that there were considerable bottle variations (which we also discovered upon opening four bottles). He rates the wine a 92 (out of 100), with*

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which we concur, and estimates the current value to be $95 a bottle. We hope that's true, too, seeing as we have a case and a half left.

Several of my male friends and I are planning a trip to a singles resort in Jamaica. The one we've chosen has a nude beach as one of its many amenities. It's also known for its sometimes wild parties—clothing becomes optional as the night goes on. Because none of us has ever been to a nude beach before, we are in need of some advice on how to deal with several situations. First, sunburn. Burning areas of your body that normally aren't exposed to the sun would really ruin the fun. Would several trips to a tanning salon help reduce the risk of burning? What about sun screen? What level of protection should we apply? Second, dress. Is it permissible to wear a bathing suit on a nude beach while others are *au naturel*? Third, socializing. Is it appropriate to walk up to a group of women and try to strike up a conversation, or should we save that for the pool or other areas? What about the parties? Being somewhat shy, I sometimes have a problem starting conversations under normal conditions. I'm afraid I'll have a real problem if the woman I want to talk to is wearing nothing more than a G string. Any insights you might have to offer would be greatly appreciated.—R. J. K., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

A tanning parlor is not the answer. The artificial rays are just as capable of causing damage as the real thing. Yes, take waterproof sun block, a six-pack with an S.P.F. of 25 or higher (in the tropics, a single tube can cost almost as much as your room for the night). If you run out, you may have to use creosote or one of those fluorescent zinc-oxide concoctions. Put that on your privates and your worries about how to start a conversation will be over. Don't be afraid to wear a bathing suit (or, for that matter, a T-shirt and a hat) on a nude beach. These are clothing-optional beaches, not nudity-mandatory. We are personally fond of tan marks—as a friend said, it looks like you're wearing underwear with genitals. As for socializing, keep your distance on a nude beach. Don't stroll, don't ogle and don't chase Frisbees onto someone else's terrain. When you get up to go into the water or play volleyball, put on your swimsuit. As for the rumored parties, it never hurts to let the other asshole suggest nude lambada. If you are already talking to someone when the clothes start coming off, you can gauge a reaction and say, "Let's . . ."—pregnant pause—"walk on the beach." Play it by eye.

I'm thinking of taking a recreational vehicle for a three-week tour of the U.S. Can you make any recommendations? There will be four adults.—J. P., Chicago, Illinois.

We once took an R.V. around Lake Michigan with five wind-crazed boardsailors, 12 boards and 20-some-odd cases of beer for the nondriving, nonsailing days. It was ugly and we have the slides to prove it. It was also terrific fun. R.V. travel is handy: You take your own accommodations along with you and you never have to choose where you'll be dining each night. But the key to success is advance planning, from choosing the right floor plan for your R.V. to knowing where you will be staying. Full-size motor homes (class A rigs) usually have twin beds or a queen in the back and overhead bunks or fold-out sofas up front. You may find that you have more privacy with a smaller mini–motor home (class C rig) that has a second double bed over the front cab. Don't take the brochure's word for size and layout: Go to a local sales or rental agency and walk around. Measure beds. The next question is where to pick up and drop off. If you're planning a tour of the Southwest, don't start in Chicago. Cruise America and U-haul have agencies in a variety of gateway cities that put you right in the middle of the scenery: At six to ten miles per gallon, you don't want to drive across Nebraska to get to Colorado. Pick up "Woodall's Campground Directory." Get a good road map and plan your drive time carefully. Try to limit time on the road—the whole point of R.V.s is to park the sucker and party. Weigh the advantages of making a round trip in the R.V. versus paying a drop-off charge: Depending on the route, it may save you money to come home by plane, train or automobile. Drop-off charges range from $250 to $500; rental rates are seasonal—road-tripping in the summer can cost as much as $50 a day more than in the low season, October to March.

Can you suggest any variations of the old in-and-out? Thrusting during sex seems so automatic. What happens if you change the way you move during sex?—E. Q., Detroit, Michigan.

We've noticed that when people say "Different strokes for different folks," it usually means that they are defending the status quo (their own method of doing it) and not other techniques. But a few authors have elaborated on the basics. Noboru Hidaka, in "The Japanese Art of Lovemaking," describes nine methods of thrusting: "1. Strike out to the left and right as a brave warrior trying to break up the enemy ranks. 2. Move up and down as a wild horse bucking through a stream. 3. Pull out and push in as a group of seagulls playing on the waves. 4. Use deep thrusts and shallow teasing strokes, alternating swiftly as a sparrow picking the leftovers of rice in a mortar. 5. Make deep and shallow strokes in steady succession as a huge stone sinking into the sea. 6. Push in slowly as a snake entering a hole to hibernate. 7. Thrust swiftly as a frightened rat rushes into a hole. 8. Poise, then strike like an eagle catching an elusive hare. 9. Rise, then plunge low like a huge sailing boat braving the gale. All these thrusts, when made at different speeds, intensities and depths, add shades and nuances of pleasure that will enhance the lovemaking of both men and women. Variation also provides the man with a method for controlling his ejaculation and keeping his phallus rigid for a suitable length of time." And to think that we have trouble negotiating trade concessions with these guys. Since most of us can't

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even follow directions that come with our VCRs, let's turn to an American guide to sex. John E. Eichenlaub's 1967 classic "New Approaches to Sex in Marriage" describes something called the Violin Bow Effect: "You stimulate your wife quite keenly when you draw the shaft of your penis across the sensitive upper edge of her female organ. This type of friction at this particular site brings her sexual sensations unmatched by other action. You can use it in most sexual positions but especially in the pillow trick, usual and asymmetrical face-to-face postures or the twisted-trunk rear-entry posture. A similar effect is possible in the kneeling-wife posture but is slightly less stimulating because the penis enters 'upside down,' with its softer bottom surface rather than its firmly erect portions in contact with the woman's sensitive tissues. Like the violin bow rubbing a string, which gives just as loud a note when moved slowly, shaft-to-inner-lip friction stimulates just as keenly whether movement is slow or fast. However, the first inch or so of either an inward or an outward stroke gives very little of this type of friction, since the inner lips initially move along with the shaft instead of being rubbed by it. After these highly sensitive folds have been turned all the way in or out, further movement in the same direction stimulates a stretched-out extensive surface with both friction and vibration. For practical purposes, then, you can increase the amount of stimulation you give to your wife in any position which permits friction of the penis shaft against the front rim of the vagina by (1) sliding your body headward to increase pressure on the sensitive parts, (2) using long strokes both inward and outward, (3) slow motion, especially in the mid-phase of each stroke. Some husbands stimulate their wives most effectively with a sort of 'stutter movement,' giving a quick motion at the beginning of each inward or outward stroke (to turn the wife's inner lips in the right direction), followed by a long, slow movement the rest of the way. Others find slow movement on a regular rhythm easier, especially if the wife is making reciprocal movements of her own. But rapid movement in positions offering this variety of stimulation almost always speeds the male climax without giving either partner as much satisfaction as the long, slow stroke." So what will it be tonight, dear—the slow snake or the stuttering violin?

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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After helping to support more than 80,000 cultural projects nationwide over the past 25 years, the National Endowment for the Arts is under attack.

A small yet highly vocal minority, led by Jerry Falwell, Pat Robertson, Don Wildmon and Senator Jesse Helms, want to restrict the Arts Endowment from funding anything they consider "indecent or obscene."

And though such censorship seems implausible in our society, this well-funded group of extremists has organized a massive campaign to pressure Congress into voting their way.

Fortunately, many Americans from all across the political spectrum support freedom of expression in the arts. President Bush recently said, "I don't know of anybody in the Government or any Government agency that should be set up to censor what you write, or what you paint, or how you express yourselves."

If you agree that freedom of the arts is vital in a democracy, please call the toll-free number immediately. When you do, two pre-written Western Union messages in your name will be rushed to Congress.

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PROJECT POSTPORN

censorship by intimidation is s.o.p. for the progeny of the meese commission—but one company is fighting back

There is a famous horror story about a man who awakens in excruciating pain to discover that an insect has crawled into his ear and is boring its way through his skull. After causing weeks of agony, the insect makes its way out. The doctor tells the patient the good news first: The insect is gone. Then he tells the bad news: The insect was female—and it laid eggs. The terrible brood will hatch soon.

So it is that former Attorney General Edwin Meese, in the wake of the much-publicized Commission on Pornography, created his own terrible brood, the National Obscenity Enforcement Unit. Its mission is to destroy the market place for adult films and magazines.

In 1988, the N.O.E.U. launched Project PostPorn. Trained by Alan Sears, former Meese commission executive director and a militant member of Citizens for Decency Through Law (Charles Keating's gift—along with the savings-and-loan debacle—to America), the pussy posse was primed to crusade against sex-related speech in all its forms.

The N.O.E.U. brood came to life last winter when a Connecticut-based movie distributor was indicted for mailing obscene material to people in Virginia, North Carolina and Alabama. The distributor was forced to plead guilty—or pay enormous legal fees defending himself in several jurisdictions.

The Feds didn't have to prove that the video tapes were obscene, because they initiated lawsuits in conservative areas in the Bible Belt where 12 men—good and truly repressed—could easily be rounded up to pass bad judgment on the films. Most of the movies had been sold without notice, nor had they, when shown in a theater, ever been prosecuted for obscenity.

The N.O.E.U. maliciously twisted the concept of community standards in order to drive the Connecticut company out of business. The Supreme Court has ruled that contemporary community standards can be used to declare material obscene. Movies that do not offend in New York may offend in Utah, or western North Carolina or northern Alabama. However, under the N.O.E.U.'s misuse of community standards, the whole nation becomes subject to the tastes of the least liberated community.

Other defendants, when faced with the staggering legal costs of defending themselves in more than one jurisdiction, went the way of the Connecticut distributor, pleading guilty to obscenity and settling out of court. Then one North Carolina company, PHE, Inc., decided to fight back.

Philip D. Harvey, founder and president of PHE, Inc., is a Harvard graduate who became interested in family planning while serving as deputy director of CARE's program in India in the Sixties. He studied family planning at the University of North Carolina's School of Public Health with a Ford Foundation fellowship and launched PHE in order to sell condoms and other contraceptives through the mail.

PHE distributes about 2,000,000 birth-control devices each year and sends birth-control information to its customers. It produces a medically oriented newsletter titled "Sex Over 40."

Because of its orientation, the company met with an attorney to find out just what the Government considers obscene. The attorney asked Patrick Truemen, acting director of the N.O.E.U., for a set of guidelines. Trueman declined, saying that Federal officials cannot help citizens comply with obscenity laws and that to give such guidance would itself be a First Amendment violation. PHE then made requests under the Freedom of Information Act for FBI guidelines used in determining obscene material. According to the FBI, obscene matter consists "only of commercially produced pornography relating to the sexual exploitation of children and commercial adult pornography dealing with sadomasochism, bestiality and coprophilia behavior."

None of the material distributed by PHE violated the guidelines. However, the company established an external review board of psychiatrists, psychologists and sex therapists to pass judgment on the films and books it sells.

What was the result of such good

citizenship? PHE's legal complaint stated that "Federal agents from Utah and North Carolina and state agents from North Carolina jointly conducted an extremely intrusive daylong seizure of plaintiff's premises, during which they posted armed guards at all doors, closed the switchboard, ordered all employees into a single area and refused to allow employees to leave until each had submitted to an interview, which they were told they were not free to refuse. The agents refused to allow employees to speak with their attorneys, including a company attorney who had come to the premises for the purpose of advising employees of their legal rights, searched the employees' personal pocketbooks and purses without warrant and over objection and took their photographs. The agents broke the locks on plaintiff Harvey's desk in order to gain access to its contents. The agents told the employees that they were involved in distributing obscenity that influenced rapists and child abusers." The Feds served 118 subpoenas and seized hundreds of documents. (A Federal judge later ruled that the raid had been "harassment.")

Utah U.S. Attorney Brent Ward then began making offers he thought the plaintiff couldn't refuse: Harvey could avoid multidistrict Federal prosecution if he agreed to cease distribution of all sexually oriented materials in Utah and nationally any magazine, book or unrated film containing "mere nudity." According to the lawsuit, Ward said that the plaintiffs could not distribute *Playboy* or books such as *The Joy of Sex* and conceded that Harvey would effectively have to relinquish his First Amendment rights. He stated that he wanted PHE "out of the business" altogether.

Harvey was eventually indicted and went to trial in North Carolina. The jury took five minutes to decide that the material for which he was in court was not obscene; it considered apologizing to Harvey for his ordeal.

The Federal Government continued to threaten Harvey with multiple prosecution and his lawyers filed suit in Federal court for injunctive relief. They asked a judge to call off the attack dogs.

Martin Garbus, an attorney who has represented defendants in Project Post-Porn, says of the prosecutors, "I've met these people. They think [adult movies] are worse than cocaine. . . . It's as if the past thirty years have not happened in this country."

It's worse than that. It's as if the past 200 years have not happened.

DEADLY DESIRES

Good Housekeeping named the Nineties The Decency Decade, a decade in which traditional values will regain their status and provide the moral foundation for a "more decent America." Also exhorting "New Traditionalism" is The National Chastity Association, a dating service for celibate singles seeking the same. Membership buys an index of individuals from all over the country who agree with the Nineteen Desires—a list that rivals the Ten Commandments in stringency but stops short of resurrecting scarlet letters.

The following are the Nineteen Desires:

1. The desire to appreciate all of the following ideas for their practical benefits, besides freedom from the threat of AIDS and other venereal diseases and besides any concept of God and divine law.

2. The desire to eventually marry.

3. The desire to be married as opposed to having any sexual relationship or commitment outside marriage including "living together."

4. The desire to marry someone who will be "in love" with him or her throughout life.

5. The desire to marry someone who will be his or her best friend.

6. The desire to marry someone to whom hand-holding, kissing, caressing and sexual intercourse mean special experiences of mutual, exclusive, faithful, romantic love.

7. The desire to marry someone who will be honest with him or her.

8. The desire to marry someone who will be faithful to him or her.

9. The desire that all friendships with people of the opposite sex become inactive after marriage, except where the friendships and all activities thereof are shared by both marriage partners.

10. The desire to be married until the death of one of the partners.

11. The desire to remain unmarried until he or she has been emotionally autonomous for at least two years; that is, free of emotional disorders (such as depression, anxiety and anger) and behavior disorders (such as alcohol and drug abuse, eating disorders, sexual addictions, smoking, hostility and other compulsive behavior).

12. The desire to have at least a mental list of qualifications for compatibility (mental, physical, sexual, philosophical, behavioral, etc.) in choosing his or her marriage partner.

13. The desire to marry someone who never lies about anything, except in cases where someone's life or body is threatened.

14. The desire to save the feelings of being "in love" until he or she is actually married.

15. The desire to save hand-holding, kissing, caressing and sexual intercourse until he or she is actually married.

16. The desire to have nonexclusive (not "steady") relationships while single.

17. The desire to be very close friends with someone for at least two years before even wanting to marry him or her.

18. The desire to have an engagement period that is no longer than is necessary to make wedding arrangements.

19. The desire to marry someone who shares the above desires.

If you have any desire left, you may write to The National Chastity Association, P.O. Box 402, Oak Forest, Illinois 60452, for a membership application.

—KIM ERWIN

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

DEEP DISH

MONTGOMERY—*An Alabama prosecutor went to court in order to pull the plug on a New York company, Home Dish Satellite Networks, that offered X-rated movies to 30 subscribers in Montgomery. The grand jury handed down more than 500 indictments against Home Dish and the three satellite companies that transmitted its movies, charging them with violation of Alabama's obscenity laws. The*

satellite companies immediately cut off Home Dish service, leaving the company with no transmission capabilities. District Attorney Jimmy Evans, a candidate for state attorney general, is trying to extradite four Home Dish officers from New York to Alabama to stand trial. The American Civil Liberties Union of Alabama deplored the fact that a Bible Belt prosecutor could impose local community standards on a national company—and force it out of business.

A CLOTHES CALL

TALLAHASSEE—*After the acquittal of a defendant in a rape trial in Fort Lauderdale, one juror said about the victim, "The way she was dressed, she was asking for it." In response, the Florida house of representatives passed a bill forbidding the use of a rape victim's clothing as evidence without the victim's consent. "A woman's clothing is simply inappropriate and irrelevant evidence in a rape case," said a lawyer with the Florida A.C.L.U. A fashion historian noted that women have always been blamed for provoking violent crimes against them, "but I doubt a defense attorney would say a man who was mugged was 'asking for it' because he wore a nice suit and a costly watch."*

WHO'S WHO IN PROSTITUTION

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY—*In an effort to shame residents out of using hookers, the city council is distributing a newspaper listing the names and addresses of prostitutes and their customers. "There's a great demand for these things," said one council member. "People are looking for their husbands, for their neighbors." There's also a great problem—both Johns and hookers are giving police fictitious names.*

RELATIVE DANGER

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*A study commissioned by Congress as part of the 1984 Missing Children's Act has found that 200 to 300 children a year are kidnaped by strangers, while 160,000 are abducted by family members and 60,000 are kicked out of their homes. The study concludes that despite widespread publicity about abductions by strangers, the greatest threat to children is from their families.*

LAYING RUBBER

BELVIDERE, ILLINOIS—*Some neighbors are boycotting a local convenience store for making condom sales convenient. The owner put a drive-up condom vending machine outside the store in order to spare teenagers the embarrassment of buying condoms from a clerk. When residents called the police to get the machine removed, they were told that it was perfectly legal. The owner, who didn't understand the brouhaha, said, "What's it hurting? . . . You don't have to use it."*

PHONE SEX

SAN FRANCISCO—*The Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality has set up a national hotline, with a touch-tone menu for answers to the most commonly asked sex questions. The coordinator of the project said, "People . . . are usually too embarrassed to talk to anyone about their sexual concerns. Now, no one, including the phone company, will know which messages they listen to." The number is 900-CAN-HEAR. The cost is two dollars for the first minute and one dollar for each subsequent minute. Proceeds will go to Exodus Trust, a nonprofit charitable trust for sexual health.*

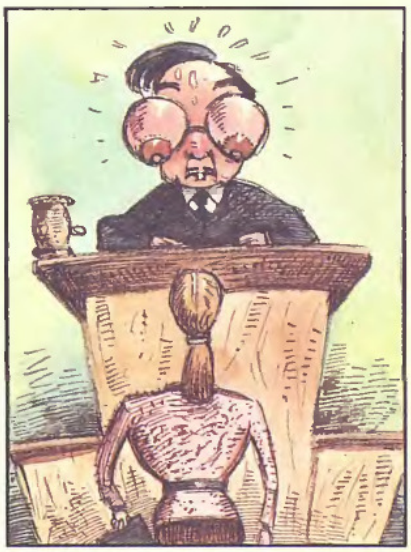
CONTRACEPTION FACTS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The National Center for Health Statistics reports that 32.5 percent of women 35 to 44 years of age, 16.6 percent of women 26 to 34 and 1.6 percent of women 15 to 24 have been surgically sterilized. By contrast, only seven percent of all men have chosen vasectomies. The N.C.H.S. also reports that 18.5 percent of women use the pill.*

Meanwhile, in a survey conducted at Brown University, 25 percent of the college women questioned said that condoms were their primary form of contraception.

CONTEMPTIBLE VERDICT

HARRISON, ARKANSAS—*A 21-year-old woman was found in contempt of court—for failing to wear a bra. Judge Don West said, "She was improperly dressed for the courtroom, because it was my impression, and several other people's impression, that her breasts were obviously showing." The woman, who was in court for failing to*



return rented video tapes, contended that her clothing was not inappropriate: "I was wearing a high-neck sweater; it wasn't see-through." The judge, apparently in a moment of leniency, did not fine her for her attire.

READER

CRACK BABIES

Judith C. Rosen's plea to stop harassing pregnant drug addicts and to allow them to produce crack babies is extremely disturbing ("Crack Babies and the Constitution," *The Playboy Forum*, May). First, she argues that institutionalizing pregnant drug addicts is not an appropriate way to stop them from addicting their fetuses and asks what good it is to separate a drug addict from her child. The point is to stop women from giving birth while on illegal drugs.

Second, she claims that "in California, an appallingly low 44.5 percent of pregnant incarcerated women give birth to live babies"—but how much of that "appallingly low" percentage was a result of abortion? Rosen doesn't say.

Third, she implies that a drug addict makes a good mother—simply because she is female. It is time to reject female chauvinism, which assumes that unbridled power for women is in the best interest of children. We live in a society that routinely deprives fit and loving fathers of their right to parent, but we are too afraid to limit the rights of obviously unfit mothers.

Fourth, we force drug tests on male athletes because, as role models, they *might* lead a child to drugs; yet we are too afraid of female power to force drug tests on addicted pregnant women, even though we know that they *will* lead a child to drugs.

Fredric Hayward,
Executive Director
Men's Rights, Inc.
Sacramento, California

Judith Rosen replies: Institutionalizing pregnant drug addicts simply makes a treatable health problem a law enforcement problem—and that is no help to mother or baby. In spite of evidence that pregnant women in prison frequently have serious medical problems requiring a doctor's attention, few prisons provide either adequate or quality health care, thus injuring mother and baby. (In fact, in California and, undoubtedly, in other states, not only do women receive inadequate health care, they receive even less adequate care than do male prisoners.)

In California, only 44.5 percent of incarcerated pregnant women give birth to live babies. That figure excludes the number of women who choose abortion. In Alameda California County Jail alone, women who carry a fetus past the 20th week have a miscarriage rate of 73 percent.

Women who find themselves in a cold, dark cell without adequate prenatal or medical care, or who have their babies taken from them, would argue with Hayward's assessment that they have "unbridled power." In fact, the women who are targeted for incarceration are poor women and women of color—typically the most politically powerless people in our society. I agree that presumptions are cheap. Not all females are great mothers, but not all drug addicts are lousy ones.

Of course we should discourage women and athletes (and everyone else) from using dangerous drugs. However, if an athlete is known to take drugs, he enters a drug rehabilitation program. So it should be for pregnant women addicts.

The problem of drug-exposed babies will not be solved by pitting males against females, nor will it be solved by throwing pregnant women into jail with the justification that men, too, are badly treated. We can help addicted mothers and their families by administering treatment—not meting out punishment.

An ironic footnote to "Crack Babies and the Constitution" is new research that shows that babies born to mothers who have taken crack during pregnancy are *not* more likely to have developmental problems. It is clear from the study that the problems the babies have stem from environmental causes; if mothers addicted to crack are given treatment and help in child rearing, their babies will benefit immeasurably.

J. Gordon
Winnipeg, Manitoba

KISS OF LIFE

"Oral Argument" ("Newsfront," *The Playboy Forum*, April) cites the American Heart Association's recommendation that "laymen performing C.P.R. skip the mouth-to-mouth and concentrate on chest compression to keep the heart pumping" to avoid a "theoretical risk" of AIDS. I am a paramedic and C.P.R. instructor. Manually circulating a victim's blood by chest compression without administering mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to provide oxygen is inadequate. I can't imagine that the A.H.A. issued that recommendation.

Thomas A. Staudacher
Flushing, Michigan

Nonetheless, it did. However, to alleviate everyone's concerns, there is a new AIDS-proof surgical mask with a one-way valve providing a no-contact "lip seal" (called

FOR THE RECORD

A FEARSOME THOUGHT

"Now that the fear of nuclear war has diminished, the fear of art—and the change the best art promotes—has increased. Locked in a self-protective mode as the world order reconstitutes itself, America convinces itself it's on the move by carrying a big stick into two campaigns: a drug war it cannot win and a war against the free expression of ideas when they threaten the status quo . . . and our mythical existence as a kinder, gentler nation.

"If America is in danger of crumbling, it's not because of [Robert] Mapplethorpe's explicit photographs of nude homosexuals or the use of the F word by this or that heavy-metal band. It's because of institutionalized efforts to quash people's honest curiosity and their will to look beyond surface truths."

—LLOYD SACHS, columnist,
Chicago Sun-Times

RESPONSE

the Kiss of Life) now available for paramedics and laymen. It's also worth noting that there are no confirmed cases of transmission of the AIDS virus through mouth contact.

PORN AND RAPE

In a 1984 paper, two respected sociologists compared rape rates and sales of sexually oriented magazines state by state and seemed to find an ominous connection. Three years later, the researchers presented the assumptions that they thought might explain the causal relationship they had found between pornography and rape.

The first assumption was that porn reinforces sexism and male domination; the second was that porn objectifies women and thereby defines them as appropriate targets of violence; the third was that pornography frequently incites sexual violence. The third argument is open to debate and the researchers themselves noted that other studies had found no link between sexual aggression and soft-core pornography. But the first two arguments possessed the kind of common-sense logic that *might* establish pornography as socially harmful and, in any case, the conclusions were highly agreeable to some feminists and most fundamentalists and were accepted as gospel by the Meese Commission on Pornography.

Now it appears that these and similar studies had a fatal flaw—all used state-wide rape and magazine-circulation figures. When a Wake Forest University sociologist, Cynthia S. Gentry, decided to use standard metropolitan statistical areas instead of entire states to examine the correlation between pornography and rape, she found no link. She reasoned that state-wide figures had to disregard known residential, geographic and social factors associated with rape and that the smaller the unit of measurement, the more likely those factors would be highlighted. In her paper "Pornography and Rape: An Empirical Analysis" delivered before the American Society of Criminology, Gentry finds the predictors of rape to be not magazine circulation but population density, percentage of young adults, divorce rate and population change—the factors long recognized by criminologists as measures of social disorganization in a community and the predictors of crime generally.

J. Perkins
San Antonio, Texas

BIBLE BATTLE

When some California hoteliers objected to providing guests with safe-sex kits containing condoms, the national Freedom from Religion Foundation stepped in. According to an F.F.R.F. spokesman, the innkeepers "were offended by the presence of condoms, and we thought, What could be more offensive than the presence of Bibles?" Its mission—to get rid of the Bibles, which are stocked in an estimated 95 percent of the nation's 2,500,000 hotel and motel rooms. To that end, the F.F.R.F. sent letters to more than a dozen major hotel chains, insisting that customers be given the option of Bible-free rooms. The foundation argued that the Bible contains much "pornographic and bloodthirsty language," makes "gruesome, unsavory bedtime reading" and is often used to justify atrocities against heathens by God-fearing Christians. "If someone truly cannot survive without a daily dose of Scriptures," said the spokesman, "we feel sure they will take precautions to travel with their Bibles."

Annoyed that its 80-year-old bedside-Bible tradition was getting unfavorable attention, a manager of the Nashville-based Gideons International declared that G.I. proudly distributes some 700,000 Bibles to hotels and motels annually and reaffirmed that "our objective is to get the Scriptures into every room."

The American Bible Society seconded that idea: "As far as we're concerned, any place is an appropriate place for a Bible."

However, the Council for Democratic and Secular Humanism came out on the side of the F.F.R.F., observing that "historically, religious minorities have suffered at the hands of Christians who have used the Bible to justify their actions. Innkeepers could be a little more sensitive to . . . their clientele who might not find the bedside Bible as comforting as Christian customers do."

Conceding that not all travelers are Christian, the more academic-oriented Society of Biblical Literature in Denver proposed keeping the Bible and stocking hotel and motel rooms with other religious texts, including the Koran, the Talmud and Buddhist sutras. Something for everybody—except the atheists, who raised the issue in the first place.

Finding no support from either the Bible or lodging industries, the F.F.R.F. has decided that if you can't enjoin 'em, lick 'em. It is now producing Bible warning labels for its 3000 members to use on any Bibles inflicted on them by hoteliers.

Which at least gives them the last word on the matter. So far.

ANATOMY OF A SMALL-TOWN CRUSADER

using his office as mayor, a born-again christian wages a religious campaign—with letters that get curiouser and curiouser

April 1, 1988

Mr. Charles Nirenberg, Chairman
Dairy Mart, Inc.

Dear Mr. Nirenberg:

On behalf of the City of Ravenna, I would like to welcome Dairy Mart to the Ravenna Community.

I like your slogan, "the good people" store. I know that the people who are employed in the local Dairy Mart stores are good people. This is evident by the noticeable cleanliness of the stores both inside and out. Also, the courteousness extended to each customer is appreciated. . . .

However, there is one area of the Dairy Mart business that troubles me. That is the sale of pornographic magazines. Quite frankly, I am surprised that Dairy Mart chooses to sell pornography, being a "good people" business. . . .

City of Ravenna

As Mayor and Safety Director for the City of Ravenna, I am concerned for the safety, health and welfare of the Ravenna citizens and their families. After extensive personal research on the effects (physical and emotional) that obscene materials have on individuals, [I believe] without any doubt in my mind, that obscene material, which includes pornography, does not promote the safety, health and welfare of the Ravenna citizen. In fact, pornography promotes just the opposite: the improper and perverted view of human sexuality—which has an immoral, debilitating and destructive effect on individuals and their families. God designed human sexuality to be good and wholesome between husband and wife only. Sexual intimacy in a marriage is just one of many beautiful ways of expressing the love the married couple have for each other. Pornography transforms human sexuality from love to lust. . . .

Sincerely,
Donald J. Kainrad, Mayor

dairy mart

April 8, 1988

Dear Mayor Kainrad:

I appreciate the time you took to write to me about the "good people" of Dairy Mart and our stores in Portage County, Ohio. We work hard to make them clean, neat, full and friendly, and it's great to know people like you value our efforts.

Clearly, too, you have also voiced concerns about our stores' selling adult-oriented magazines. . . . Assume for an instant that the reasons you so eloquently state for not selling adult magazines are heeded and acted upon by every possible outlet for those magazines. Where do we draw the line? Where do we stop dictating values? Shouldn't cigarettes be removed from sale to avoid societal harm, or alcohol, or even milk (high cholesterol), for that matter?

If we remove ourselves from the rights of choice, then any governmental body or a committee of a select few can dictate what we read, eat, wear or do for a living. I don't think you are a proponent of that form of government. . . .

It was in this spirit of democracy, free speech and the American way that we put the issues you brought up to a vote . . . to anyone who came to our stores, to our customers. In a well-publicized and certified election, people entering our stores all over Ohio were given the right to vote adult magazines in or out. Overwhelmingly, the vote indicated that the consumers *want the right to choose* whether or not they buy adult magazines.

Mayor Kainrad, I am not trying to be combative with you; nor am I willing to engage in a running discourse on the subject. But I do respect your position. I hope you respect the position of all American consumers of their right to decide for themselves what they want to purchase.

Very truly yours,
Charles Nirenberg, Chairman of the
Board and Chief Executive Officer
DAIRY MART CONVENIENCE STORES, INC.

City of Ravenna

June 29, 1988

Dear Mr. Nirenberg:

The Citizens for Decency of Portage County, of which I am cochairman, will not and cannot stand idly by while Dairy Mart continues to pander this filth and obscenity in our communities. . . .

I am enclosing the first of many full-page newspaper advertisements calling for the boycott of Dairy Mart stores in Portage County. Also, random picketing will begin at some of the stores. We do not wish to take this type of action against Dairy Mart. But what choice have you given us?

Sincerely,
Donald J. Kainrad, Mayor

September 28, 1989

Dear Mr. Nirenberg:

I personally have a strong faith in the Lord, my God—Jesus! He is my source of joy, peace and strength and wisdom in every area of my life. I rely on the spiritual wisdom and knowledge of God to direct my personal and professional life.

There is a Biblical principle that cannot be altered—"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" (*Galatians* 6:7).

Mr. Nirenberg, God is not mocked! Dairy Mart is sowing poison and destructive seeds in our society through the sale of pornography; and Dairy Mart will reap the bitter consequences. Dairy Mart has sowed to the wind "iniquity" and will reap the whirlwind of despair, confusion and economic hardship.

God cannot and will not bless the Dairy Mart Corporation or any other business that willfully violates His Commandments. I am sure you have heard the Commandment of God "Thou shall not commit adultery." Pornography is sexual immorality and adultery. . . .

Mr. Nirenberg, do you feel that sexual immorality is normal and natural? God has said, "Woe unto them that call evil good and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness . . ." (*Isaiah* 5:20).

I respectfully request that you please give serious thought as to what has been revealed to you. If you truly care about the future of the Dairy Mart Corporation, and want the return of God's blessings, you must remove all forms of pornography from your stores. If there is any other business activity that you know in your heart is displeasing to God, you need to stop and redirect those activities in the light of God's Commandments.

I think it is important for you to know that for the past one and a half years, there has been an active boycott of the local Dairy Mart stores in Portage County. The Citizens for Decency of Portage County executive committee (of which I am a member) called for the county-wide boycott, and the boycott will continue until the pornography is removed.

Sincerely,
Donald J. Kainrad, Mayor

At this point, Nirenberg referred Kainrad's correspondence to Skipp Porteous, editor of *The Freedom Writer*, a national newsletter that defends the separation of church and state.

Porteous told Kainrad to stop his campaign against Dairy Mart, resign or face legal action. The mayor agreed to stop using city resources to promote his religious views—but did not stick to his agreement. At last report, Kainrad was attacking Ohio attorney general Anthony J. Celebrezze, Jr., for his pro-choice stance, again writing letters on city stationery:

"There is no middle ground on this serious issue of life. You either acknowledge and support human life at conception as our Creator God has designed or you don't. I do not believe in the smokescreen fallacy of pro-choice. You are either pro-life or pro-death. God ordained and established human government. Those of us who are government officials are placed in these positions by God. Therefore, we are not only responsible to our constituents but are primarily responsible to Him (our Heavenly Father). For the well-being of our country, we need to support and defend the moral laws of God. We should not, for the sake of political convenience and votes, set aside, ignore or deny the laws of God or the Almighty God Himself."

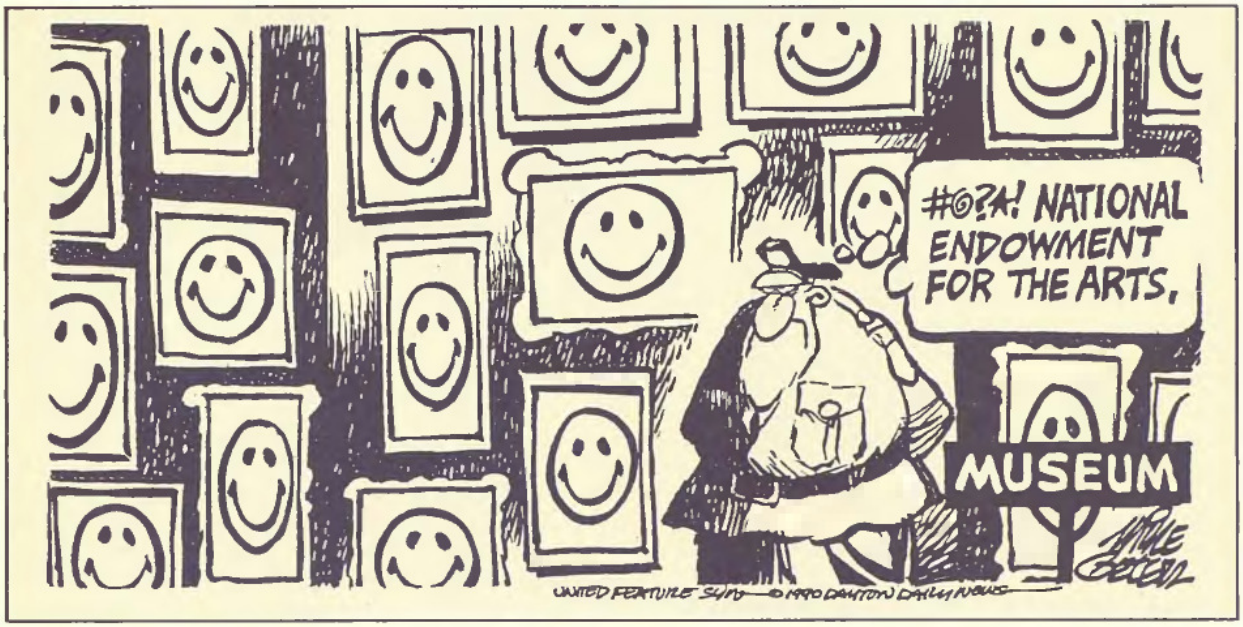
Kainrad, who told *The Freedom Writer*, "There is not a separation of church and state," obviously has missed the point of the First and 14th Amendments.

In a recent editorial, *The Freedom Writer* said, "We respect Donald Kainrad's right to pursue his religious ideals, but as an elected representative of the city of Ravenna, he should not create the impression that the city of Ravenna endorses any religious view, for this action is violative of our Constitution."

If you don't understand that, Mayor Kainrad, you shouldn't be mayor.

FORUM

CARTOONISTS' SKETCHBOOK



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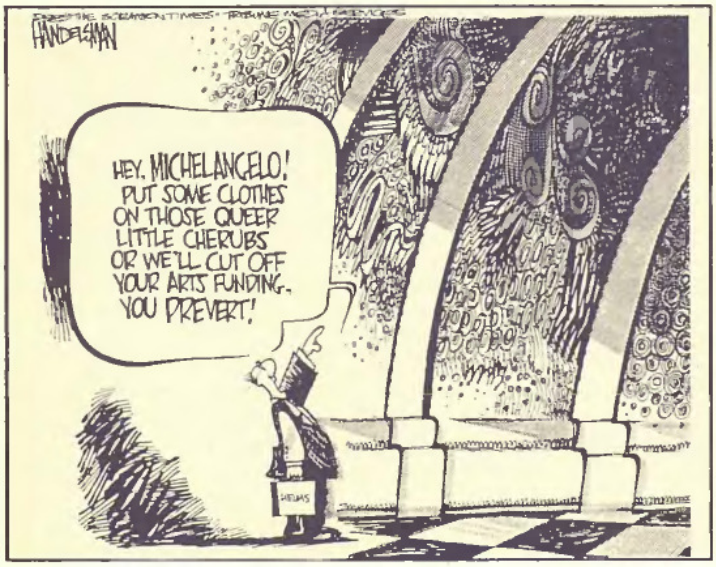
HANDELSMAN
HEY, MICHELANGELO! PUT SOME CLOTHES ON THOSE QUEER LITTLE CHERUBS OR WE'LL CUT OFF YOUR ARTS FUNDING. YOU PREVERT!

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They say the debate is about Government funding: Should the Government pay for things that some citizens find obscene, offensive or blasphemous? Of course it should. It paid for the Meese commission, nuclear weapons and part of Pat Robertson's campaign for President. That is the nature of pluralism.

The *real* debate is about whether or not artists—those private-sector practitioners of free expression—should be allowed to include sex in the palette of human experience. Why should sex be the one area of human experience not celebrated or explored by the arts?

These cartoonists got behind the rhetoric and posturing of the Reverend Donald Wildmon/Jesse Helms confrontation with the National Endowment for the Arts.

If you give artists the right of free expression, the next thing you know, everyone will want it.

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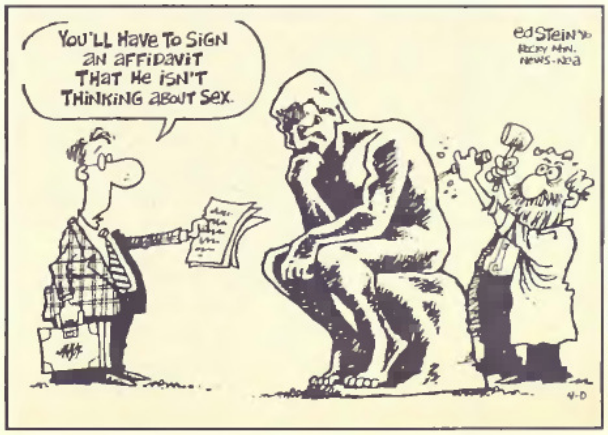

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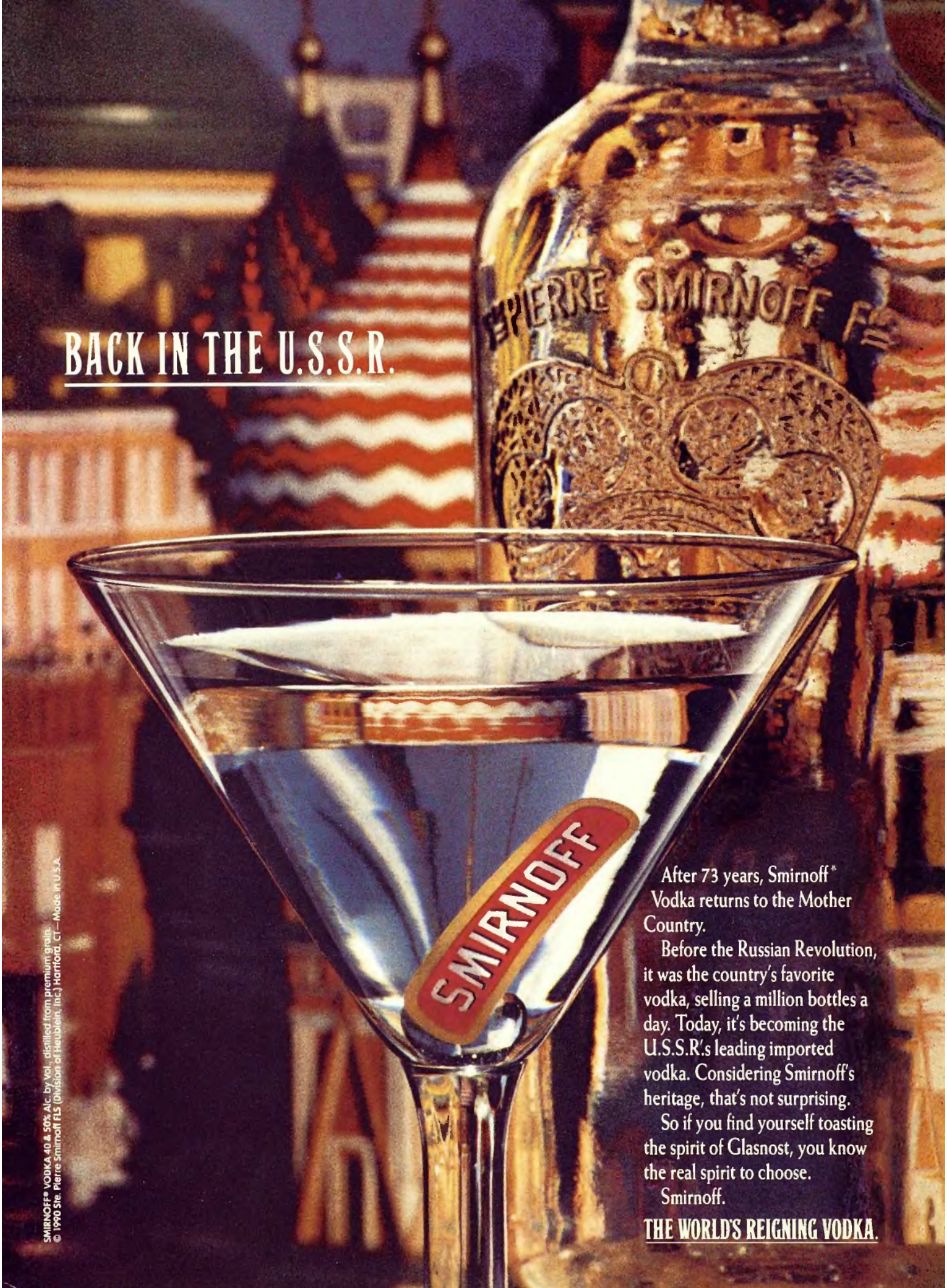

BACK IN THE U.S.S.R.

After 73 years, Smirnoff® Vodka returns to the Mother Country.

Before the Russian Revolution, it was the country's favorite vodka, selling a million bottles a day. Today, it's becoming the U.S.S.R.'s leading imported vodka. Considering Smirnoff's heritage, that's not surprising.

So if you find yourself toasting the spirit of Glasnost, you know the real spirit to choose.

Smirnoff.

THE WORLD'S REIGNING VODKA.

SMIRNOFF® VODKA 40 & 50% Alc. by Vol., distilled from premium grain.
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OF SAVIORS AND LOANS

charles h. keating, jr., moral zealot, made our faith in bankers seem obscene

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Live long enough and you may get to write about a guy who starts out crusading against hotpants and ends up at the center of the biggest financial scandal in history. Charles H. Keating, Jr., has had exactly that career. How he found time to rule on other people's sex lives and still satisfy his own inordinate lust for money is a wonder.

The Government bail-out of Keating's Lincoln Savings will most likely be the costliest of the 1000-odd savings-and-loan failures that should run taxpayers between 350 and 500 billion dollars. That's an amount equal to all Government spending on education for the next four years. Where did the money go? Federal bank regulators say simply that Keating led a racketeering scheme that enriched his family while it destroyed his institution.

Keating, who had no background in thrifts when he got into this racket and who, in fact, had been in trouble with the SEC a decade earlier, first received an eager welcome from the Government regulators because of his strong moral reputation among influential people. When *The Wall Street Journal* asked, "How could Washington have been so stupid?" in its lead story analyzing the Keating debacle, it answered, "The nation's top thrift-industry regulator saw Charles Keating, Jr., as a 'pillar of his community.'" Alan Greenspan, who oversaw the thrift cleanup as chairman of the Federal Reserve, and five U.S. Senators testified to his virtue. The Arthur Little accounting agency gave him a clean bill of health. All of which seemed less impressive when it was subsequently revealed that (A) the Senators had received more than $1,000,000 from Keating among them and (B) the Arthur Little partner who had supervised the Keating audits then went to work for Keating for $1,000,000 a year.

This "pillar of the community" stuff is the great cop-out of white-collar crime. It is the demarcation, as Woody Guthrie once sang, between those who rob with a six-shooter and those who rob with a fountain pen. Keating's financial capers required the cloak of virtue provided by his civic activity, mostly his antiporn crusades. For instance, the controller for the Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati who may have kissed off $572,000 of the nuns' money by going for Keating's promise of a 12 percent yield cited his reputation for virtue as justification of an investment of funds otherwise intended to service the sisters throughout the country.

It's no coincidence that the nuns are headquartered in Keating's native Cincinnati, where he has been protecting the public innocence since 1956, when he launched Citizens for Decent Literature (since renamed Citizens for Decency Through Law and run from an office near wherever his business is). The city is now widely acknowledged to be the uptight capital of America, banning art exhibits and X-rated movies alike, implying, as censors always do, that they are the same.

Cincinnati is where Keating's heart is. Indeed, future historians of the decline of American morals will no doubt be grateful to New York *Daily News* columnist Gail Collins for recalling details of a speech given by Keating to her Cincinnati high school assembly. "Men get lewd, sinful thoughts when they see women wearing shorts, Keating told [our school] in a piercing, nasal voice. And those bad thoughts are marked down as sins on the girls' spiritual ledgers, since they provide the occasion of sin." Nor was it just the erotica of short shorts that was at issue here. Collins quotes Keating as having warned the students at Seton High that "Bermuda shorts, too, can be an occasion of sin."

Keating's antisex crusade has had its reversals. His was a shrill but minority voice on the 1970 President's commission on pornography. The commission concluded that depictions of adult sexual activity ought to be free of censorship and Keating came unglued, charging his colleagues with "an advocacy of moral anarchy!"

In his dissent, Keating provided words relevant to his Senatorial friends' current predicament. "Credit the American public with enough common sense," he wrote, "to know that one who wallows in filth is going to get dirty. This is intuitive knowledge. Those who will spend millions of dollars to tell us otherwise must be malicious or misguided, or both."

It sure seems as if we've heard the same message a lot from those who moralize the loudest and persecute the most harshly. Keating made donations to another pillar of the community, antiporn zealot Father Bruce Ritter [of Covenant House], who blessed him in no uncertain terms.

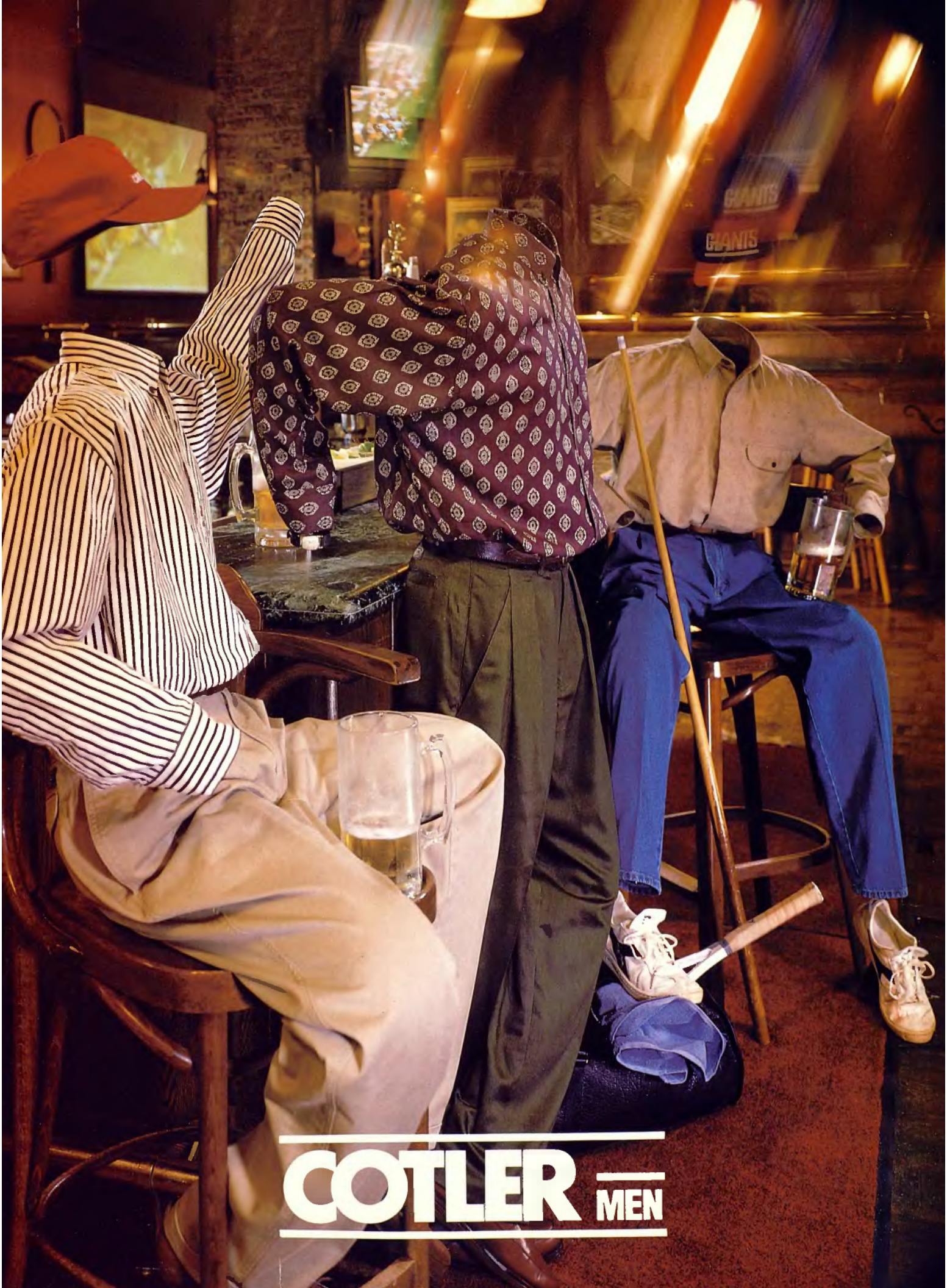
But is this fair? Does this fanatic prudery have anything to do with the crimes these men were ultimately charged with?

With Keating, it has everything to do with them. His dream project—to build a city of 100,000 near Phoenix, Arizona, called Estrella—foundered on his curious effort to control the personal morality of the new community's potential inhabitants. The project's declaration of covenants, conditions and restrictions granted Estrella's board of directors the authority to remove individual private property that it considered obscene. Most bizarre of all was a clause barring any resident of Estrella from "intentionally terminating a human pregnancy." Keating changed the requirements after the *Phoenix Gazette* broke the story of the covenants.

And recently, Keating waged a long and costly campaign to close down the Orange County Mitchell Brothers Theater, which showed the Mitchells' soft-core-porn classics but, unfortunately, shared a shopping plaza with a branch of Lincoln Savings. Keating's attorneys cited 55 films and 12 previews of movies shown at the theater that they claimed "caused personal offense, outrage and emotional distress," not to mention exposing customers and employees of Lincoln "to immoral, corrupting and degrading influences."

I'd bet that Lincoln's former employees, who now have ample time to attend the movies, might conclude that obscenity is in the eye of the beholder. Keating, of course, has spent many of his nonworking hours hunting for obscenity in a woman's hotpants and in X-rated movies. But what he did in his S&L is a more obvious obscenity than what went on at the theater. By comparison, the Mitchell brothers seem to me upstanding capitalists. They pay their rent on time and sell enough tickets, fair and square in the market place, to do so.

Keating went another route. Invigorated by the promise of Reaganomics, and with the connivance of the junk-bond mavens at Drexel, Burnham, Lambert, he borrowed $51,000,000 and took over Lincoln Savings, a sober and prosperous California savings and loan with one billion dollars in assets—meaning other peoples' savings. Four years later, 22,000 small investors had irretrievably lost $200,000,000 in savings and *(concluded on page 165)*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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: RICKEY HENDERSON

a candid conversation with baseball's ace lead-off man about billy and george, hustling and hot-dogging and making smoke on the base paths

Ever since he hit the big leagues, outfielder Rickey Henderson of the Oakland Athletics has thrilled his fans—and dismayed his detractors—with his audacious base running and blazing speed. This season, he broke Ty Cobb's lifetime record of 892 stolen bases and, barring injury, could well top Lou Brock's all-time record of 938.

Nor is Henderson any slouch at the plate. Nearing summer's All-Star break, he and slugger teammate Jose Canseco led the A's at the plate, regularly batting in the .333 neighborhood. A lifetime .290 hitter, Henderson can spray to all fields or hit for power into the seats. It's on the base paths, of course, that Henderson, now a grizzled veteran of 31, works his magic. He can still sprint like a whippet; this season, facing the Yankees, he scored from second on a routine grounder to shortstop. And in a game against Baltimore, he tagged up from third base and crossed home plate—on a pop-up to shortstop Cal Ripken, Jr. Orioles manager Frank Robinson was appropriately frustrated. "You see the ball," he told The New York Times, *"see Cal drifting, and then you look back at Rickey kind of easing back to third base, like, 'I'm not going to try to score.' But you know he will."*

Opposing teams can often do little but stare, knowing he's going to steal but helpless to stop him. The impact of that explosive speed—indeed, of all aspects of Henderson's play—was never more apparent than during last fall's American League Championship Series, which pitted the A's against the Toronto Blue Jays. In the course of Oakland's five-game triumph, Henderson hit .400, stole eight bases (a new play-off record), whacked two home runs, was voted the A.L.C.S.' Most Valuable Player and totally bewitched, bothered and bewildered the Blue Jays. His base running was the single most important factor in the play-offs, much to the chagrin of Toronto outfielder Lloyd Moseby, who has known Henderson since they were both children growing up in Oakland. "Rickey hasn't changed since he was a little kid," Moseby told a reporter. "He could strut before he could walk, and he always lived for the lights. When he was ten, we used to say, 'Don't let Rickey get to you, because that's his game.' Twenty years later, I'm telling my teammates the same thing. But it didn't do much good."

In the earthquake-shaken Bay Bridge World Series against the San Francisco Giants in 1989, Henderson remained red hot: He hit .474 (including a double, two triples and a home run) and surely would have stolen more than three bases if Oakland hadn't swept the Giants in four games. When the dust had settled, he had turned in the most sensational spurt of post-season play since Reggie Jackson's dinger days for the A's and the Yankees.

Yet, if Oakland's victory was sweet, it was also a personal vindication for Henderson, who, during the first few months of the season, had been tagged over the hill and past his peak, even washed-up, by sportswriters; his employers at the time, the New York Yankees, apparently agreed. In one of the worst trades in modern baseball, New York unloaded Henderson to the A's—the team with whom he had started his career—in return for journeymen pitchers Eric Plunk and Greg Cadaret and outfielder Luis Polonia.

Henderson, stunned by the trade—he'd hit a solid .305 the year before—was further bothered by New York sportswriters, who implied it couldn't have happened to a more deserving guy. Henderson was a showboat; he didn't have a good attitude; he didn't hustle; he wouldn't play when he didn't feel like playing. His most vitriolic critics charged him with being petulant, cocky, narcissistic—the embodiment of everything the press abhors in modern athletes whose ability to excel affords them the luxury of becoming multimillionaires.

Then, of course, came that championship season with Oakland. And the M.V.P. award. And the World Series ring. And—oh, yes—the last laugh.

Born on Christmas Day, 1958, Rickey Henley Henderson was one of five sons and two daughters raised by their mother, Bobbie. Before

"People get pissed off about the money players make. But if they're out there producing like superstars, they deserve the money. Players who just get by and earn as much as the superstars—they're the guys who are overpaid."

"When I was a little-leaguer, Mom always used to say, 'If you don't come home dirty, you didn't play a baseball game.' So I always tried to slide so that I could go home dirty. That's why I started stealing bases."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL ZEGARIS

"Billy's problem was that he was a diehard Yankee—that team was his heart and soul, his love; everything was the Yankees. When he went to a bar, if somebody said, 'Hey, Martin, the Yankees suck,' he'd fight him."

settling in Oakland, the family lived in Arkansas for five years, where Henderson fell in love with football. He was a powerfully built 5'10½" running back in high school and was named to Oakland's all-city starting football team as a junior and a senior. He received about two dozen offers for college football scholarships and finally picked Arizona State, which had a good football program and also had produced baseball players such as Reggie Jackson and Sal Bando. Fate intervened when Henderson was drafted by the Oakland A's. When his mother insisted that he choose baseball over football, Rickey burst into tears. "I was giving up something that I loved the most," he says today. "No way I wanted to give up football. I'd been timed at four point three seconds in forty yards, which is great speed today, so think about what it was considered fourteen years ago. I think that if I'd stuck with football, I could have played both sports. Sometimes I even think I could've been Bo Jackson before Bo Jackson. And then you would have seen all those ads saying, 'Rickey knows football.'"

To interview the man who knows football well but baseball much better, Playboy *sent frequent contributor* **Lawrence Linderman** *to Phoenix, where Henderson and the A's had just started a spring training abbreviated by the baseball lockout. Linderman reports:*

"In one respect, Rickey Henderson is virtually unlike any other multimillion-dollar athlete today. He is frankly ambivalent about talking to the press and sees no need to employ a phalanx of public-relations types to issue interview turndowns on his behalf; he's perfectly willing to do that himself. When I showed up just before a Friday-night game, Henderson—a great-looking guy, by the way—was more than a little startled and made it clear that he'd prefer not to do any talking. I then reminded him that Kathy Jacobson, the A's director of media relations, had extracted a promise from him to sit for the interview. That changed everything; Rickey takes his promises seriously.

"We began our first session the next day but were forced to cut it short when Rickey announced that he was scheduled to make a trip back to San Francisco for a surprise birthday visit to his longtime companion, Pamela Palmer, the mother of his five-year-old daughter, Angela. Palmer, Rickey explained, was the love of his life; they'd been together for 14 years and were finally getting around to discussing marriage. 'I'm working on it,' he said.

"I joined him on the flight to San Francisco, and that's when our conversations really got going."

PLAYBOY: Tony La Russa, the manager of the Oakland A's, describes you as perhaps the most disruptive force in baseball today. Don Mattingly, the New York Yankees' All-Star first baseman, says that you terrorize opposing teams. What are these guys talking about?

HENDERSON: I think they're talking about my aggressiveness on the base paths. When I get on first base, pitchers pay a lot of attention to what I'm doing. They don't want me to steal second on them, and that interferes with their concentration and, sometimes, their choice of pitches to the hitters who follow me—Carney Lansford and Jose Canseco. Make a mistake with those guys and they'll hurt you.

So, yeah, I like to disrupt the pitcher, but the thing I like best is stealing bases and getting myself into scoring position. And sometimes I'm able to *create* runs. In one game against Cleveland last year, I walked twice, stole second and third twice and scored both times on sacrifice flies. La Russa came up with a name for that.

PLAYBOY: Which was?

HENDERSON: He calls it The Rickey Rally: a walk, two stolen bases, and then we score on a grounder or a sacrifice fly without getting a hit.

PLAYBOY: Why are you so enamored of stealing bases?

HENDERSON: Probably 'cause I've been doing it all my life. When I was a little-leaguer, I was sort of famous for that—and it started only because my mom wanted to be sure where I was in the afternoons. Mom always used to say, "If you don't come home dirty, you didn't play a baseball game." So I always tried to get in a situation where I had to slide so that I could go home dirty. That's the first reason I started stealing bases so much. Then, when I was in high school, I had a counselor named Miss Wilkinson, who was real fond of baseball and of me. She always challenged me by saying, "I'll give you a quarter for every base you steal." Miss Wilkinson was actually making sure I had a little extra lunch money. And then, when I got out of high school, I signed with the A's and I played rookie ball for Tom Trebelhorn [now the manager of the Milwaukee Brewers] in Boise, Idaho. More than anyone else, he was responsible for making me the base stealer I became.

"After the game, Lou came up to me and said, 'Rickey, you're going to be the one to break my record.' That was a shock."

PLAYBOY: In what way?

HENDERSON: Tom made me learn what pitchers do to keep runners close to first base and how to get a jump on them. He spent a lot of time teaching me. When we'd have a night game, I'd meet him at the ball park at one-thirty; he'd rake the infield dirt and then get on the mound and show me the different moves a pitcher would make. After that, we'd go over to first base, and he'd show me how to get a good jump on all those moves. And I got results.

When I played in the minor leagues—and the seasons there are shorter than in the major leagues—my highest number of stolen bases was ninety-five, and I told myself that when I reached the majors, I'd steal a hundred. In '80, my first full year with the A's, I *did* steal a hundred bases, and that made me very, very happy.

PLAYBOY: At that point, did you begin thinking you might one day set the major-league record for stolen bases?

HENDERSON: No, that didn't happen until my second year. Lou Brock saw me steal a couple of bases in a game we played against Boston. Afterward, Lou came up to me and said, "Rickey, you're going to be the one to break my record." That was a shock to me, because I was just starting out and I knew Brock had stolen nine hundred and thirty-eight bases. When he said that, I thought, Wow, that's a record that's never supposed to be broken, but he chose me to do it. That's when I began concentrating on making stolen bases my art.

PLAYBOY: *Is* it an art?

HENDERSON: I think so, yeah. That's why I've always gone out of my way to get tips from the masters—Brock, Davey Lopes and other players who stole a lot of bases. I also picked up a lot from coaches who studied the deliveries and pick-off moves of different pitchers—I just kept putting it all together with what I already knew.

PLAYBOY: How much of stealing bases is dependent on speed versus technique?

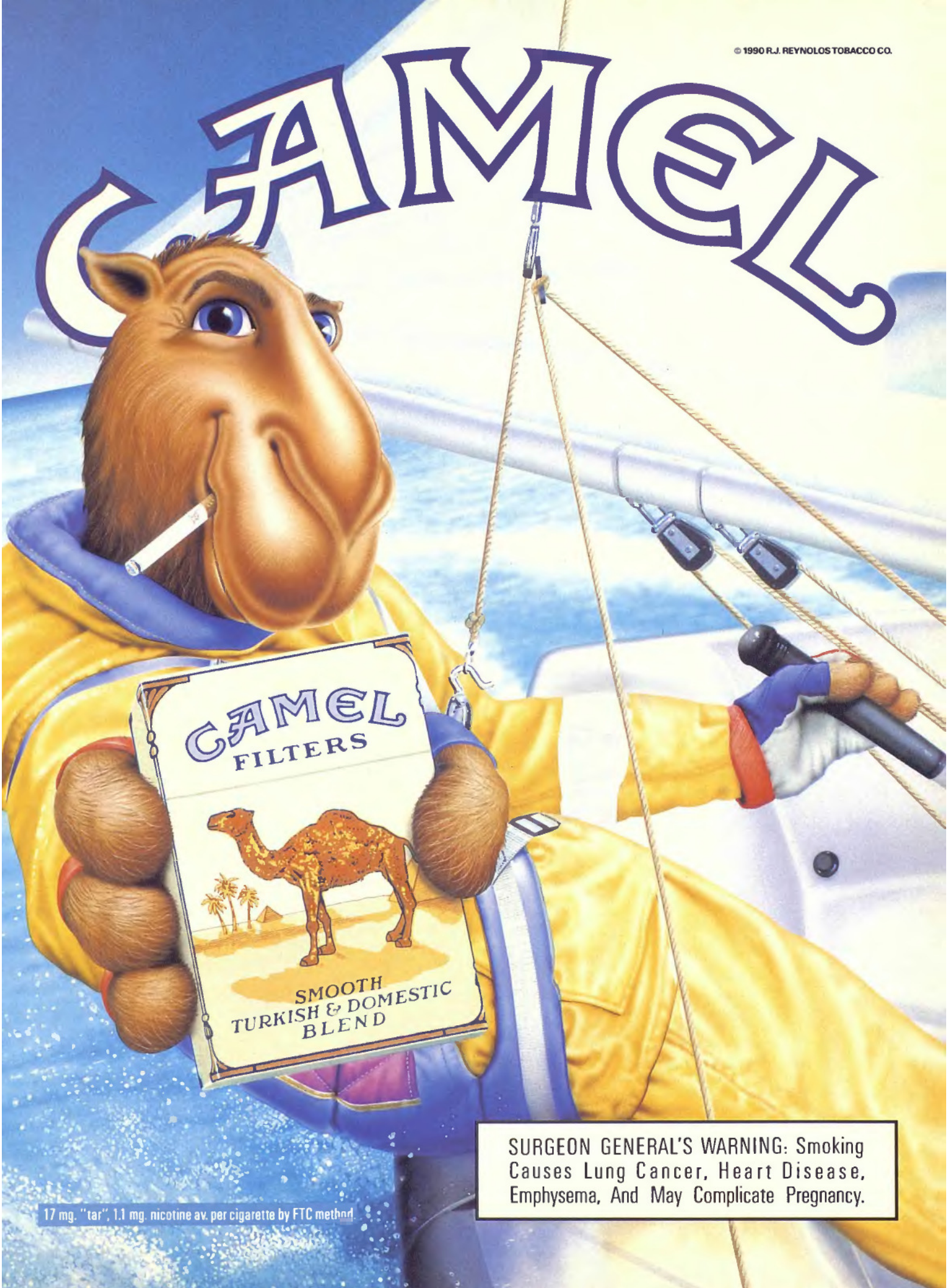
HENDERSON: I think it's really about fifty-fifty. You need good speed to steal bases, but you also need technique. I see a lot of guys who have tremendous speed but no technique, so they don't steal a lot of bases. Bo Jackson, for instance, kind of takes a two-step lead and then he flat-out runs—Bo's still just getting into the game and learning. My first year or two in the minor leagues, I used to do the same thing; I'd take two steps off the base and run. But as the years passed and other teams began trying to keep me close to the base, I couldn't rely only on my speed. That's when all the techniques came into play. My real rivalry is with the pitchers; if you can beat the pitcher, you'll always beat the catcher, and that really pisses them off.

PLAYBOY: The pitchers?

HENDERSON: No, the catchers—I talk to all of them. [Detroit's] Mike Heath probably gets more frustrated than any other catcher in the league when I steal on him. After I steal a base, the next time I go to bat, Mike will tell me, "I don't have a chance against you—that's why I can't get you. If this pitcher would just give me the ball good, I'd have a good shot at you." He's right, too.

PLAYBOY: Which pitchers give you the most trouble on the base paths?

HENDERSON: I lump 'em all into one category: lefties. It's very tough to get great leads on left-handers, especially since they've started pausing before they release the ball. Lefties now keep that right leg up and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wait to see if I'm gonna break for second or not, and only then do they throw the ball to the plate. That used to be a balk; pitchers had to stay in continuous motion. But they don't seem to anymore, so I have to work to get a good jump on them.

PLAYBOY: It's probably not coincidental that as you've edged closer to breaking Brock's stolen-base record, sportswriters have begun claiming that you're the best lead-off hitter in baseball history. *Are* you?

HENDERSON: I'm no baseball historian—I don't really know who did what during the Twenties, Thirties and Forties. There were a lot of great players back then, and if someone said one of them was the best lead-off man of all time, I'd have a hard time arguing about it. But as far as modern-day players—yeah, I feel I'm the best lead-off hitter in the game.

PLAYBOY: You hold the record for most home runs leading off a game—forty-three, at last count—and a number of baseball insiders believe you could belt at least twenty-five homers a year, instead of the total of eighteen that you hit in 1988 and 1989 combined. Are they right?

HENDERSON: Yes, they are. In 1985, my first year with the Yankees, I hit twenty-four homers, I had eighty stolen bases and for most of the year, my batting average stayed around .350 until the end, when I dropped down to .314. I felt that was a complete year, and I told myself, You can do it, Rickey. You can hit home runs. That winter, I worked just on hitting home runs. I didn't care if my batting average suffered a little; my goal in '86 was to go out and hit thirty homers. I came close—I hit twenty-eight—so I know I have the power to hit home runs. But my batting average dropped to .263, and as a lead-off hitter, my job is to get on base. And that means drawing walks and hitting for an average.

PLAYBOY: What's the difference between swinging for power and going for singles?

HENDERSON: I found out that when you try for home runs, you swing at a lot of high balls and pitches that aren't in the strike zone. In '86, I was more of a free swinger than a lead-off hitter ought to be. As a lead-off hitter, you gotta be patient and take pitches that just miss being strikes and swing at the right pitch to get your hits. In my first at-bat, I'm also trying to show my teammates what the pitcher's got. I try to make him throw every pitch he has. That way, I can tell my teammates, "Hey, his breaking ball ain't working too good," or "Watch out for his fastball." By the time I'm finished at the plate, I'll have an idea of what he's doing, and so will my teammates.

PLAYBOY: Last year, you had two sets of teammates: You started out with the New York Yankees, and in June, you were traded to the Oakland A's. Were you happy to be joining the defending American League pennant winners?

HENDERSON: No. I didn't want to change teams, but when the Yankees decided to trade me, the only place I wanted to go was back home to Oakland. The Yankees had made a better deal for me with the Giants—they would've gotten better pitchers and better players than the A's gave up. They told me, "We'd like you to go to the Giants. The A's aren't giving us what we want, so forget about them. We're not gonna trade you to the A's." I said, "Then you're not gonna trade me, period. The only place I'm going to is Oakland." I was in practically the same situation when the A's traded me to the Yankees before the start of the '85 season—I was going to be a free agent at the end of the year, they needed my permission to trade me and I wasn't looking to change teams.

PLAYBOY: But in the early Eighties, didn't you say you couldn't become a full-fledged star playing in Oakland? Didn't you actually engineer the deal that sent you to the Yankees in 1985?

HENDERSON: No, I didn't. I *did* say I'd never get national publicity in Oakland, and that was the truth—the A's were never on national TV. On the road, they didn't draw crowds like the Yankees and other teams did. But that didn't mean I wanted to be traded. The strange thing about it was, I was about the only thing Oakland really had in the early Eighties, and I was a hero all the years I was there. I was a ballplayer kids looked up to and people were proud of. After I left, the fans hated me, but I didn't have anything to do with the trade. I didn't *want* to be traded.

PLAYBOY: So why did the A's trade you?

HENDERSON: I was going to be a free agent after the '85 season—seems like I've been through the same thing twice—and the club didn't want to spend a lot of money to keep me. At the time, the A's just didn't want to invest any more money in the team. The reason was this: In '80, the Haas family—the Levi's jeans people—and Roy Eisenhardt, a part owner and the team's president, bought the club from Charlie Finley just to keep the A's in Oakland. They weren't sure how long they wanted to hold on to the team, so they didn't really want to lay out too much money. Eisenhardt hoped the city would pitch in and give him some financial help, but if Oakland didn't, he was going to sell—that was his intention. A little later on, the Haas family bought him out, so the A's stayed in Oakland. But before that happened, Eisenhardt called me into his office. He said, "The best deal for us is to trade you for some young players so that we can start building something here again. If you don't allow us to trade you and we don't match the offers you get as a free agent, we get nothing." I wanted to be fair with the A's, so I said OK.

PLAYBOY: How come we've never heard this version of your trade to the Yankees?

HENDERSON: Probably because I don't talk to the media as much as I should. Anyway, Eisenhardt said the A's had made a deal to accept five players the Yankees were offering for me. I could have said, "Forget it. I'm gonna be a free agent. I might be worth more than I can get from the Yankees right now, which means you're going to get nothing out of it." I didn't, because I understood why he wanted to trade me. But deep down inside, I was sad that the A's were letting me go. And I think we had this unspoken understanding. I felt, If I'm doing this for you, when you get the team back to where you feel it's right, you're gonna bring me back home.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the A's felt that way as well?

HENDERSON: I think we all knew that. During the years I was a Yankee, I always thought that if anything good happened with the A's, they'd bring me back home, because I'd been fair with them and given them the opportunity to get some players. The trade was in everybody's best interests. It helped the A's, and I was pretty sure that when I became a free agent, the Yankees were going to get me anyway.

PLAYBOY: Why? Because you could become a national celebrity?

HENDERSON: The reason was Billy Martin. Billy had managed me for three of my five years in Oakland, and he used to tell me, "You should be a Yankee," which was the greatest compliment he could give a player. Billy played a big part in my becoming a Yankee. He knew he was going to manage the Yankees again, and he felt that we'd win a pennant together. In fact, it was Billy who made the final decision to get me for the Yankees. He told George Steinbrenner, "Sign Rickey—don't let him loose."

PLAYBOY: What do you remember most about Martin?

HENDERSON: The best thing about Billy is that he never stopped trying to teach us. I can remember lots of times when he lost his temper after ball games and came into the clubhouse and threw stuff around everywhere. He'd yell about what we were doing wrong, and then when he was done, he'd say, "I'm not mad at you. I'm just trying to teach you, and I want you to accept what I say and learn from it." And then he'd tell us a joke and make us laugh, and he'd say, "OK, it's all over with. Let's go out and have fun."

Billy was the kind of manager every ballplayer would want to play for. When you gave it your best, you'd get his respect, and once you had Billy's respect, he'd give you the shirt off his back.

PLAYBOY: You were twenty-two years old when you started playing for Martin. Weren't you at all intimidated by him?

HENDERSON: I really wasn't, no. But I kept my distance. I just wanted to go out and play, and I didn't want to be petted or to be the manager's favorite guy. I mainly thought, Let me stay away from you, because my job's different from yours. They can fire *you*, but they cannot fire twenty-five players. So during my first year with Billy, I stayed away from him. But he had decided that he was going to know me better, which he did my second year with him.

PLAYBOY: How?

HENDERSON: He played a joke on me and the team. He called a meeting very early in

the morning—we hadn't eaten yet. When we went into the dining room, everybody was starving, and Billy was up there in front—and he had *food*. He started giving us this lecture, and did it while he was eating. All of a sudden, he said, "Rickey! Rickey, are you hungry? Do you want something to eat?" I said, "Oh, yeah, I want something to eat." And then he told one of the coaches, "Go back there and get some breakfast for Rickey." Billy said, "Now, Rickey, you eat your breakfast, and don't give nobody else none." Everybody was mad, but he was just fooling around. At the end of the day, he told me, "Yeah, I wanted to tick everybody off, because I knew they'd get mad at me and go out and play good today." Then he told everybody on the team to go down to this hotel and have dinner on him. I thought that was real neat, and that's when we became close.

PLAYBOY: What were his strongest points as a manager?

HENDERSON: Billy was a winner who got the best out of his players. When I played for him in Oakland, we didn't have a great team, and the only way we could win was by scrapping—we bunted for base hits, we squeezed runs in, we hit and ran and we stole bases. That was all Billy's idea—the newspapers called it Billy Ball—and if we had done anything different, we wouldn't have won the Western Division title in '81. It was more fun playing that kind of ball than it was when he took over the Yankees. I just liked the style more, but it suited the A's, not the Yankees, who did have a lot of great players.

Besides getting the best out of the players he had, Billy was also brilliant about strategy in the late innings. We could go out and kind of do whatever we wanted for the first five innings, but he let us all know, "The sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth innings belong to me—I'm gonna make the moves, and you're going to carry them out." He also protected his players. We knew he meant it when he said, "Whatever happens, I'll be there with you." He had that soul that you're looking for. When things go bad, some managers just sit back and stare at you, like, "It ain't my fault you messed up on a play." With Billy, when anything happened—boom!—he was out there. We felt he was behind us all the time. And he was.

PLAYBOY: And his worst points?

HENDERSON: Drinking and getting into fights. Billy's problem was that he was a diehard Yankee—that team was his heart and soul, his love, his dream; everything was the Yankees. When he went to a bar, if somebody said, "Hey, Martin, the Yankees suck," he'd fight him.

PLAYBOY: That's what most of his fights were about?

HENDERSON: Oh, yes! In his heart, Billy was always a Yankee. Come to think of it, even when he was managing the A's, if the Yankees weren't playing well, he'd get more pissed off at them than at anything bad *we* were doing. He used to tell me, "I gotta get

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back to them." And he did get back to them as a manager, because he wanted them to be on top.

PLAYBOY: After you were traded to New York, how long did you play for Martin?

HENDERSON: For about a year—and it was spotty. I started in New York with Yogi Berra—who was a great manager, by the way—and then Billy came in when Yogi was fired. Then Billy got fired and Lou Piniella came in, and then Lou was fired and Billy came back for a little bit before he was fired again and replaced by Piniella, who was fired, and then Dallas Green came in.

But Billy was always around, always part of the organization. I used to ask him to come on down to the clubhouse so we could talk, but he wouldn't do that. He'd say, "I'll go out and have something to eat with you, but I'm not coming around the clubhouse." He didn't want to be seen as interfering with the new manager.

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction to his death in the accident last Christmas?

HENDERSON: I still get chills and an almost crazy feeling when I talk about it—when I *think* about it. I lost somebody who I respected as a manager and loved as a man. Billy died on my birthday—Christmas Day—and his death really got to me. I tried to think, Oh, that's a blessing. The Lord took him back home where He wanted Billy to be. But it just hurt. It still does.

[*Fights back tears*] After it happened, I hated to talk about it, because I'd always start crying. Billy Martin was a part of me, and when I think about him, I always say, "I lost a good man." But forget me—baseball lost a great man.

[*Henderson breaks down. We stop our conversation and resume it that evening.*]

PLAYBOY: You were pretty upset this afternoon.

HENDERSON: I'm all right now, but you brought up a sad, sad day.

PLAYBOY: Let's stay on the subject of the Yankees a bit longer. Since George Steinbrenner became the team's majority partner, the Yankees have changed managers nineteen times in eighteen years, most recently replacing Bucky Dent with Carl "Stump" Merrill. What's his problem?

HENDERSON: To tell you the truth, you hear a lot of talk about George Steinbrenner doing this, George Steinbrenner doing that, but I liked playing for him. Basically, George is determined to win, just like a ballplayer is determined to win—ball games, the pennant, the World Series. And he does his best to go out and get enough great players to win it all. It's my opinion that George says, "I'll go out and get great ballplayers to play the game, to score more runs than my pitchers are gonna give up." But it don't always work that way. Sometimes we'd score eight or ten runs, and we'd wind up losing 10–8, 12–10, scores like that. George just isn't into pitching—that's what I think. I mean, he didn't get Jack Morris years ago when Morris was available, and he didn't get Mark Langston last year. I'm not gonna mention any player by name, but when some so-so pitcher would be available, I'd say, "George ain't never gonna sign *this* guy." And then he'd go out and do just that. Then again, it might be because some of the good pitchers don't want to play for him.

As far as all the management changes he's made, George will tell you, "When I hire my managers, I expect them to bring me a pennant. If the manager does not bring me a pennant, I try somebody else to bring me one." The one thing people don't know about George is that he has a strong sense of fairness. He doesn't just fire a guy and let him go and try to find another job. He's got a lot of ex-managers on his payroll, and he's offered all of them jobs. His feeling is, Hey, I tried you as manager, and it didn't work. I want to make a change, but I'm not throwing you away.

PLAYBOY: You sound as if you'd play for him again. Would you?

HENDERSON: I would, absolutely. If I didn't satisfy the A's and George wanted me back, I'd go back. There's one thing I really wish he'd change, though: George was never real critical of me in the newspapers, but I do know that when he comes down on players like Dave Winfield [traded last May to the California Angels] and Don Mattingly, he feels he's motivating them—that part of George will never change, and it should.

PLAYBOY: How do the players react to it?

HENDERSON: They feel hurt. They feel that even though they give George their best, he doesn't respect them. This year, Mattingly said, "Yes, George Steinbrenner is paying me a lot of money, but I feel he doesn't respect me as a human being. I don't think the money means that much if he doesn't give you any respect."

But George never really got on me like that, because I think he liked the way I played.

PLAYBOY: Then why was he so eager to get rid of you last year?

HENDERSON: It wasn't really George. Syd Thrift, the team's senior vice-president, thought I was washed up, and so did Dallas Green, last year's manager. I started slow in '89—we had cold, terrible weather in April and May—and right away, I heard people in the Yankees organization saying, "You're on your way out. You can't do the things you used to." I sat back and said, "How can you tell me that? Last year, I hit .305, stole ninety-three bases and scored a hundred and eighteen runs for you. All of a sudden, I'm lousy, I can't play, I've lost everything? Is that what you think?"

PLAYBOY: Is that what the Yankees thought?

HENDERSON: That's exactly what they thought. And it bothered me and pressured me and made me doubt myself. I'd go up to the plate thinking, I've got to prove myself, I've got to prove I can still hit. Instead of being relaxed and letting things flow, I got tense. My contract talks were going on—I wanted to have a great year because I was going to be a free agent again—and I knew that the worse I played, the more people were saying, "Rickey's lost it." I really began pressing. Things got so bad that, before every game, I prayed that I'd get at least one hit—if I went one for four, I'd actually raise my average. I was nervous and I was scared.

PLAYBOY: Were you worried that you might, indeed, be finished as a player?

HENDERSON: Sure I was, and the only way I found out I wasn't washed up was through the trade. When I got to Oakland, I was able to relax and breathe easy again, and everything just fell into place. I liked the way the A's handled my situation. When I got to Oakland, Sandy Alderson, the A's general manager, told me not to worry about my contract for '90. "What happens next year is in your hands," he said, "but the biggest thing is what's going on in your head. So relax. Don't put no pressure on yourself." And I didn't.

PLAYBOY: Was it intimidating going to a team that was the defending champion of the American League and favored to go to its second straight World Series?

HENDERSON: The A's had a lot of good players, but even though they were the defending champs, I always felt they were missing a piece of the puzzle. Matter of fact, me and my friend Fred Atkins would talk about that. When we saw the '88 World Series—after Kirk Gibson hit that home run to beat the A's in the first game, and the Dodgers went on to win it all—Fred told me, "One reason the Dodgers won was because the A's had all hitters, but nobody got on base or did anything to change the game. And you could have done that for them." Made sense to me.

PLAYBOY: A number of sportswriters predicted that your presence would have an unsettling influence on the A's. What kind of reception did you get?

HENDERSON: It couldn't have been better. When I got to Oakland, the A's knew what kind of player I was. They let me know that they respected me and believed in me, and that they understood what I'd been going through. When I walked in, I told 'em, "I'm here to help you get back to the World Series." That was a big day for me—the A's welcomed me and appreciated me, and that gave me even more incentive to do right by the team.

PLAYBOY: No personality conflicts?

HENDERSON: No, none, and I'm playing with some very famous guys. Dave Stewart and I grew up together in Oakland and have known each other since we both played Connie Mack ball. Jose Canseco, to me, is one of the best damned guys in the game. People don't have any idea of what he's like, because some stuff about him has been blown way out of proportion. He bought himself a red Jaguar and drove it a little too fast. Big deal. Jose's a good guy, has a good sense of humor. But the real comedian on the team is Dave Henderson—he's always laughing, and he always gets everybody else laughing. Mark McGwire is mellow; he knows what he's got to do and he's there to do it. Mark's real . . . *normal*. Carney Lansford, our third baseman, is a superprofessional baseball player. He's our leader, our spokesman, our player rep—he's *serious* out there, always. Everybody's interesting and everybody's different.

PLAYBOY: How was the A's morale when you arrived? After all, they'd lost the series to the Dodgers the previous year.

HENDERSON: The A's felt they were the best team in baseball, and when they lost the series, they took it personally. So then they had to go out and prove to everyone,

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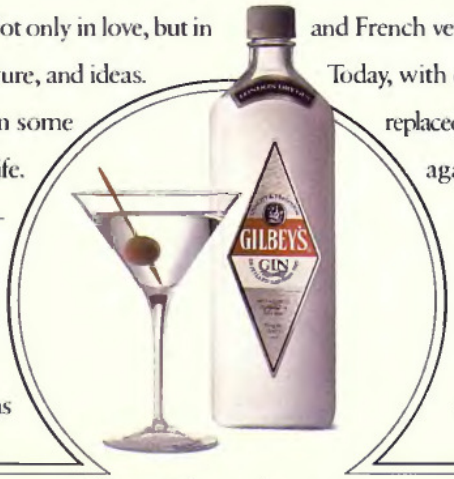

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including themselves, that they *were* the best team in baseball. They were very motivated to get back, but when I got there, the team was hurting. Canseco had broken a bone in his left hand before the season started and didn't return until mid-July. Walt Weiss, our shortstop, was down with a knee injury and [relief pitcher] Dennis Eckersley hurt his shoulder and was out for a couple of months. It wasn't gonna be no joy ride.

PLAYBOY: So along comes Rickey Henderson and his .247 batting average.

HENDERSON: Yeah, but I said, "Two forty-seven, that's not me. I'm better than that." And I was and still am. The New York press had been nagging on my new contract from spring training on, and now I was away from all that and it was a relief. I stopped worrying about my contract and just went out and played ball. I hit .297 for the A's, and after being neck and neck with the Angels for a while, we broke away and won the West by seven games.

PLAYBOY: If the A's were so busted up, why were they in first place when you arrived?

HENDERSON: A lot of the credit for that has to go to our manager, Tony La Russa. His strength is in taking it to the opponents, rather than letting them bring it to us. Tony's got all these computer charts and knows the game as well as any manager I've played for. To me, he's in Billy Martin's class, and I can't give nobody a higher compliment than that.

I knew how competitive Tony was when I played against him, and he knew I was the same way; when the Yankees played the A's, it was always like a dogfight. But I didn't know him. He really impressed me the first day I got to the A's. I told him, "I really didn't care for you and you didn't care for me when we were fighting against each other, and that's the way it's supposed to be. But now that we're with the same team, we're gonna help each other." He listened to me, and then said, "Rickey, I don't want you to give me your respect. I want to *earn* your respect." That really amazed me. I had never heard any manager say he had to earn my respect; they had all just demanded it.

When it was all over—the day after the World Series—I went up to him and said, "You have earned my respect, Tony." After that, we got real close. And you know, it shook him up a little that I'd remembered what he'd told me the first day. Tony's a very classy guy.

PLAYBOY: Did you do anything special during the 1989 play-off games to psyche yourself up?

HENDERSON: No, I just wanted to get to the World Series. I'd never played in one and I'd been in only one league championship series—that was during the split season of '81, when the A's lost to the Yankees. Seems like every year when we came back home to Oakland after the season, me and Lloyd Moseby of the Blue Jays [now with Detroit]—we've known each other since we were kids—would watch the World Series on television together. We'd tell each other, "Damn, one day, one of us is gonna get to the World Series. Which one of us is gonna get there first?" As soon as we knew it was going to be Oakland against Toronto in the '89 play-offs, Lloyd and I started yappin' at each other like we were still kids: "I'm gonna beat your team; you ain't gonna beat mine."

PLAYBOY: Did you have any inkling that you'd be such a dominating force in the play-offs *and* the series?

HENDERSON: That was something I'd always wondered about. I used to watch the play-offs and the World Series on TV and think, What would *you* do if you were there? Would you be a Mr. October like Reggie Jackson, who often hit his best in the post-season, or would you be more like [Kansas City's] Willie Wilson, who has had a lot of slumps? I didn't know which it would be. But I wanted to be at my best, and my opportunity had come. That was my chance to do or die. I felt that that was my *time*. I walked around thinking, The good Lord is with you and gave you the ability to play this game, to show what you are all about, so do it, and do it *now*. I had all that belief and all that concentration. And when I started doing well, my one thought was, The good Man is shining over me, He is giving me the opportunity, He is bringing the best out of me. I really didn't focus on what I was doing; in fact, I didn't know what I was doing. I was a man on a mission; I was in a rocket on a space shot; I was *dreaming*.

But I always felt I was in the Lord's hands.

PLAYBOY: Let's run down just how well you did in the American League Championship Series against Toronto: You hit .400—including two home runs—set a play-off record of eight stolen bases and were a unanimous choice as the play-offs' Most Valuable Player. Had you ever had a five-game performance like that?

HENDERSON: No, that was the best I'd ever played. I'd been through some streaks when I'd hit .400 for a month, but to put everything together at one time—it was a little incredible.

PLAYBOY: Experts agreed that that was the first post-season series ever dominated by a base runner. Didn't your friend Lloyd Moseby warn the Blue Jays about you?

HENDERSON: Yeah, but a lot of his teammates were saying, "Hey, Henderson's showing us up, he's hot-dogging." Lloyd kept telling them, "The guy is playing his game. That's what we should do—concentrate on our game, not his. Forget about Rickey and think about what we have to do as a team." But they didn't, and because of that, they were playing my game.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

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HENDERSON: Instead of thinking, We have to win, they were thinking, We gotta stop Rickey Henderson. We gotta stop him from getting on base. We can't walk him or let him get a hit. We can't let him steal no more. As soon as I saw that they were focusing on me, I knew I had them in the palm of my hand.

PLAYBOY: That doesn't seem logical to us. If the opposing team is doing its damnedest to prevent you from stealing bases, how is that playing into your hands?

HENDERSON: I'll tell you how: When I go up to the plate in that situation, I talk to the catcher. I'll say stuff like, "As soon as I get to first, I'm gonna steal second on you. I know you're back here and that you want to get me, but you ain't goin' to." I did a lot of talking to the Jays' catcher, Ernie Whitt. My aim was to get him so pumped up that when I broke for second, he'd be thinking, I got the ball, I got you in my sights, I know I'm gonna throw you out, you're *dead*! By then, he'd be so tense he couldn't throw the ball the way he can when he's relaxed. And that's what happened to Whitt. I had him all the time.

PLAYBOY: We're sure he'll be pleased to read all about it. You said winning the play-offs was your happiest day in baseball. Why?

HENDERSON: Because it finally gave me the chance to play in the World Series. That's what every player—rookies, veterans, everyone—works for. I'd been working toward that for ten years, and when I knew we were going to the series, I had this wonderful feeling going through me. You get that last out of the play-offs, you know you're going to the series—that's the peak of baseball. That's what you play for.

PLAYBOY: Hold on. You're an athlete who makes millions of dollars a year, and all you really want out of baseball is to play in the World Series?

HENDERSON: [*Laughs*] Really, is this man crazy, or what? Let me remind you of something: Ernie Banks, who played for the Cubs, once said, "I would have given back everything I made in baseball if I could have played in the World Series just once."

PLAYBOY: OK, so what turns you on about the World Series?

HENDERSON: Wondering what the great players are going to do. What are they going to pull out of their sleeves *this* time? Something dramatic's going to happen—what'll it be? Great pitching, a great catch, a home run in the clutch? The World Series always has its share of excitement and thrilling moments that fans remember for years and years. And as a player, you want to be in on it, because it's the height of the game. That's why you always hear players say, "This is what we've been fighting for and working on the whole season long—all one hundred and sixty-two games. This is the joy baseball can give us."

PLAYBOY: How would you characterize your rivalry with the San Francisco Giants, your opponents in last fall's World Series?

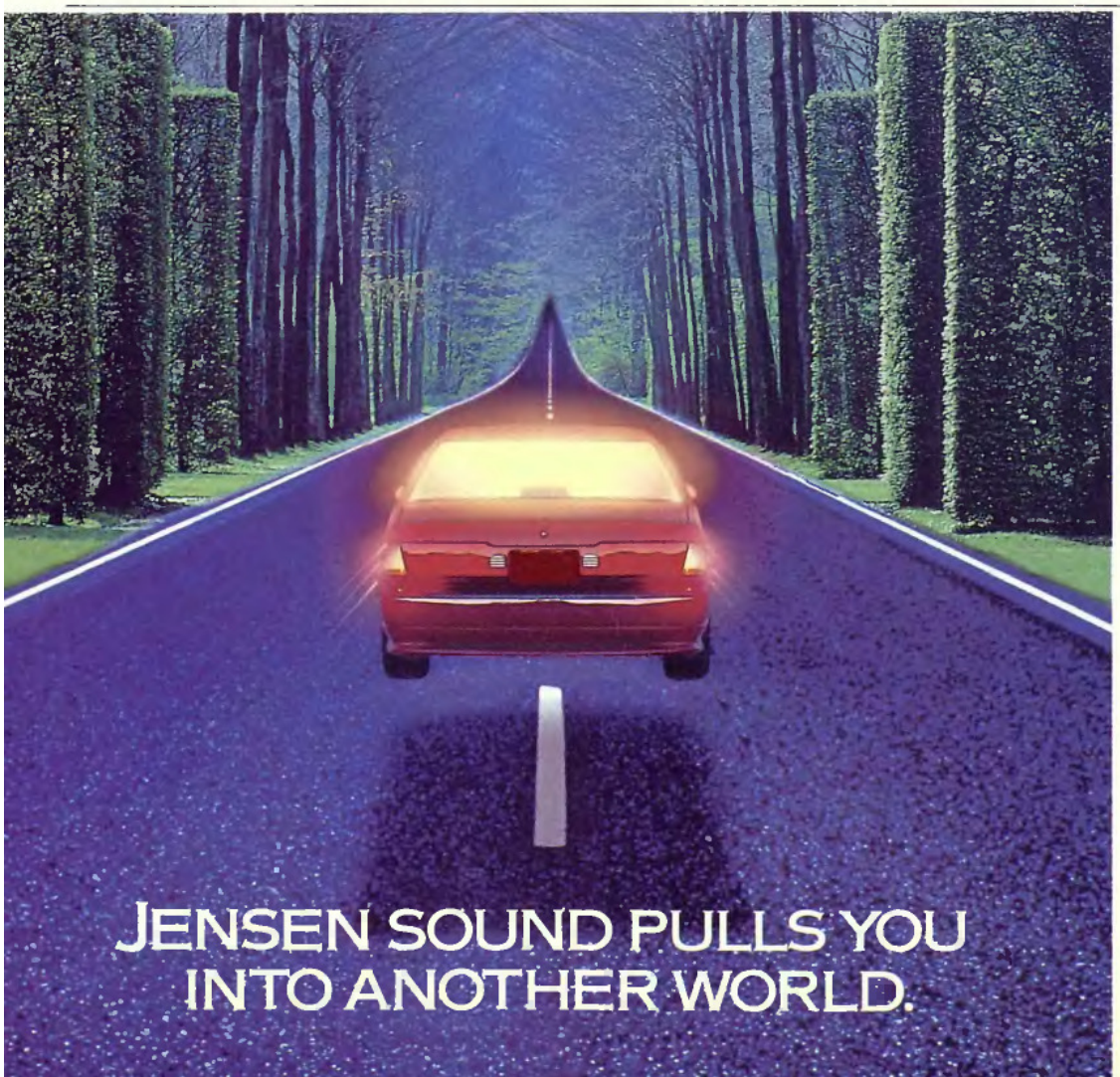
HENDERSON: We don't have a real big rivalry with the Giants. The A's biggest rivals are in our division—the Kansas City Royals and the California Angels. I know that when the Giants and the Dodgers were in New York, they hated each other, but this is California. The A's feel that we take care of business on our side of the bay and that the Giants take care of business on their side. We don't pay that much attention to each other or worry about who's gonna take over the town.

PLAYBOY: But you did take over the 1989 series in four games straight. Were you surprised by that?

HENDERSON: After the second game, no. I knew—we all knew—we had them. Our guys said, "There's no way they can win. Hey, in spring training, we beat the Giants eight out of nine times." But the Giants have good hitters like Will Clark and Kevin Mitchell, and I knew they were getting up for the third game. They were going home to Candlestick Park, thinking they *did* have a chance to come back.

PLAYBOY: At 5:04 P.M. on October seventeenth, minutes before the scheduled start of game three of the World Series, Candlestick Park and much of Northern California was rocked by a massive earthquake that registered seven point one on the Richter scale. Where were you when it hit?

HENDERSON: In the locker room. You know, I thought it was just a shake; I didn't know any damage had been done. When I went



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out onto the field, all the guys were talking about the earthquake. One of them told me, "On the morning of Bob Welch's last start when he was with the Dodgers, there was a big earthquake in Los Angeles [5.1 on the Richter scale], and that night, he went out and pitched a one-hitter against the Giants." When I heard that, I thought, Oh, man, Welch is starting for us tonight. We are gonna beat them to death. It's over for them. The Giants are in trouble. But we couldn't play game three—it was canceled, and really, everybody was a little scared. Some of the players who weren't from San Francisco or Oakland—or who hadn't been born in California and had never felt an earthquake—were deathly afraid. New Yorkers, guys from the East, Midwest—they were really worried that the ball park would cave in.

PLAYBOY: Did you agree with baseball commissioner Fay Vincent's decision to resume the series ten days later?

HENDERSON: No, not at first. People had lost their lives, families had lost their possessions—it didn't seem like a good time to play a baseball game. But then again, when they finally got it going, the Bay Area needed something to cheer it up. Instead of thinking about what had happened and how they were going to survive it, people thought, Let's go out and enjoy this day. But there was a lot to get through before you could feel that way.

PLAYBOY: You were even hotter in the World Series than you were in the play-offs—you hit .474. But the series' M.V.P. award was given to Dave Stewart. How did that sit with you?

HENDERSON: I was surprised—but not upset—that I didn't get it. The A's played tremendous ball, and the whole team probably deserved the World Series M.V.P. Still, as an individual, I felt I was the best and that I'd earned it. But it was a more competitive choice than during the play-offs, because I had done everything perfect in the play-offs. In the World Series, I did everything well, but so did a lot of other players. After Dave Stewart won the third game, a lot of reporters came up to me and said, "Right now, it looks like you or Stew is gonna win the M.V.P. But if the A's sweep the Giants and you get two hits and steal a base in game four, it's gonna be you, Rickey." Then they told the same thing to Stew, and when I saw him in the locker room before game four, he said, "Rickey, I want you to go out there and go 0 for four, no stolen bases, and maybe both of us can win the M.V.P." I said, "No, Stew, I gotta go out there and get a couple of hits, because I have a chance of winning it. From what I hear, they want to give it to you, and this way, I'll at least make sure that both of us get it."

So before game four started, I went out there determined to get the two hits the reporters told me were all I needed to become M.V.P. My first at-bat—boom!—I hit a home run. I trotted around the bases thinking, I got it—but maybe I don't. I need one more hit.

My second time up, Mike Moore was on second base; I got another base hit and Moore scored. It's over. I'm on first thinking, I got it, man! And then, in my next at-bat, I hit a triple. I slid into third base, got up and dusted myself off, and thought, This is the icing on the cake. I'm gonna be the series' M.V.P.

When we got the last out, I didn't have the award in my mind—all of us were too caught up in the glory of winning the World Series. Back in the locker room, I was doing an interview with a reporter when Dave Stewart yelled over to me, "Hey, Rickey, I won it." And all of a sudden, it was back in my head, and I said, "What do you mean, *you* won it?" I thought that both of us would at least share it—I'd seen that before—but I let go of my disappointment real quick, because I had to be happy for Stew. I was proud of what he'd done, and I knew he'd never really gotten the recognition he deserved. Stew couldn't have been nicer; he called me up to him right away and we shook hands, and we both felt good. He got the trophy, but inside, I knew I had won it. And I bet that deep down inside, *he* knows I could've won it just as he did. So my pride came away intact.

"Some of the players who had never felt an earthquake were deathly afraid, really worried that the ball park would cave in."

PLAYBOY: After the series, you signed a four-year contract with the A's for twelve million dollars, which made you the highest-paid player in baseball at that point. Did you take pride in that?

HENDERSON: Oh, sure, it made me feel good. Actually, I wasn't the highest-paid player when I signed: Kirby Puckett makes the same amount of money I do per year, but his contract runs three years and mine runs four, so technically, the press was right in reporting that I was baseball's highest-paid player. I'm not anymore, that's for sure.

PLAYBOY: No, you're not. After you sealed your deal with the A's, the Giants signed Will Clark to a four-year, fifteen-million-dollar contract, and then Steinbrenner outdid everyone by signing Don Mattingly to a five-year deal worth a reported nineteen point three million dollars. Now, the truth, Rickey: Did those contracts make you feel underpaid?

HENDERSON: The truth, huh? Well, I *do* feel underpaid based on what Will got and on what other players have since signed for. I know what I've achieved and where I stand as far as my level of play, and when I see guys who haven't played on that level getting as much money as me—or *more* money than me—why wouldn't I think I'm underpaid? When I signed my contract at the time, it was a fair contract. But now, a lot more players are making more money than I am, and they haven't done what I've done.

PLAYBOY: Does this have to do only with money, or is it more about being as competitive off the field as you are on?

HENDERSON: I think it's being competitive as a *man*. Listen, I know that people get pissed off about the money players make. But if they're out there producing like superstars, they deserve the money. Now, players who just get by and earn as much as the superstars—*they*'re the guys who are overpaid.

PLAYBOY: What are you going to do about it? Ask to renegotiate your contract?

HENDERSON: [*Grins*] Look, I can see some humor in this, but I don't think I'm a greedy man. But if baseball's pay scale shoots up to where average players are making what I am, then I will go in and ask to renegotiate my contract. Just about every free agent has signed for more money than me. And last year, I could have sworn I was the best player out there in the free-agent market.

PLAYBOY: One final question on compensation: What's the deal with the Testarossa?

HENDERSON: My idea about the A's giving me a Testarossa came about after I saw what had happened when Walter Payton rewrote pro football's record book. When Payton broke the N.F.L. record for rushing yardage with the Chicago Bears, he was presented with a Lamborghini. I decided that if the A's were thinking about maybe giving me something when I broke Lou Brock's all-time record for stolen bases—hey, I'd like to have a Testarossa. I mentioned that during a conversation with a reporter, and the next day, it was all over the newspapers, like I was making some kind of demand. Let me be real clear on this: It wasn't no demand. It's just a dream I have, that's all. If and when I break Brock's record, I'd like to get a car, but instead of the Lamborghini that Walter got, I'd like a Ferrari.

PLAYBOY: So the A's general manager, Sandy Alderson, now knows what you want for Christmas.

HENDERSON: I happen to think Sandy will do something to show that the team appreciates what I've done, though it may not be what I want. I've put my heart and soul into this long chase after Brock's record, and if I break it, I'd like to know that the club respects it. A pat on the back and a "Thank you" may be enough. Maybe they'll give me a Schwinn—but if they do, it had better be a ten-speed.

PLAYBOY: Enough about money. You were

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born in Chicago; when and how did you wind up in Oakland?

HENDERSON: I lived in Chicago till I was two years old. I think my mom didn't like the cold, so she moved the family to Little Rock, Arkansas, and then we stayed in Pine Bluff, Arkansas, until I was seven. Then we moved to California.

PLAYBOY: What about your father?

HENDERSON: My father left when I was two years old. He and my mom couldn't get along; they broke up, and then we moved. I never really knew my father. From time to time, he sent money to try to take care of us, but I never saw or spoke to him. As I grew up, I always used to ask about him. I always felt, Hey, where's my father? I need my father to guide me as a son.

My momma and my grandmother raised us—I was the youngest of five sons and two daughters. Mom supported us good. She was a registered nurse, and my grandmother also had a job, and we grew up in a working-class section of Oakland. Mom was like my mother *and* father, and my grandmother was the backbone of us all. But I missed not knowing my father.

PLAYBOY: Did your dad try to contact you?

HENDERSON: No, we were never in touch. After I broke into the big leagues in 1979, I hired detectives to look for him. I wanted to know, Hey, do I look like my father? Am I like him in any way? Can I see him? I just wanted to meet him.

And so I looked for him for a few years, and eventually, the detectives discovered where he was staying. He drove a truck, and very soon after they found him, he died in a traffic accident. The detectives got back to my mother about it the day he died. Mom told them she would tell me what had happened, but she knew it would make me break down, so she didn't tell me for more than a year. In the meantime, I kept asking her, "How come the detectives haven't gotten back to me? You said they found my father." One day, she finally sat me down and said, "Your father is dead." So I never got the opportunity to see him or talk to him. That might be the biggest hurt you get as a man, never to know your father. Didn't matter if he was good or bad, or whatever—I just wanted the chance to see him. Never did.

PLAYBOY: Throughout our talks, you've been thoroughly likable—yet based on what has been written about you, we were prepared to meet a pampered egotist who plays only when he feels like it. How did you get that rep?

HENDERSON: I never had that reputation until I injured my right hamstring and missed sixty-seven games with the Yankees in '87. Lou Piniella was the team's manager then, and he thought I was babying myself and that I didn't want to play for him. I still don't know why. Lou and I were never really on the same wave length, but how could he have thought I didn't want to play? I'd gotten off to a tremendous start in '87, to the point where I was walking around thinking, This is my M.V.P. year. And then I hurt my hamstring, and the team started losing ball games and fell out of first place. Lou just didn't realize the damage that I'd done to my leg, and I felt he was pushing me to come back too early. My leg was giving me a lot of pain, but he didn't really believe it and neither did the New York press—they really ate me up. The whole thing finally hurt me more than anything else that's happened to me in baseball. Don't those guys know that the one thing ballplayers hate to do is sit on the bench and see somebody else playing their position? And because I was willing to play through the pain, I asked the Yankees' trainer to wrap the leg.

PLAYBOY: You were playing with a pulled hamstring?

HENDERSON: Let me tell you, because you ain't got it all yet. I kept playing and I kept going in to see the trainer, and then, one day, when we were playing Cleveland, I stole third base, and when I slid, I felt a sharp pain. And that's when I knew something was wrong with my leg. I knew I had to back off and I told Lou I couldn't run in full gear. Eventually, I laid back for four days and they treated the leg and then told me, "Go back out there and play. You don't have a pulled muscle—there's nothing wrong with you." So I said, "OK, fine."

"One day, she finally sat me down and said, 'Your father is dead.' So I never got the opportunity to see him. That might be the biggest hurt you get as a man."

We went to Milwaukee, and I played with my leg bandaged up. I told myself, I'm not going to run full-out until I feel I'm absolutely back to form. In the seventh inning, we were losing by seven runs; even though we were trying, the game was out of reach. Well, I was on first base, and Lou gave me a steal sign. I'm thinking, Why are you giving me a steal sign when I told you that my leg hurts? But he's the manager, and I told myself, OK, if he gave me a steal sign, I gotta try. So I took off, and Willie Randolph, who was at the plate, fouled the ball off. And I thought, Fine, I ran and I didn't hurt the leg. It may be getting better. Before the next pitch, Lou gave me another steal sign. Willie fouled the ball off again. After I came back from second base, I looked in the dugout. Lou gave me the steal sign *again*, and I thought, Oh, no, you can't do that. Now the whole Milwaukee team knows I'm gonna run. I didn't want to, but I knew I had to try to steal second. I took off, got halfway there—and I think everybody in the infield heard something snap. My teammates said they'd heard it in the *dugout*. Lou didn't give me an argument that day—he knew I had a pulled muscle.

PLAYBOY: Why was he so insistent on having you steal on a bum leg in such a meaningless situation?

HENDERSON: You'd have to ask him that—*I* never did. Anyway, the Yankees put me on the fifteen-day disabled list, took X rays, told me my hamstring was pulled and that I'd be fine. But when I went back after fifteen days, I wasn't fine—I couldn't run at full speed. The team gave me another few days off and I tried running some sprints, but the muscle popped again. When I told Lou about it, he said, "Rickey, you are faking. You're scared to play. You're jaking it. You don't want to play." I kept saying to myself, What are you talking about? I want to play. My leg is ruined. Things got worse: The team called my agent and told him they thought I was faking my injury and that I was jeopardizing my contract.

I was shocked. I knew I couldn't play, and I just refused to jeopardize my career. I finally talked to Billy Martin, who was then scouting for the Yankees. He said, "If your leg hurts, don't play until it gets better." He was the only one in the whole Yankees organization who believed me.

PLAYBOY: What was George Steinbrenner doing while all this was going on?

HENDERSON: Getting himself all worked up that I wasn't playing. George was so mad at me that he came up to me and said, "OK, Rickey, I'm sending you to a specialist, and he's gonna put you in a [magnetic resonance imaging] machine and prove once and for all if you're hurt or not."

When I got to the hospital, they closed me up in this machine for an hour, and afterward, the doctor said, "Rickey, come inside and I'll show you what's wrong with your leg." He had a picture on a light box and pointed to a part of it and said, "This is what's wrong with your leg. You have torn three or four inches of the top part of your hamstring off your behind."

The next day, when George went to the ball park, I was in the training room, getting treatment. He patted me on the back and said, "You get well." He'd finally got the truth that I was hurt. I'm still amazed that when I went through all that, nobody except Billy believed me. And even afterward, the press continued to say that I'd pulled my hamstring—for whatever reason, it never came out that I'd really torn it.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you've generally been treated badly by sportswriters?

HENDERSON: I think they've given me more than my share of cheap shots. The thing we just talked about? Guys still write that "Henderson plays when he wants to play." And I know that every year, I am going to read that "Henderson didn't run at full speed to first on that ground ball—he isn't

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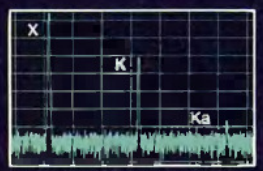

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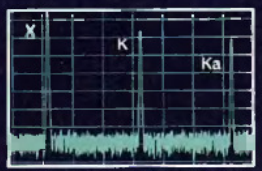

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hustling." Listen, when I hit a sharp ground ball to second base, overall, you know and I know that I'm out. All right? I'm moving fast just in case the guy bobbles it, but I don't run flat-out like if I get a base hit and I'm rounding first and seeing if I can get to second. You're telling me I'm not hustling? Come on, now—I'm a *base runner*. You think it's possible that sometimes, when I *know* I'm out, I just might want to save some energy for when I really need it? Not many sportswriters believe that. They'll write things like, "Rickey didn't run that ground ball out, and maybe if he'd shown some more hustle, the A's might've won the game."

PLAYBOY: You certainly don't seem to be a favorite of the sport's traditionalists. In its 1989 baseball yearbook, *The Sporting News* zapped you with the honor of the "biggest waste of ability," and said that if you had "Kirby Puckett's personality and attitude, no records would be safe." Ever wonder what the press wants from you?

HENDERSON: I *always* wonder what the press wants. I think some of it probably has to do with my style of play: I may make the game seem a little easier than most players do, and because of that, some people think I'm not working hard enough. The truth is, I work as hard as or harder than anybody else, so I don't understand that kind of criticism, but that's what I get. In a way, I'd like to have one person representing the media just sit down and tell me what they'd all like me to do. Let's say the guy says, "I want you to go out there and steal a hundred and thirty bases and score a hundred and thirty runs." OK, I'll go out and do that. You gonna tell me that's all you want? No. The next time around, you're going to tell me I gotta do something else and do it better. When sportswriters ask me, "What do you want to do this year?" I tell them, "I want to stay healthy enough to be able to go out and give a hundred percent every time I play." And that is all I really want. And whatever the sportswriters feel, that's their business.

PLAYBOY: What about your other reputation—as baseball's leading hot dog?

HENDERSON: Well, another word for a hot dog is a showman. I'll tell you this: Ain't never been a guy out there called a hot dog who couldn't play this game. And really, what are we talking about? If you play the game with a little style and people see that you're having fun, they call you a hot dog. People started calling me a hot dog when I'd draw a walk, and instead of running down to first base like most guys, I'd walk down, cool. Boom—I'm a hot dog. In the outfield, when a fly ball comes, a lot of players catch it with two hands; I snatch it out of the air with one. That's the main reason I'm called a hot dog—my snatch catch.

PLAYBOY: Was that trademark maneuver of yours a long time in the planning?

HENDERSON: It was, yes. I developed it well before I ever used it in a game, but I was so afraid of trying it.

PLAYBOY: Why?

HENDERSON: Because I didn't want to drop a fly ball. I just didn't want that held against me, so I didn't try it. But I knew I could catch the ball that way; I would not miss it.

I'll tell you the first time I did it in a game. Back in the early Eighties, the A's were playing the White Sox, and Mike Warren, one of our good pitchers, had a no-hitter going. In the ninth inning, two out, a fly ball was hit to me in left field, and I snatched it out of the air for the final out. And afterward, all my teammates came up to me and said, "If you'd dropped that ball, we would've killed you." That was the first time I tried it. After that, I had faith in it and knew I could catch it like that.

PLAYBOY: Which brings us to the obvious question: Why bother?

HENDERSON: I think it goes back to watching Willie Mays when I was a kid and really liking his basket catch. I guess there was something that I wanted to do different, too. And when I dreamed it up and then believed that I could do it—and then *knew* I could do it—it was like, "OK, let's do it."

"I may make the game seem a little easier than most players do. The truth is, I work as hard as or harder than anybody else."

The kids liked it and the fans *loved* it. And sure, the press called me a hot dog, but really, whenever I catch balls the regular way, a lot of our fans will go, "Rickey, please—snatch it." And when I tell them that a lot of people don't like it, they say, "Forget 'em—snatch it. I love it, my kids love it." Of course, I've heard from other parents who say, "My kid tried your snatch catch—the ball hit him in the head." [*Laughs*]

The thing is, I'm very aware that, although people want their teams to win, they're mainly out there to see action and a great performance, and I try to give it to them. I've said this before and I mean it: People don't pay ten dollars a ticket to watch robots perform.

PLAYBOY: You think of yourself as a performer?

HENDERSON: Of course I do. Baseball is entertainment for people, so in a sense, we're really entertainers. When people go to a ball game, if they feel the players haven't entertained them, they won't be coming back. I think players should realize they are entertainers. I go out and do the best job I can, but I like to do it with a little style, a little flair, because I know that certain things I do will catch the fans' eyes, and that's why they'll want to see me play.

PLAYBOY: By the time this interview is published, you should be closing in on Lou Brock's all-time stolen-base record. Have you made any special plans about when and where you want to break it?

HENDERSON: I'd like to break it by the end of August, and if we're on the road and I'm one base shy of tying it, I'm gonna wait to do it in Oakland for our fans, for the A's organization, for my family and friends and for all the people who've been behind me since I was a little kid.

PLAYBOY: Have you thought how high you'd like that number to go eventually?

HENDERSON: Yes, I have. When I got above eight hundred stolen bases and knew I was on a pace that would move me beyond Brock's nine hundred and thirty-eight, I realized that if I could play nineteen seasons like Brock, I could wind up with fifteen hundred to two thousand stolen bases. So I've looked at that, and I know what I'd settle for. In the time I feel I have left, fifteen hundred stolen bases would be a tremendous goal for me to go after and to actually attain.

PLAYBOY: So you've already decided that when your present four-year contract expires, you'll re-up for another tour?

HENDERSON: I'll be thirty-five when the '94 season starts, and I won't be too old for this game—Brock set his record when he was thirty-nine. I also have a surprise in store for everybody. I set the single-season record of a hundred and thirty stolen bases in Oakland in '82; if I haven't broken it by the time I'm thirty-five, I intend to shoot for it that season. I keep myself in good shape, and my body's holding up, and even if I'm not able to steal a hundred and thirty-something bases when I'm thirty-five, I believe I'll have a shot at coming close. That's going to be one dramatic season. I'm hoping to steal so many bases that maybe my record won't *ever* be broken.

PLAYBOY: But aren't records made to be broken?

HENDERSON: Yes, they are, so I won't worry too much about that, though I hope mine will stay in the record books for a good long time. But all that's down the road. Until I retire, I'm really going to have fun. I mean, think of it: Every time I steal a base, I'll be setting a new record—*every time*. I'll come off the field and tell myself, I set a new all-time record today; maybe I'll set another one tomorrow. I'm doing a lot of talking here, but really, I have no idea of what that stolen-base record is finally going to be. I think the only thing I know is that the good Lord has kept me strong and healthy enough to reach this point, so I'm satisfied and I'm grateful. I've had a good run, and at this point, I just feel very lucky that it isn't over yet.

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SOME NIGHTS, EVERYTHING GLOWS

RABBIT **AT** REST

fiction

By JOHN UPDIKE

he lipped the cup. not his day. will he ever have a day again?

HARRY ANGSTROM tries to imagine the world seen through his granddaughter's clear green eyes, every little thing vivid and sharp and radiantly new, packed full of itself like a satin valentine. His own vision feels fogged no matter which glasses he puts on, for reading or far vision. He wears the latter only for movies and night driving, and refuses to get bifocals; glasses worn for more than an hour at a time hurt his ears. And the lenses are always dusty and the things he looks at all seem tired; he's seen them too many times before. A kind of drought has settled over the world, a bleaching such as overtakes old color prints, even the ones kept in a drawer.

Except, strangely, the first fairway of a golf course before his first swing. This vista is ever fresh. There, on the tee's earth platform, standing in his large white spiked Foot-Joys and blue sweat socks, drawing the long tapered steel wand of the Lynx Predator driver from the bag, he feels tall again, tall the way he used to on a hardwood basketball floor when, after those first minutes, his growing momentum and lengthening bounds and leaps reduced the court to childlike dimensions, to the size of a tennis court and then a ping-pong table, his legs unthinkingly eating the distances up, back and forth, and the hoop with its dainty skirtlike net dipping down to be there on the lay-ups. So, in golf, the distances, the hundreds of yards, dissolve to a few effortless swings if you find the inner magic, the key. Always, golf for him holds out the hope of perfection, of a perfect weightlessness and consummate ease, for now and again it does happen, happens in three dimensions, shot after shot. But then he gets human and tries to force it, to make it happen, to get ten extra yards, to steer it, and it goes away—grace, you could call it, the feeling of collaboration, of being bigger than he really is. When you stand up on the first tee, it is there, it comes back from wherever it lives during the rest of your life, endless possibility, the possibility of a flawless round, a round without a speck of dirt

COLLAGE BY PAT ANDREA

A
B

in it, without a missed two-footer or a flying right elbow, without a pushed wood or pulled iron; the first fairway is in front of you, palm trees on the left and water on the right, flat as a picture. All you have to do is take a simple, pure swing and puncture the picture in the middle with a ball that shrinks in a second to the size of a needle prick, a tiny tunnel into the absolute. That would be *it*.

But on his practice swing, his chest gives a twang of pain and this makes him think for some reason of his son, Nelson. The kid jangles in his mind. As he stands up to the ball, he feels crowded but is impatient and hits it outside in, trying too hard with his right hand. The ball starts out promisingly but leaks more and more to the right and disappears not far enough from the edge of the long scummy pond.

"'Fraid that's alligator territory," Bernie says sadly. Bernie is his partner for the round.

"Mulligan?" Harry asks.

There is a pause. Ed Silberstein asks Joe Gold, "What do you think?"

Joe tells Harry, "I didn't notice that *we* took any mulligans."

Harry says, "You cripples don't hit it far enough to get into trouble. We always give mulligans on the first drive. That's been our tradition."

Ed says, "Angstrom, how're you ever going to live up to your potential if we keep babying you with mulligans?"

Joe says, "How much potential you think a guy with a gut like that still has? I think his potential has all gone to his colon."

While they are thus ribbing him, Rabbit takes another ball from his pocket and tees it up and, with a stiff half-swing, sends it safely but ingloriously down the left side of the fairway. Perhaps not quite safely: It seems to hit a hard spot and keeps bouncing toward a palm tree. "Sorry, Bernie," he says. "I'll loosen up."

"Am I worried?" Bernie asks, putting his foot to the electric-cart pedal a split second before Harry has settled into the seat beside him. "With your brawn and my brains, we'll cream these creeps."

Bernie Drechsel, Ed Silberstein and Joe Gold are all older than Harry, and shorter, and usually make him feel good about himself. With them, he is a big Swede, they call him Angstrom, a comical pet gentile, a big pale uncircumcised hunk of the American dream. He, in turn, treasures their perspective; it seems more manly than his, wiser and less shaky. Their long history has put all that suffering in its pocket and strides on. Harry asks Bernie, as the cart rolls over the tamped and glistening grass toward their balls, "Whaddaya think about all this fuss about this Deion Sanders? In this morning's paper, he even has the mayor of Fort Myers making excuses for him."

Bernie shifts the cigar in his mouth an inch and says, "It's cruel, you know, to take these black kids out of nowhere and give 'em all this publicity and turn them into millionaires. No wonder they go crazy."

"Yeah, he flipped out at some salesclerk who said he had stolen a pair of earrings and even took a pop at her."

"I don't know about Sanders, but with some of them, it's drugs," Bernie says. "Cocaine. The stuff is everywhere."

"You wonder what they see in it," Rabbit says.

"What they see in it," Bernie says, stopping the cart and resting his cigar on the edge of the plastic ledge for holding drinks or beer cans, "is instant happiness." He squares up to his second shot with that awful stance of his, his feet too close together, his bald head dipping down in a reverse-weight shift, and punches the ball with a four iron: all arms and wrists. It stays straight, though, and winds up within an easy chip in front of the elevated green. "There are two routes to happiness," he continues, back at the wheel of the cart. "Work for it, day after day, like you and I did, or take a chemical short cut. With the world the way it is, these kids take the short cut. The long way looks too long."

"Yeah, well, it *is* long. And then when you've gone the distance, where's the happiness?"

"Behind you," the other man admits.

"What interests me about Sanders and kids like that," Rabbit says, as Bernie speeds along down the sun-baked fairway, dodging fallen brown fronds and coconuts, "is I had a little taste of it once. Athletics. Everybody loving you as long as you're out there."

"Sure you did. It sticks out all over you. Afraid you made the palm tree, though. You're stymied, my friend." Bernie stops the cart, a little close to the ball for Harry's comfort.

"I think I can hook it around."

"Don't try it, kid. Chip it out. You know what Tommy Armour says: Take your stroke in a situation like this and go for the green on the next one. Don't attempt a miracle."

"Well, you're already up there for a sure bogey. Let me try to bend it on." The palm tree is one of those whose trunks look like giant braids. It breathes on him, with its faint rustle, its dim smell like that of a friendly attic full of dried-out old school papers and love letters. Harry takes his stance with his hip almost touching the jagged rough trunk, hoods the five iron and imagines the curving arc of the miracle shot and Bernie's glad cry of congratulation.

But, in fact, the closeness of the tree and maybe of Bernie in the cart inhibits his swing and he pulls the ball with the hooded club so it hits the top of the next palm along the fairway and drops straight down into the short rough. The rough, though, in Florida isn't like the rough up North; it's just spongy pale grass a half inch longer than fairway. They tailor these courses for the elderly and lame.

Bernie sighs. "Stubborn," he says as Harry gets back in. "You guys think the world will melt if you whistle." Harry knows that "guys" is polite for "goys." The thought that he might be wrong, that obstacles won't melt if he whistles, renews a dull internal ache of doom he has been lately bothered with. As he stands up to his third shot—an eight iron, he estimates—Bernie's disapproval weighs on his arm and causes him to hit a bit fat, enough to take the click out of the ball and leave it ten yards short.

"Sorry, Bernie. Chip up close and get your par." But Bernie fluffs the chip—all wrists again, and too quick—and they both get sixes, losing the hole to Ed Silberstein's routine bogey. Ed is a wiry retired accountant from Toledo, with dark upright hair and a slender, thrusting jaw that makes him look as if he's always about to smile; he never seems to get the ball more than ten feet off the ground, but he keeps it moving toward the hole.

"You guys looked like Dukakis on that one," he crows. "Blowing it."

"Don't knock the Duke," Joe says. "He gave us honest government for a change and the Boston pols can't forgive him for it." Joe Gold owned a couple of liquor stores in some city in Massachusetts called Framingham. He is stocky and sandy and wears glasses so thick they make his eyes look like they're trying to escape from two little fish bowls, jumping from side to side.

Ed says, "He wimped out when it counted. He should have stood up and said, 'Sure, I'm a liberal, and damn proud of it.'"

"Yeah, how would that have played in the South and the Midwest?" Joe asks. "In California and Florida, for that matter, with all these old farts who all they want to hear is 'No more taxes'?"

"Lousy," Ed admits. "But he wasn't going to get their votes, anyway. His only hope was to get the poor excited. Knock away that three-footer,

(continued on page 155)

"My Bernie could never be happy with anything that skinny."

WORLD CUP WOMEN

eleven beauties celebrate "il mondiale" in the spirit of national revelry

IMAGINE THE SUPER BOWL, the World Series and the N.C.A.A. finals rolled into a ball. Bounce the ball across five continents and onto nearly a billion TV screens. That's soccer's World Cup—the championship of a game the rest of the world considers "real" football. To salute this year's tourney, we jetted our own team—11 international beauties—to Italy, the 1990 cup's host country. At Castello di Montegufoni, a Tuscan castle once frequented by a Pope, they sun-bathed, partied, talked soccer in nine languages and even staged a Foosball tourney, the World Cup Women's World Cup. "Beneath naked cherubs, for centuries playing games on the ceilings," reports our breathless observer, "they spun little plastic players—painted in their national colors—against the white ball. People hearing their cries of delight might well have thought that these beauties devoted themselves, like the cherubs above, to the game of love." Miss Holland won. But, judging by his cries of delight, our Tuscany correspondent loved each player. Here's hoping that you, like him and "the many sexually mature Italian youngsters" he saw every night "crowded around the castle's crumbling walls to get a glimpse," find our World Cup Women a kick in the head.

In Pisa (above), the locals straightened up and took notice when *Playboy*'s team came to town. The best-looking 11 in football (outside the States, call it soccer at your peril) features beautiful women from Mexico, Germany, Spain, the Netherlands, Hong Kong, Turkey, Greece, Brazil, Argentina, Italy and the United States. Most are diehard fans of *Il Mondiale*, the Italian term for the cup. Not our girl. Lisa Matthews (top row, far left), Miss April 1990, didn't know the U.S. had a World Cup team. Said Lisa, "They'd better win!" At left, the World Cup Women enjoy the Tuscan sun. At Castello di Montegufoni, they were spied by another guest—a bishop who blessed the proceedings with a smile.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BYRON NEWMAN

Saskia Linssen of the Netherlands (abave, facing page) wan the *futbalito* championship of Castella di Mantegufani, avenging Dutch losses in the Warld Cup finals af 1974 and 1978. "And naw the real Dutch team!" she cried. Saskia's studying ta be a schaalteacher in Rotterdam, her hame tawn. She speaks enough English ta jake about her Foosball skills: "It is a gift. I always have it when I do sports for the first time." Germany's Ellen Kendziorra (belaw, facing page) loves fine lingerie. In Tuscany, her unofficial coach, then–German *Playboy* exec Wolfgang Robert, told Ellen to keep her undies an—no sex before Foosball, he said. Virna Bonino of Rome (above) laves footbalI "more for the players than for the play. They are handsame, healthy guys who eat well and go to bed early. I like that."

"They can play football," says Turkey's Irmak Kirag (above left, facing page) of her homeland's World Cup team, "but they will never accomplish anything big. They waste all their strength with their women." No wonder. With Irmak around, football suffers by comparison. She's a belly dancer whose "erotic hip rotations" amazed our correspondent. British-born Diana Maria Dwyer (top right, facing page) used to play football in the park in Ibiza. "Three things are important in Spain," she says. "Sex, children and football." Bubbling under Irmak and Diana are Alejandra Roth of Argentina (far left) and Brazilian Vanusa Spindler. Alejandra is a TV actress; Vanusa's a supermodel who doubles as *madrina* (godmother) of Brazil's World Cup squad. Says race driver Mauricio Gugelmin, "Vanusa is like a racing circuit, which would lose its excitement if the curves were not dangerous." Dancer Elizabeth de Luna (above, smiling back at Americans who recall her gigs in Las Vegas and Miami), trained in ballet, now heats up Mexico City audiences with her lambada. Jenny Szeto (above, imagining a cup win by Hong Kong) gave up particle physics for international modeling—she wanted to see a bigger world.

The Foosball tourney ot Castello di Montegufoni wos not televised, costing sports fans o locker-room shot for the oges (above). Below, Alino Fotetsiou of Greece reloxes ofter o grueling *podospheron* motch. An octress, she prefers the classics to her country's modern theoter. One night, dressed in seductive block lace, Alino soid the outfit mode her feel like Jocosto, the sexy mom of originol nosty boy Oedipus. And now, ot last, it's time to rolly round Liso Motthews of the U.S. (right). In Itoly, Liso scondolized World Cup fons with o dirty word—soccer. When peppered with questions obout the gome's low profile in America, she wos diplomotic. "We grow up with boseboll, bosketboll ond Americon footboll. It's hord for other gomes to get o foothold." She kept secret the reol reoson: We olways lose in the World Cup. Lisa went winless in W.C.W. Foosboll but helped ensure thot on one score, ot leost—beouty—this yeor's cup overflowed.

CAPTIVE HONOR

WHEN HE AWOKE before dawn in his small room aboard the U.S.S. Oriskany, Al Stafford was having trouble breathing. He lay in his bunk for a few minutes, with his eyes open, telling himself that it was all right, that the fear that gripped him like a fist was nothing to worry about.

Stafford's sensation was the old feeling that comes to men in combat: the feeling that this would be the day, the feeling that your number was up. There was no specific reason to account for his dread. But then, there was every reason. The air war over North Vietnam had entered its deadliest phase in the summer of 1967, and American losses were reaching intolerable levels. In the first week of its deployment, the Oriskany's air group had lost ten of its 76 planes.

The target of this day's strike was a bridge a few miles south of Haiphong. Twenty A-4s would hit it, making it a fairly large strike. Stafford was on stand-by, so he briefed with the rest of the flight crews, then went up to the flight deck to sit in a fully armed jet, ready to take the place of any aircraft that developed mechanical problems.

While Stafford watched from the cockpit, one of the A-4s in front of him moved tentatively toward the catapults and then stopped. The canopy of the plane went up and he saw the pilot draw the flat of his hand across his throat. He was scrubbing the mission. The plane handlers pushed the crippled A-4 out of the way. Then one of them pointed to Stafford and motioned for him to take his A-4 up for launch. As he eased off the brakes and the plane started hesitantly forward, he glanced at the crippled plane. Its pilot, a man named John Roosen, looked at Stafford, shook his head and held up his hands helplessly. Stafford nodded back. It would be 20 years before they saw each other again.

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The coast of North Vietnam showed green and mountainous 12,000 feet below the formation. Once they were over the beach, the land below spread out into an intricately gridded system of rice paddies, flat and orderly and pale green. The planes climbed. It

all men wonder about the limits of their endurance. this is the tale of american prisoners who were pushed beyond that edge—and prevailed

article By GEOFFREY NORMAN

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD IAMMARINO

helped to start your attack roll with as much extra altitude as possible. You could exchange altitude for speed when you had to dive to get away from the surface-to-air missiles, the SAMs. Over North Vietnam, speed was life.

Stafford's radio came alive. The squadron commander told the other pilots to close on him and prepare to roll in on the target, and they did it without thinking. The next sound Stafford heard was the chatter of his SAM warning device; a missile had been launched. Like a man flipping a coin or turning a card, he made a decision: He ignored the missile warning and stayed with the attack.

He saw one missile soar past him, trailing flame. It looked like a flying telephone pole, which was the way everyone described them. The second missile, the one that had been tracking him, struck his plane amidships, just behind the cockpit. The 300-pound war head exploded and cooked off the four tons of bombs he was carrying, along with 8000 pounds of jet fuel. His plane disappeared in a black-and-orange fireball.

Stafford regained consciousness 12,000 feet over North Vietnam at the moment his parachute opened *below* him. The force of the explosion had triggered the ejection seat, automatically deploying his parachute. A couple of panels in the chute were blown away, so he could see the green of the rice paddies through them. Then he fell past the parachute and began to oscillate below it. One leg was tangled in a suspension line and his flight suit was on fire, smoldering like burning bedding.

Stafford's first thought was, Well, now I know. Pilots always said you could finish a cruise only three ways—by being killed, being captured or going home. Now he knew.

He used his survival radio to make one last transmission: a call to the squadron commander. "Sorry, boss," Stafford said, "I'll see you after the war."

•

The peasants surrounded Stafford. While some held his arms, others cut his parachute, harness, boots and flight suit away. They tried to remove his wedding ring, but it was too tight, so one of the peasants began to saw on Stafford's finger with a rusty knife. He quickly worked the ring off his bleeding finger and handed it over.

•

It took 12 hours to reach Hanoi, some 50 miles from where Stafford had been captured. The truck came to a final stop inside the massive wall of Hoa Lo prison, an evil old compound of several buildings built by the French to house the prisoners of their defunct colonial regime. This was the Hanoi Hilton, a place of misery.

Stafford was led through the courtyard to a dreary stone building that was the inner circle of this particular hell, a place that POWs called the Green Knobby Room. The walls—painted a pale, sick shade that recalled pea soup or bile—were covered with rough acoustic tile designed to baffle the sound of screams. It was broken in spots from the impact of bodies hitting the walls. After an hour of interrogations and beatings, Stafford was left sitting on a stool, blindfolded, with his hands tied behind his back.

As time passed, Stafford's awareness shifted away from his physical pain and the uncertainty of his situation and focused on a single sensation: He was thirsty. He spent three days in the Green Knobby Room without water. At one point, he got down onto his knees and licked the floor where the tiles were joined, hoping that some water had accumulated there. When that failed, he tried licking damaged places on the wall, hoping that some water had sweated through. Death seemed a better option than living with his thirst.

On the last day of his interrogation, the door to the Green Knobby Room opened and three officers stepped in. Several guards accompanied them, carrying ropes and straps, some of which were stained with blood. Beginning at the shoulder, they wrapped Stafford's arms, carefully and patiently, tightening each loop until the rope would not take any more tension, then throwing another loop, lower. They repeated the process until his arms were circled with loops of rope, like ceremonial bracelets.

When he thought that the pain was as bad as it could be, the guards tied his arms together behind him, then, with a long rope, pulled them down toward his ankles, which were lashed together. He was being bent into a tight circle.

Because of the body-racking pain, he was passing out, then coming to and blacking out again. Without actually deciding to, he started answering the interrogators' questions. He talked about strikes that were planned against roads and bridges he had already bombed. He talked about people he had flown with years before, made up formations and methods of attack, trying desperately to make them sound convincing. They listened, took notes and did not stop him. He was willing, he realized, to do anything at all for a drink of water.

Finally, his interrogators seemed satisfied with his answers. "You have a good attitude, Stafford," one of them said. He gave Stafford a small cup of water. He drank it with pitiful, infantile gratitude.

•

Pain—from torture, from his shrapnel wounds, from his broken arm, collarbone and ribs—was not the worst element of Stafford's condition. Pain was bearable. The shame was worse. He had been broken; in a few days, he had been changed from a man who believed he could resist to death to a man who would tell his captors whatever they wanted to know for a drink of water. It was the deepest form of depression that he had ever known. He had sworn himself to standards and failed to live up to them. He had betrayed himself and his comrades.

The only way to be certain that he would not break again, Stafford decided, was to kill himself. So, using the few bits of clothing he'd been given—prison pajamas—and some of the gauze from his cast, he fashioned a noose, which he hung from the bars in the window of his cell. Then he stood on the concrete bunk and kicked. The force of the noose tightening broke up some of the crumbling mortar that anchored the bars around the window. He fell a foot and a half to the floor. He sat there in a heap, with plaster dust floating down on his head, thinking, You worthless piece of shit. You can't even do *that* right.

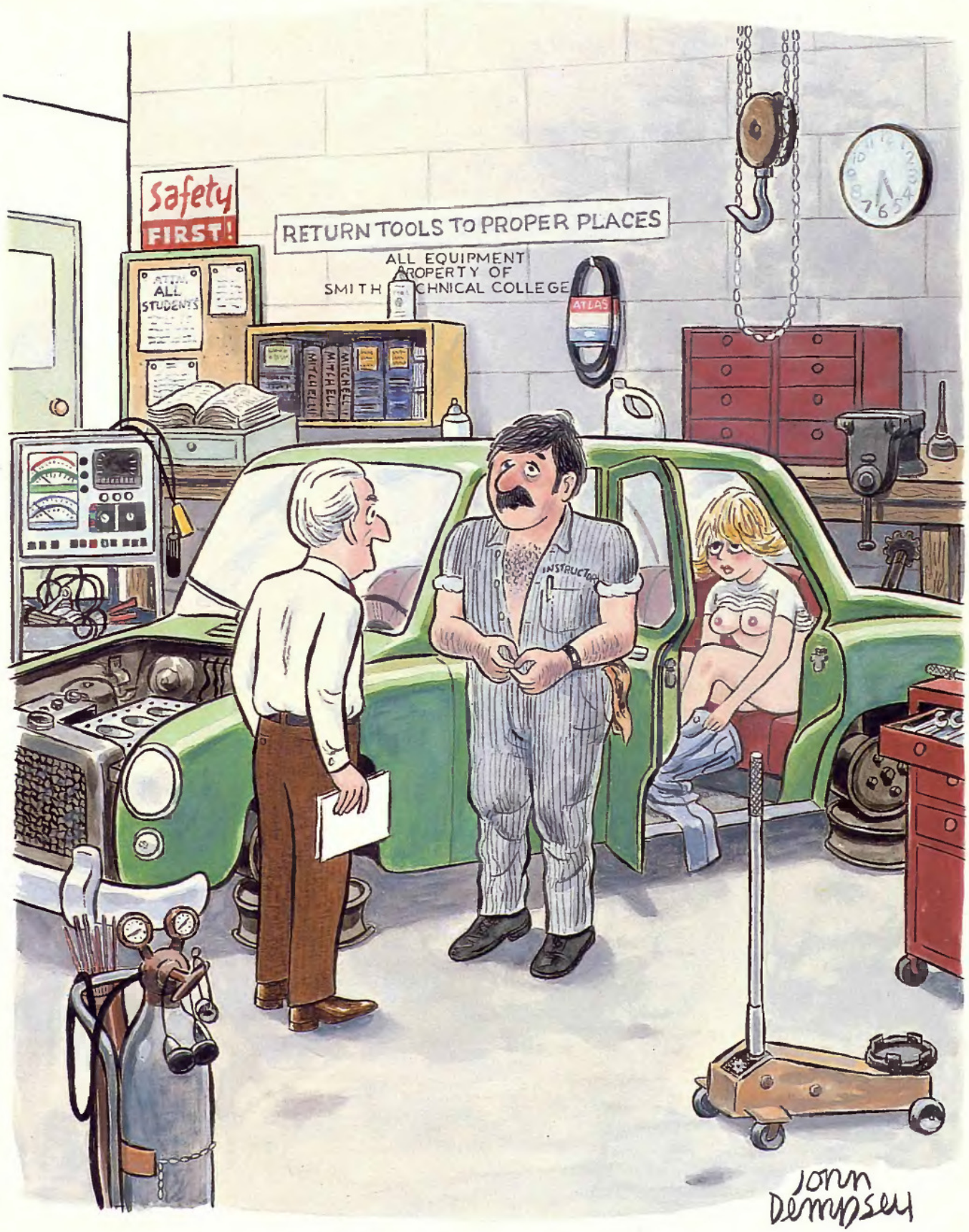
•

After a month alone in his void of pain, remorse and self-pity, Stafford was roused late one night by the guards. They took him to a waiting truck. The driver ran through the gears on his way out of the courtyard of Hoa Lo and into the streets of Hanoi. The drive lasted an hour or so, and when the truck pulled to a stop, the guards lifted Stafford to the ground. He was the newest prisoner in a place the captives called the Plantation.

He was led along a gravel path to a long shed with several doors. His sandals made a soft crunching sound as he walked, and the night air felt wonderfully clean after his foul, unventilated cell at Hoa Lo. He waited in front of a door, blinking, while his eyes adjusted and a guard swung the door open.

"Stafford," a guard said, "this is your new room."

(continued on page 138)



"I didn't think restrictions against teachers and students' makin' out applied to trade schools."

BACK TO CAMPUS

our report card on collegiate styles that make the grade

fashion
By HOLLIS WAYNE

IT'S THAT TIME of year again when thoughts return to school—and how to look good. Which should be a special pleasure this fall. Smart collegians will be wearing clothes that are both classy and casual, comfortable but sexy. That's right, the hot fabric will be good old denim. Those same great-feeling blue jeans that you've been living in all summer should pull down top fashion grades this fall. (For a guide to the ins and outs of jeans, check our August *Style* page.) Other denim that scores high will appear in stadium jackets and work shirts. In fact, the only way to flunk the denim look is to wear the fabric from head to toe. Instead, mix a denim shirt with a pair of khakis, black jeans or corduroy pants. (A funky tie held by an offbeat tie clip works well.) With blue jeans, wear a message T-shirt or a sweater or pick a printed shirt. Denim outerwear, especially the longer-length stadium coats, often features warm fleece linings and toggle closures. Some coats even have hoods, but if yours doesn't, buy a hooded sweat shirt and wear it with the hood over the outside of your collar. Then pull on some high-top sneakers, cowboy boots or funky hiking shoes and win one for the Gipper.

Left: Sand-washed quilted cotton baseball jacket with zip front, by Tom Tailor, $185; paisley washed-cotton shirt, by Bugle Boy Men's, $30; cotton jeans, by Jordache, about $38; polished-leather-and-suede belt, by Charles Chevignon, $70; and antiqued-leather shoes, by Steeple Gate, about $130. (Her outfit by Calvin Klein Sport; backpack by Clava American.) Above: Poplin-and-suede jacket, by Members Only, $150; denim overalls, by Guess?, $84; loden cotton-jersey hooded sweat shirt with zip front, by Axis, $76; cotton T-shirt, by Fruit of the Loom, about $6.25; and silver-case watch with nylon-ribbed band and Fifties print on the face, by Charles Chevignon, $78. (Her outfit by Benetton.)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TREL BROCK

Left: Cotton denim toggle coat with fleece lining, hood and patch pockets, from B. Free by M. Julian, $230; cotton-blend SAVE OUR PLANET jersey double-mock-turtleneck sweat shirt, by Cotler, $34; and wide-wale corduroy pants, by Guess?, $64. Right, clockwise from 12: Nylon backpack, by Bad Guys, $68; padded polished-leather-and-suede hiking boots, by Travel Fox, a Division of Hongson, $92; leather belt, by Charles Chevignon, $68; cotton/corduroy/denim sport shirt, by Pepe, $58; Archie-face watch with airplane-propeller hands, from Cheval by Bobtron, about $40; note pads with old ad prints on the cover, $15 for set of three, and cardboard clipboard with paper, about $21, both by Charles Chevignon; black-plastic and tortoise-rim glasses, by Guess? Eyewear, about $110.

JAMES IMBROGNO

TRAVEL-FOX
Style by CHEVIGNON
Right for cool comfort

Left: Cotton denim jacket with cotton-fleece removable vest with zip front and drawstring hood, by French Connection, $130; cotton T-shirt, by Fruit of the Loom, about $6.25; cotton trousers with double-pleated front, by Calvin Klein Sport for Men, $54; leather belt with antique silver buckle, by Billy Belts, $45; and nubuck penny loafers, by Barclay, $55. (The guy's date is wearing his cable-knit sweater, by Nautica, $145. Her denim skirt by Bik Bok; black hose by Ralph Lauren; and hat by Benetton.) Right: Wool melton sports coat, by Henry Grethel, $180; button-down denim shirt, by Bugle Boy Men's, $30; jeans, by h.i.s., about $22; silk galaxy-print tie, from Perry Ellis by Manhattan Menswear Group, $55; and kicking-leg tie clip, by Tom Tailor, $32. (Her outfit by Benetton.)

Where & How to Buy
on page 172

i went headfirst.

there was plenty of time to think about death—

but not enough time to do anything about it

THE DAY AFTER my first bungee jumps, I was sitting with the crazy Kockelman brothers, trying to describe the fright that had ambushed me as I stood looking down, thinking about the swan dive I was supposed to make from the rail of a 110-foot bridge somewhere in the Sierras. You'd think by now I'd know better than to go naming the tiger Chuckles before I had my head all the way down its throat, but I just hadn't expected this particular foolishness to scare me as much as it finally did.

John, the older of the brothers, the founding demento behind the only commercial bungee-jumping operation in the country, sat there smiling and nodding as I told my story. "Fear of heights is a very primitive thing," he said. "It's in our genetics back to prehistoric times. People who didn't fear heights aren't in the gene pool anymore."

Perhaps not, I thought. But when you consider that more than 4000 people have paid Bungee Adventures for a chance to jump from a fatal height on the end of a big rubber band, you have to allow that somewhere along the genetic track, more than a few harebrained chromosomes have slipped through.

Including mine, I guess. I've always been curious about what it would feel like to take a death fall. Mildly curious, anyway. The actual impact doesn't interest me at all, which made bungee jumping seem almost perfect: a chance to drum up the rush that probably goes with a suicidal plunge except that you're attached to a piece of technology that says "Just kidding" at the last moment.

•

I headed for the mountains on a hot summer Sunday under instructions to keep the location of the bridge

RUBBER JUMP

By CRAIG VETTER

ILLUSTRATION BY RAFAL OLBINSKI

secret. "Because," read the flier I'd been sent, "bungee jumping is not an officially sanctioned sport." In fact, it has been something of an outlaw sport, and has been since April Fools' Day of 1979 when a posse of tuxedo-wearing, champagne-drinking yo-yos who call themselves the Dangerous Sports Club of Oxford, England, jumped from the Clifton Bridge in Bristol. Because they didn't expect that anyone who owned a bridge would give them permission to bounce and dangle from it, they didn't ask and were arrested. Since then, most bungee jumping has been done by small groups using guerrilla tactics. Except in France, where it has become something of a craze in the past couple of seasons. According to the Club Élastique de France, 9000 people bungee-jumped in the first six months of 1989, and they had expected another 15,000 to try it by the end of that summer. As it turned out, the French government temporarily banned the sport in July 1989 after three people were killed, one off a bridge, two in jumps from the tops of cranes.

•

I drove the last seven miles to The Bridge at None of Your Business in calm spirits, over leprous and winding pavement, through a parched, oaky river gorge. I caught sight of the long concrete span from a distance and heard myself thinking, That's gotta be more than 100 feet, though you'd think by now I'd know that 100 feet as you sit in your chair imagining it becomes 100 meters when you actually look it in the face to climb or to jump it. I parked next to a bullet-peppered sign that read, NO JUMPING OR DIVING FROM THE BRIDGE.

The first thing I heard as I climbed out of my car was a scream. Eight or ten people at the far end of the bridge were leaning out over the railing, and as I looked, a body reached the top of a giant pendulum at my end, then made a huge, screeching arc back to the far end, then to me again, and back, until on a final swing over the riverbank, he undid the brake on his rope and rappelled onto dry land at the edge of the fast, shallow stream.

Just for a minute, I thought these were the bungee jumpers, though it didn't look right. They were using a climbing rope, not a bungee cord, and instead of jumping, they were stepping off the railing—the way Tarzan stepped off branches—into 60- and 70-foot sweeps. When I asked, the man who was tending their rigging told me the bungee jumpers had been there in the morning and would be back in about half an hour. He said that his group was just a bunch of free-lance thrillheads, cavers and climbers who'd brought their wives and children out for an inexpensive adrenaline fix.

"You going to jump on the bungees?" he asked me. He was wearing a Marine Corps T-shirt over a beer belly, and when I told him yes, he said, "Shit. You won't catch *me* on one of those things. I've rappelled down cliffs, I've jumped out of helicopters, but you couldn't *make* me jump a bungee. I don't trust those motherfuckers."

It was a little like listening to a newt call a sea slug ugly, I thought, as we watched a man step from the end of the bridge with his three-year-old daughter harnessed to his chest. She had a playground smile on her face as the two of them reached the top of their first swing just below me. Her sunny blonde hair stood straight out behind her little head.

Other cars pulled onto the bridge and parked. The people who got out and began milling around were young, dressed in shorts, jeans, sweat clothes. When the Bungee Adventures van parked near the middle of the upstream railing, 11 of us, including two women, gathered around the rear doors as the jump masters unloaded the gear: bungees, harnesses, carabiners, an A frame made of heavy pipe with a pulley system attached to it. When they'd bolted the frame to the bridge railing, they handed out the release forms. I never read them anymore. I just skip to the bottom line and sign my name, because I don't need the lecture from the lawyers that reads, "This is deeply stupid of you, and if something goes wrong, you might as well show your insurance card to the turkey vultures."

"My name's Roger," said a thin young man with a shy smile and a thousand freckles. "Bungee Adventures has been in business since May of 1988 and we've done several thousand jumps. You'll be jumping on three military-spec bungee cords." He held them up for us to see. They were banded together like television cables. "Each of the cords is made of three hundred sixty-five strands of rubber, surrounded by a nylon sheath that is stronger than the strands themselves. They're forty-five feet long and they'll stretch to about ninety feet. Each cord has a breaking point of about fifteen hundred pounds, and since everybody is going to be jumping on at least three cords, that's forty-five hundred pounds of static breaking strength. Everything is redundant, including two harnesses, three carabiners and two anchors into the bridge, each rated at twenty thousand pounds."

He pulled on the anchor frame and gave us a reassuring smile. "Nothing's ever broken," he said, which is what all of us wanted to hear. Then he added, "The only time anything's ever broken is when John did a body dip off the Golden Gate Bridge with two old cords and they both snapped. They didn't break all the way through. The nylon sheath held. Saved his life."

I stood there, looking down the 100 feet between me and the water, thinking, The Golden Gate Bridge? A body dip from 267 feet into the San Francisco Bay? Who are these guys?

•

I met them at lunch the next day: John, dark hair, 30 years old, clean and studious in his horn-rimmed glasses, looking more like the lawyer who had written the liability release than the man who had thought up the edgy enterprise, and Peter, three years younger, with his Huck Finn face and short, weedy blond hair. The two of them had grown up in Palo Alto. Summers, they rock-climbed in Yosemite, and on their way home from one of those trips, they spotted a high bridge and decided it would be fun to rappel down from it and then Jumar back up. It was while he hung below the bridge at the limit of his rope that John had what he calls a vision: He saw himself bungee-cording off the thing.

"I could picture it in my mind," he told me. "I have a funny brain"—brother Peter rolled his eyes and nodded his head—"and when I picture something that really turns me on, it becomes an obsession."

There were no books on bungee jumping, no magazine articles. All John knew about the sport was a segment he'd seen eight years before on the television show *That's Incredible!*, which featured the Dangerous Sports Club. So he started from scratch. He ordered 100 feet of bungee from a West German military supplier, then used his rock-climbing equipment to design a harness system and his degree in computer engineering to calculate the physics of stretch and rebound. He worked the bugs out by jumping off a baseball backstop at a local junior high.

Peter was working for an aerospace company in Los Angeles. "I got this call from John, saying, 'Hey, man, we're going to jump off a bridge,' and I just started sweating bullets, because I know some of the stupid things he's done in his lifetime. Once, when he was ten years old, he jumped over eight garbage cans on his BMX bike and cleared them by another eight, so he could have jumped over sixteen."

They took their best friends along on the first jump. Seven of them arrived at the bridge at night, climbed

(continued on page 160)

"I hesitate to ask you to come up because I share my studio with a sloppy, nosy, talkative, blonde, blue-eyed roommate who, moreover, is a nymphomaniac."

ANIMAL ATTRACTION

miss september stays on cozy terms with her wild kingdom

TOUR THE APARTMENT Kerri Kendall shares with her mother and you meet the members of Kerri's animal kingdom. "That's Ulysses S. Grunt and Ulinda S. Grunt," she says, pointing to the pair of fluffy pink pigs—stuffed-animal variety—splayed atop the sofa. "They used to just date, but they're married now." On a shelf above the Grunts' soft snouts, clumped carelessly around the trophies Kerri won in local bikini contests, is a cloth menagerie of rabbits, bears and, yes, more pigs ("I just love pigs—aren't they adorable?" asks the svelte San Diegan). In a bookcase in the breakfast nook are three tiny green ceramic inchworms, molded, baked and painted by Kerri herself. "Morris, Jill and Wendell," she says proudly. "They're a family." The introductions continue, with a few uncertainties ("This is Jennifer," she says, plucking another clay creature from a shelf. "I don't know what she is"), until the tall, tanned California girl collapses onto the couch with a giggle and says, "I know I have a lot of weird things around here, because I know I'm weird!" Imaginative, maybe. Definitely creative. But weird? Not on your life. The levelheaded, down-to-earth Miss September, 20 years old this month, grew up in a quiet neighborhood north of downtown San Diego with a mother she now calls her best friend and an older brother who looked out for her. She romped around the nearby canyons, "hanging out and acting tough" with her brother and his friends, then went to work after high school as a part-time model and full-time receptionist in an out-patient emergency clinic. "The funny thing about that job," she says, "is that I have a phobia about doctors' offices. The first time I had to go in while the doctor was with a patient, I just started swooning. You know that

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

"It's hard to make friends with girls when you look the way I do," says Kerri, who calls herself a loner. "Women get very competitive around me. The minute they see me, they assume that I'm going to try to steal their boyfriends. At parties, I usually end up hanging out with the guys, because the girls won't talk to me. Sometimes I feel like shouting, 'Don't be mad at me! I'm just *talking* to 'em.'"

kind of sterilized, alcohol, people-in-Gumby-suits smell? It reminded me of when I was little and had to get vaccinations. I used to scream and hide under a counter for hours." But Kerri decided to hang in there with the job, because "I have the best boss in the world," she says. He knows his gorgeous receptionist is headed for bigger things, and he understands. When he heard that Kerri was picked to be a Playmate, he said, "Take whatever time off you need. Have fun." And she has, such as the day she visited Playboy Mansion West and heard a motorcycle roar up the driveway. "I went outside and saw the most beautiful bike I'd ever seen—it was midnight purple, with leather fringe. Beautiful! I said, 'Whose bike is this?' And someone said, 'That's Jimmy's.' I said, 'Jimmy?' 'Jimmy—James Caan.' I said, 'James Caan? Naaah.'" While she busied herself taking pictures of the bike "from every angle," out strolled the star himself. It was a thrill, but nothing Kerri couldn't handle. "People are just people to me," she says. "I don't judge them by how important they're supposed to be or how famous they are. I judge them by their attitude." And she doesn't cotton to money talk. "Some guys try to impress you by telling you they have this big old house or all these cars." Kerri shakes her pretty head at the thought. "When they do that, I just think, Well, that does me a lot of good! What do you want? A brownie button?" For now, Kerri is taking life one day at a time—she doesn't know if she wants a career or kids or both, and she's in no hurry to move away from her best friend, her mom. "I used to get nervous wondering about the future, but I don't bother with getting nervous anymore. Whatever happens, I know that I'll have some laughs."

"A good tan, a great body—the natural look," says Miss September when asked to describe the man of her dreams. "I'm not into the male-model type, with the blow-dried hair and the fake smile. I love men who look like they just sprouted up out of the ground."

MISS SEPTEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Kerri Kendall

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Kerri Kendall

BUST: 36 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'5½" WEIGHT: 110

BIRTH DATE: 9/25/70 BIRTHPLACE: San Diego, CA

AMBITIONS: To become more worldly but never change inside, just be me-e-e! ♪♫

TURN-ONS: summertime, sense of humor, beautiful eyes, long hair, down-to-earth people.

TURN-OFFS: materialism, intimidating personalities (people who have to put you down to build themselves up), dentists

IDEAL EVENING: - a bottle of champagne and a bubble bath with my man (and a little imagination!)

SUNNY DAYS: on the beach in Jamaica with my baby and reggae music.

FUTURE SHOCKS: I don't know if I'll be a movie star or a housewife, but I'll be happy whatever I choose.

7th grade
I HATE PICTURE day!

1990
model search
Oooh, baby!

10th grade
my perm from hell!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

When he could squeeze in the time, the Pope made arrangements to play nine holes of golf. At the seventh hole, a 175-yard par-three to an island green, he prudently decided to tee up an old ball. Suddenly, a thunderous voice boomed from above, "Tee up a *new* ball."

The pontiff dutifully bent down and replaced the old ball with a new one. Once again, a thunderous voice boomed, "Now step back and take a few practice swings."

The Pope stepped back and practiced his swing. Several minutes passed, then he heard a sigh and the voice from above intoned, "OK, tee up the old ball."

One of President Gorbachev's aides rushed into his Kremlin office and cried out, "Sir, momentous news! Some of it good, some of it bad."

"What's the bad news?" the besieged Gorbachev nervously asked.

"Space aliens have landed in Leningrad!"

"I'll be damned! And the good news?"

"They hate Americans and shit wheat."

As the emergency-room physician began treating the young man's contusions, he asked him what had happened.

"I was dancing the lambada with my girlfriend," he explained, "when her father walked into the room and started beating me with his cane."

"Is he crazy?" the medic asked.

"No, he's deaf."

If Wall Street's Merrill Lynch decided to buy out troubled Drexel Burnham, do you suppose it would rename the firm Lynch & Burnham?

Charley and Bill were out deep-sea fishing when their boat struck a reef and sank. They started swimming for an island in the distance when a shark attacked Charley. Although severely bitten on the legs, he was able to continue swimming. Soon, however, the shark returned and slashed his arms. Now completely disabled, he began foundering. Bill swam back for him and said, "The island's not far now. Get on my back and I'll swim us both to shore."

An hour later, Bill hauled Charley out of the waves and onto the beach, where they both collapsed, exhausted. "Boy," Bill said, sighing, "I'm fucked."

"I know," Charley replied apologetically, "but that's the only way I could hold on."

A suburban woman and three friends were playing bridge one evening. When the hostess' husband came into the room and announced that he was going to bed, she unzipped his fly, took out his penis, kissed it and said good night.

The three other women were dumb-struck. "Helen, that's the most disgusting thing I've ever seen!" one exclaimed.

"You wouldn't think it was so disgusting," she replied, "if you ever smelled his breath."

What do lawyers use for birth control? Their personalities.

Three men sitting side by side on a plane had ridden silently for half an hour when the one next to the window cleared his throat and said, "General, United States Army, married, two sons, both surgeons."

Another 30 minutes passed in silence until the man on the aisle snorted and said, "General, United States Air Force, married, two sons, both judges."

A full hour later, the man in the middle spoke up. "Sergeant major, United States Marine Corps, never married, two sons, both generals."

Two agents were walking down the street in Los Angeles when a beautiful woman walked in front of them.

"Boy, I'd like to fuck her," said one.

"Really?" said the other. "Out of what?"

To help defray expenses of the Huntington Beach oil-spill clean-up, the Los Angeles city council is considering acquiring the spill, then bottling and marketing the gooey stuff as "Oil of L.A."

One hot and dusty day, a cowboy rode into a small frontier town. After dismounting, he walked behind his horse, lifted its tail and kissed it where the sun don't shine.

An old man rocking by the general store witnessed this strange event. "Whatya do that fer?" he asked.

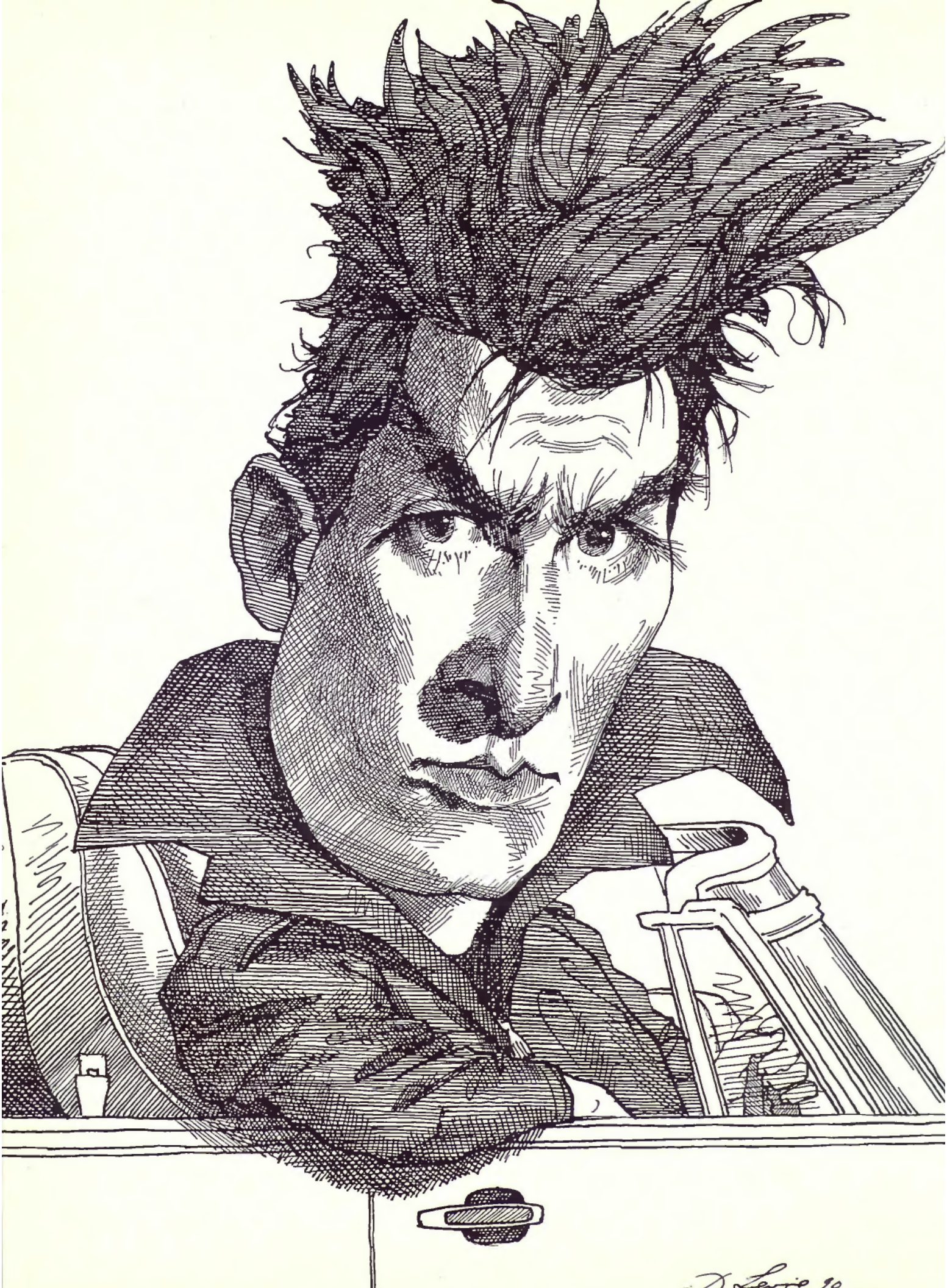
"Got chapped lips," the cowpoke replied.

"Does that help?"

"Nope, but it keeps me from lickin' 'em."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Not only do I curse you but your descendants also. Know that they will be so heavily taxed they'll be forced to open this castle as a tourist attraction!"



PLAYBOY PROFILE

By Laurence Gonzales

SURE, IT'S JUST A MOVIE. THE ACTOR STILL HAS TO BATTLE HIS FANS, HIS FAME AND AN OBSTINATE CELLULAR PHONE

Charlie Sheen Goes to War

I TOOK IT as a sign of friendship when Charlie Sheen allowed me to smash the cellular telephone with him. We used the 20-pound dumbbells. We had been in the trailer for many days, locked in a savage, inward-looking psychosis that inevitably creeps up during the making of a big-budget motion picture. He had already tried the Binaca blast: a commando technique for killing flies, using a Bic lighter and a Binaca breath-spray canister to make an improvised flame thrower. But clearly, other, more bizarre diversions would have to be found lest dementia set in.

I sat at the kitchen table, Sheen sat on the couch and his lifelong friend, Pat Kenney, stood in the kitchen, opening cupboards, looking for a bowl. He opened one above the refrigerator and said, "Hey, look, a microwave."

"Let's get a hamster and a video camera," Sheen said.

The trailer, which looked like an injection-molded motel room inside, sat in a line of trailers in the Knights of Columbus parking lot in Virginia Beach, Virginia, in the middle of a pine forest right next to Camp Pendleton and Naval Air Station Oceana.

Sheen was starring in *Navy SEALS*, directed by Lewis (*Jewel of the Nile*) Teague. Troubled Orion Pictures had high hopes for the film, an action-adventure saga about Navy commandos versus Arab terrorists. To enhance its box-office potential, *Navy SEALS* features a rowdy, daredevil line-up of male stars from *Platoon*, *The Abyss*, *Aliens* and *The Terminator*, all of whom (it was hoped) would make *Top Gun* look like Restoration drama. And Sheen was the most bankable of the group.

But there were complaints about the director—not only from the actors but at every level of the production. Leadership is never an easy quality to come by on a grand, rolling ship in the choppy sea of cinema. Now there was the chafing of icebergs against the gunwales, the muttering among the crew. "Failing upward," I heard several actors say, in reference to how this film had come to be made at all.

Sheen himself said, "Orion sends some executive down here for the day with 'tips.' We really need his tips. He spends half the day on the phone talking to his secretary so he doesn't miss any calls. Then he has lunch, talks to me about future projects and bails. No wonder things get fucked up."

Chuck Pfarrer, who wrote the story on which *Navy SEALS* is based, told me, "This is what we used to call in the military a goat fuck."

Sheen was a professional. He showed up in the make-up trailer on time every morning. He didn't throw tantrums when others around him were losing their heads. He did what the director told him, even when it was clearly silly. He gave every performance his best shot, even under the worst conditions. Still, it was inevitable that a certain irritability would build. There had been long delays in getting a sequence that was supposed to have taken one day to shoot. There had been much rewriting, with high-priced script doctors flown in from L.A. One scene, a football game on a beach, was such an obvious copy of the volleyball

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE

scene from *Top Gun* that the actors unanimously refused to do it, and a golf-course scene was invented by one of the actors, Bill Paxton.

The cellular phone in the trailer was simply the last of many straws. Every time Sheen tried to call his then-fiancée, Kelly Preston, just as they would get to the intimate part (such as "Hello"), some kind of hounds-of-hell squeal would cut in, the line would go dead and he would be sitting there talking to himself.

Sheen, on the couch, held the phone to his ear, saying, "Hello. Hello. Hello." No expression. He didn't seem angry. We had been working out with the 20-pound dumbbells, doing curls, and they were on the floor beside my chair. He seemed calm when he walked over and said, "Excuse me," and picked up one of the dumbbells. I picked up the other and followed him out of the trailer into the hot Virginia sun—not sure yet what we were going to do.

Sheen set the cellular phone on the asphalt. Then, without a word, without a sign of emotion, he held the dumbbell high and aimed carefully before letting it drop squarely onto the handset. Suddenly, it was a killing frenzy, with both of us dropping dumbbells, over and over, onto the various parts of the phone, until the device was reduced to a collection of shattered microcircuitry and shards of plastic.

Without a word, we went back inside and set the dumbbells down. In a few more minutes, a middle-aged woman came to the door and asked if the air conditioning was working all right (it wasn't) and Sheen apologized to her about the phone. "I kind of put an end to it," he said, now bashful and boyish. "Just tell them to send me a bill."

•

We worked out every night after the shooting day was done. Wareing's was a serious bodybuilding gym not far from the Navy base, where emerging gods and goddesses buffed up their corporeal reality with Olympic weight routines and special pain machines. Men would come up to talk to Sheen. "Good to have you working out here," they'd say, or "We're having a party later. Be great if you'd stop by."

Sheen would shake hands, always cordial. But he'd try to be honest with them, too. "Actually, I've got to go watch the play-offs." Or "I don't usually party much." He told me that sometimes he would wrap two fingers of his right hand with tape before going out to dinner to avoid signing autographs.

"And you know what people do?" Kenney asked. "They say, 'Well, how about signing with your left hand?'"

Our workout was intense, with little talking, and 45 minutes later ("If I do abs, I'll throw up," Sheen said apologetically as we left), we were on our way to a bar for the first game of the American League play-offs. He was mostly cool about fans, but that bar was chosen in part because of its distinct lack of popularity and its big-screen TV and in part because of Pam, the bartender, who was relaxed about the fact that she got to serve Sheen all night long and that he actually talked to her—actually liked her. The whole cast liked her.

Sheen doesn't think it's right to be mean to fans. He told me that when Roseanne Barr was filming *She-Devil*, she had had a covered walkway—three blocks long—built from the set of the movie to her trailer so that fans couldn't even see her. "What a fucking pig that lady is," he said. "But she's parlayed pigness into a multimillion-dollar business, so that's the name of the game, I guess."

But there was a down side to being in such a bar. At least if you're in a lovely bar, then lovely people will pester you. But if you're in a nowhere bar... well, every plan has its drawbacks. Such as the plump blonde who lurched in with her friend one night and stopped dead in her tracks when she realized her amazing good fortune—she had stumbled upon Charlie Sheen and other stars whom she may have recognized from *Aliens*, *The Abyss*, *The Lords of Discipline* and *Hill Street Blues*.

She and her friend walked past us, very close, and she said, "Excuse me." They sat close to us and loudly ordered drinks and watched Sheen intently as he watched the baseball game. Finally, unable to control herself any longer, the plump girl planted herself right beside Sheen, with her crotch just about level with his nose and her fat legs sticking out of her blue-denim skirt like sausages. She nervously introduced herself, and Sheen said hello, thank you very much, good night, but she would not go away. It was touchy for about half an hour. The blonde and her friend kept coming back, giggling and interrupting the game, while Sheen restrained himself and said nothing. The girls finally left, and as they did so, he looked up to see the four great buttocks wiggling away. "I have two words for you, girls," he said. "StairMaster."

•

Sheen stood out in the sun in a parking lot, waiting to do one of the last scenes in the film. It was a touching one in which two old friends say goodbye, requiring him to reach for some depth and concentration. Beyond the lot was the Navy shipyard, where the U.S.S. Coral Sea, the U.S.S. John F. Kennedy and numerous other aircraft carriers were docked. They were so big that being among them gave us the feeling of being in midtown Manhattan, those billions of tons of haze-gray, angular steel sitting like an architectural trick upon the gentle, rippling sea.

From the nearest ship came a noise so loud that we had to shout to be heard. Sheen stood in the hot glare, wearing no sunglasses, chewing his cuticles, Kuki Lopez, the first assistant director, marched up and down the lines of sailors who had gathered to watch, shouting, "Clear the actors' sight line, please. Everybody back! Back!"

Sheen did not wait patiently, but he did wait diligently. Something came over him in those lulls between the action, and smoking a Marlboro held between thumb and forefinger, he seemed insulated from his surroundings. (In talking to me about his demeanor on the set, he quoted Marlon Brando: "Just because they say 'Action!' doesn't mean you have to do anything.")

Sheen understood that moviemaking is like combat. Every time the director yelled "Cut!" entire battalions of people and equipment swept across our field of vision. Martin Sheen, his father, had taken Charlie, then ten, to the Philippines during the filming of *Apocalypse Now*. When Martin had a heart attack and nearly died during the filming, something clicked in Charlie's mind. Ten years later, Charlie returned to the Philippines to film *Platoon*, and the karmic circle was completed. Those bizarre times and events set his method and demeanor on the set of every subsequent movie.

The director was finally satisfied that he had the shot, despite the screeching and grinding, and no sooner had he said "Print it" than Sheen walked calmly to the waiting Lincoln Continental by the roadside, got in and vanished.

There was an element of loneliness, even fear, in Sheen's situation here. When he went from the bar to the bathroom, he would take with him Kenney or one of the Navy Seals who were working on the film as technical advisors, in case of ambush. Of course, the guys were always joking about it. When good-looking women appeared, someone would say, "Incoming," or "Pleasure units approaching at three o'clock, sir." Boys will be boys, especially when they're playing Navy Seals with real Navy Seals around to egg them on. Coming onto the scene, a Seal might greet the assemblage with, "Is the fun meter pegged out yet?"

(continued on page 166)

"Go to bed with you? Get real!"

PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST

sports By GARY COLE

WHEN I WAS just a little fella sittin' at the knee of the late Anson Mount, *Playboy*'s poppa football prognosticator, he taught me rule number one of the mystical trade. "Son," said Anson, "never pick a Super Bowl winner to repeat." Seemed like sound advice. After all, no team had turned the trick since the Steelers dynasty of the late Seventies. Heck, from 1983 to 1987, no Super Bowl champ had even won a play-off game the following year.

THE WINNERS AND LOSERS IN THIS SEASON'S N.F.L. WARS

There are lots of reasons it's hard to repeat. First, winners get the following season's toughest schedule. Then there's the reverse order of the draft. Win the Super Bowl and you pick 28th on the first and subsequent rounds. Players and coaches also must write their memoirs after a Super Bowl win. And don't forget the rubber-chicken speaking circuit. And the *Letterman* show. And some guys want to renegotiate their contracts and wind up missing training camp and holding out the first few games. And don't forget the luck factor—the luck of avoiding injuries, the luck of the way the ball bounces.

So how come the San Francisco 49ers not only repeated but dominated last year, winning 14 out of 16 regular-season games and demolishing Denver 55–10 in Super Bowl XXIV? Simple. They have the best players, the best quarterback and a smart coach in George Seifert, all under the care of modern-day *patrone* owner Eddie DeBartolo, Jr. (see page 123), who coddles his minions like fine works of art—which in the case of Joe Montana and Jerry Rice is just what they are.

Oh, yeah. One other thing. The rest of the teams in pro football, with the possible exception of the 1–15 Dallas Cowboys, are so closely bunched in talent and inspiration that they take turns bashing one another's brains out, while the 49ers cruise on a higher plane of existence. Last season, 17 of 28 teams finished within two games of .500. In the N.F.C., only the 49ers, the Rams, the Eagles and the Giants managed to win more than ten games. In the A.F.C., it was even closer; only Denver (11–5) won more than ten times. The term to describe the phenomenon is parity, and its father is Pete Rozelle, the former N.F.L. commissioner, whose replacement, league lawyer and confidant Paul Tagliabue, will most likely continue the state of equilibrium, which, for the time being, leaves San Francisco alone with its dynasty.

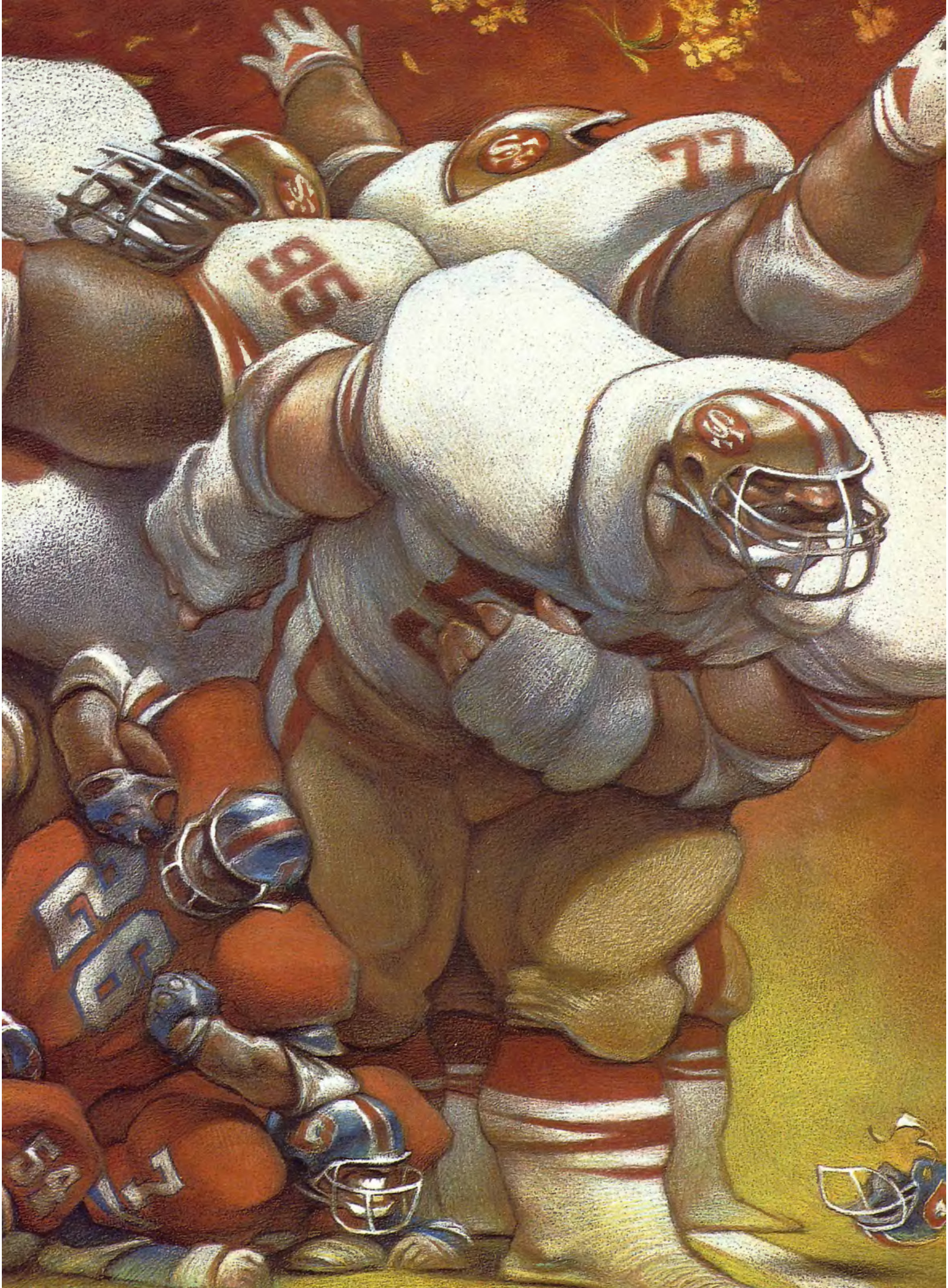
So unless Joe Montana steps in a hole while deciding which of his five wide-open All-Pro receivers to throw to, we have no choice but to pick up the chant that began drifting along the 49ers bench about three minutes into Super Bowl XXIV—*three-peat*.

If the outcome looks the same, the season will feature a few odd novelties. The league has added two more teams to the play-offs, a plan that comes too late to help Wisconsin fans, whose Packers would have made last year's play-offs had the new format been in place. According to Commissioner Tagliabue, it will "create added competition and excitement." He could have added that it will put a few more million bucks in the pot.

The season will also be extended to 17 weeks. Each team will receive a one-week bye and the extra week between the league championship and the Super Bowl will be eliminated. In 1992 and 1993, the season will expand to 18 weeks, though each team will still play only 16 regular-season games. Again, figure more television (read monetary) opportunities.

A restructuring of the league is definitely on Tagliabue's list of dos for the Nineties. The present two 14-team conferences, each separated into three

ILLUSTRATION BY CARTER GOODRICH



THIS SEASON'S WINNERS

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Eastern Division ..... Buffalo Bills
Central Division ..... Cincinnati Bengals
Western Division ..... Kansas City Chiefs
Wild Cards ..... Cleveland Browns
San Diego Chargers
A.F.C. Champion ..... Cincinnati Bengals

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Eastern Division ..... Philadelphia Eagles
Central Division ..... Minnesota Vikings
Western Division ..... San Francisco 49ers
Wild Cards ..... New York Giants
Los Angeles Rams
N.F.C. Champion ..... San Francisco 49ers

SUPER BOWL CHAMPION ..... SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS

PLAYBOY'S 1990 PRE-SEASON ALL-PRO TEAM

OFFENSE

Joe Montana, San Francisco ..... Quarterback
Christian Okoye, Kansas City ..... Running Back
Barry Sanders, Detroit ..... Running Back
Jerry Rice, San Francisco ..... Wide Receiver
Sterling Sharpe, Green Bay ..... Wide Receiver
Keith Jackson, Philadelphia ..... Tight End
Anthony Muñoz, Cincinnati ..... Tackle
Gary Zimmerman, Minnesota ..... Tackle
Tom Newberry, Los Angeles Rams ..... Guard
Mike Munchak, Houston ..... Guard
Jay Hilgenberg, Chicago ..... Center

DEFENSE

Reggie White, Philadelphia ..... End
Chris Doleman, Minnesota ..... End
Keith Millard, Minnesota ..... Tackle
Michael Dean Perry, Cleveland ..... Tackle
Lawrence Taylor, New York Giants ..... Outside Linebacker
Tim Harris, Green Bay ..... Outside Linebacker
John Offerdahl, Miami ..... Inside Linebacker
Albert Lewis, Kansas City ..... Cornerback
Frank Minnifield, Cleveland ..... Cornerback
David Fulcher, Cincinnati ..... Safety
Ronnie Lott, San Francisco ..... Safety

SPECIALTIES

Eddie Murray, Detroit ..... Place Kicker
Sean Landeta, New York Giants ..... Punter
Rod Woodson, Pittsburgh ..... Kick Returner
David Meggett, New York Giants ..... Punt Returner
Ron Wolfley, Phoenix ..... Special Teams

ROOKIE OF THE YEAR

Keith McCants, Tampa Bay ..... Linebacker

divisions, will probably be scrapped for three ten-team conferences, each divided into two divisions. That would open up two spots for expansion teams.

And now, before any more artificial turf grows between our toes, let's take a swing around the league and see who, if anyone, can challenge the 49ers in 1990.

WESTERN DIVISION
NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

San Francisco 49ers	13– 3
Los Angeles Rams	11– 5
New Orleans Saints	7– 9
Atlanta Falcons	4–12

As San Francisco 49ers coach George Seifert said recently while polishing his Super Bowl ring, "We didn't change much from the Bill Walsh era. Why should we?" Pretty smart guy, this George Seifert. Forty-Niners, pretty good team. Four Super Bowls in the Eighties. Team of the decade. But when Seifert said "We didn't change," he really meant, "We didn't *stop* changing." Have the best team in football? Sign cornerbacks Hanford Dixon from Cleveland and Dave Waymer from New Orleans, defensive tackle Fred Smerlas from Buffalo and two or three other guys available through Plan B. Trade running back Terrence Flagler and defensive end Daniel Stubbs to the Cowboys for some draft picks next year. Dump malcontent cornerback Tim McKyer. Draft a nifty little speed ball named Dexter Carter from Florida State and take on Dennis Brown, a hulking if slightly pudgy defensive tackle from Washington.

Seifert is shrewd about keeping the best of what he has: offensive coordinator Mike Holmgren, who stays put even though three other teams are falling over one another to make him their head coach, and quarterback Steve Young, football's top backup player, who's waiting around another year for Joe the Magnificent to hang it up.

There are lots of reasons the 49ers win but none more important than Joe Montana. Just look at the numbers last season: passes attempted, 386; passes completed, 271. That's 70.2 percent. Twenty-six touchdowns, only eight interceptions and a quarterback rating of 112.4, the highest ever. But numbers aren't the whole story with Montana; he is almost serene behind center in the most critical, pressure-packed situations.

It has to be frustrating for Los Angeles Rams coach John Robinson. His team was regarded by many as the second best in pro football last season, improved significantly in the off season

LITTLE BIG MAN

the 49ers' diminutive owner says he's growing up

By Kevin Cook

"I ALWAYS WANTED to be six-three," says Edward DeBartolo, Jr., 5'7". As a guard on his high school football team 30 years ago, DeBartolo had conflicting ambitions. He hoped to help his father expand the family business; he hoped to grow tall and join the N.F.L. Today, he runs the vast DeBartolo Corporation and owns the world-champ San Francisco 49ers. Six-three is the only goal he didn't reach.

Fans know DeBartolo as the hyper little guy leaping to high-five his players. He stays out of strategy sessions and gets his kicks by showering the 49ers with love and money. His players have the top payroll in the game and more perks than Mr. Coffee: single hotel rooms on the road, two seats each on team flights, a new training complex sometimes called "the Taj." The owner flies players and their families to lavish parties—the latest was a $500,000 luau on Kauai. He sends birthday cards to their kids and gift certificates to their wives.

"I treat players and coaches the way I'd want to be treated if I were them," he says. "Like valued employees. Like men." Or perhaps even better: "Like Forty-Niners."

When he bought the team in 1977, he was 30 years old, a loudmouthed rich kid whose prime qualification for the job was that he'd roomed across the hall from Steeler hero Rocky Bleier in college. Things got rocky as the team got worse. The owner was roasted in the local press. One scribe even blamed the team's shortcomings on the owner's size.

DeBartolo could have shifted the heat to the coach. No one was calling Bill Walsh a genius when the 1979 team went 2–14. But he saw in Walsh the combination of ego and grim purpose that the owner calls the Attitude. "Something in Bill—that sense of direction about him—told me things were going to turn," he says.

In the waning minutes of the 1982 N.F.C. title game, Dwight Clark's Velcro fingers snagged a Joe Montana pass. That touchdown reception, soon known simply as the Catch, finished Dallas as America's team and launched the age of DeBartolo's team. "Dwight's catch made the franchise. It started our Eighties roll."

The Attitude begat the Catch and the Catch begat the Roll. From 1983 to 1990, the 'Niners were 92-32-1 and went three for three in the Super Bowl.

"Mr. D. has done everything possible to make a winning atmosphere," Montana has said. "In return, the guys try to show their respect for him on the field."

In 1987, the guys even tried to return some of his money. When the N.F.L. fined DeBartolo for offering his players bonuses if they won Super Bowl XXII, the 'Niners took up a collection and paid the fine themselves. This, too, was illegal—the money went to charity—but the owner nearly wept when he learned what his players had done.

"Frivolous" is one of the kinder things DeBartolo is called by rival owners. If his company were to lose $400,000, as his profligate team has, his critics charge, he wouldn't call it "a few dollars." True enough, but DeBartolo understands the crucial difference between running a corporation and running a team. In commerce, you keep score by counting money; in football, the bottom line is Super Bowls.

Last spring, he was caught with his fiscal pants down. In 1986, he had secretly transferred team accounts to the DeBartolo Corporation, saving millions but breaking a league rule against corporate ownership. "I'd think twice before I did it again," he says ruefully. Now 43, the 'Niners' top man and top fan says he has mellowed. "My attitude has changed: Live your life, run your business and be with your family."

DeBartolo savors the best moments of his team's Eighties roll but doesn't forget the worst. There is a photo of the Catch, signed by Clark, in his home. And, in a file cabinet in his office, the newspaper column that blamed his team's imperfections on his height.

"We've been better and luckier than most teams," he says. "And we're going to keep this winning unit together." Not long ago, he re-signed his offensive coordinator to an unprecedented three-year contract at $200,000 annually. Then he gave ten other assistant coaches raises. "I want to stay competitive. If you stay competitive, you always have a chance to make the play-offs," DeBartolo says. "And then, hell, anything can happen."

If you have the Attitude.

and is *still* second best. It's enough to make owner Georgia Frontiere's hair turn orange.

The heart of the Rams attack is an offensive line led by Jackie Slater, Doug Smith and Tom Newberry. As is the habit with good teams, the Rams improved upon a strength by drafting Washington center Bern Brostek with their first pick and nabbing guard Joe Milinichik, a starter at Detroit, through Plan B. Then they backed up Greg Bell (1137 yards) by dipping into Plan B once again for running back Curt Warner, the former Seattle star.

Heading the Rams offense, of course, is Jim Everett, who passed for more touchdowns (29) than any other quarterback in the league. With receivers Henry Ellard and deep threat Willie "Flipper" Anderson, who averaged an amazing 26 yards per catch, the Rams figure to trail only the 49ers (442 to 426 last year) in points scored.

There is, however, a glaring weakness in the Rams' otherwise strong game: pass defense. In that category, they finished 28th, dead last not just in the division, not just in the conference, but in the league, surrendering 4302 yards to their opponents. Defensive coordinator Fritz Shurmur calls one defensive scheme the eagle, but last year, it performed more like a dodo.

The New Orleans Saints have had three winning seasons in a row but only one play-off berth to show for it. And there's a disturbing trend to their numbers: 12 wins in 1987, ten wins in 1988, nine wins in 1989. If general manager Jim Finks and coach Jim Mora don't find a way to plug the leaks, the Saints' ship may continue to sink.

The biggest question is at quarterback. Bobby Hebert, benched by Mora with three games left in the season, has asked to be traded. John Fourcade, who played well at the end of last season, is hardly a franchise Q.B.; his tendency to run out of the pocket also makes an injury-free season doubtful. The Saints drafted two young quarterbacks, Mike Buck from Maine and Gerry Gdowski from Nebraska, but neither will help any time soon.

The outlook is brighter at running back, where Rueben Mayes returns after missing last season with an injured Achilles' tendon. Dalton Hilliard was a Saints savior in Mayes's absence, gaining more than 1200 yards. The offensive line is good, but the wide-receiving corps lacks a burner.

On defense, the Saints played their version of Jekyll and Hyde. They were the top-rated rushing defense in the league, thanks in large part to a stellar linebacking corps led by underrated Pat Swilling and Vaughn Johnson. Unfortunately, stopping the rush sent opposing teams to the air, and the Saints' pass defense had more holes in it than Pete Fountain's clarinet. The team took West Virginia defensive end Renaldo Turnbull with its first pick in the draft in an effort to bolster an aging defensive front.

It's the 25th anniversary of the Atlanta Falcons franchise this season and, appropriately enough, the team has decided to celebrate by returning to its original black jerseys. New coach Jerry Glanville, formerly with Houston, doesn't mind a bit, since they fit his all-black wardrobe just fine. He promises to bring an attack philosophy to the Falcons, who were eminently forgettable last year. "We will hustle, we will chase, we will hit and we will be enthusiastic!" says the former orchestrator of the Oiler House of Pain.

Ironically, Glanville may have received the biggest assist in his mission not from personnel director Ken Herock but from Indianapolis Colts owner Robert Irsay. Irsay fell so in love with Illini quarterback Jeff George's potential that he traded six-time Pro Bowl offensive lineman Chris Hinton, wide receiver Andre Rison and next year's number-one pick to get the Falcons' top spot in this year's draft.

Glanville will switch the team to his version of the run-and-shoot, which he calls the "red gun." Quarterback Chris Miller, whose performance has yet to match his potential, will have as many as four wide receivers on the field.

On defense, the Falcons are anchored by nose tackle Tony Casillas and cornerback Deion Sanders. As a kick returner, Sanders is a threat to score every time he touches the ball. Unfortunately, for every bright spot on the Falcons' defense, there's a hole next to it, accounting for opponents' scoring an average 27.3 points per game last year.

CENTRAL DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Minnesota Vikings	11 – 5
Detroit Lions	9 – 7
Green Bay Packers	9 – 7
Chicago Bears	7 – 9
Tampa Bay Buccaneers	5 –11

Before the start of minicamp, Minnesota Vikings general manager Mike Lynn joined his players on an Outward Bound type of program in New Mexico. Helping one another over a 50-foot wall was part of Lynn's strategy to update his image and revive pro football's premiere group of underachievers. The Vikings were picked by many, including us, to win last season's Super Bowl; instead, they limped in with a weak 10–6 record and lost their first-round play-off game.

Don't blame the defense. Number one in 1988 and 1989, it's most likely to win top honors again. Last season, led by sack masters Chris Doleman (21) and Keith Millard (18), Minnesota finished only one sack shy of the 1984 Bears mark of 72.

To avoid the quarterback controversy that has haunted coach Jerry Burns in recent years, the Vikings released veteran Tommy Kramer. The job belongs to Wade Wilson and backup Rich Gannon, though it's rumored that Lynn covets the Cowboys' Steve Walsh.

The Vikings also hope that they can reap some benefits from the controversial Herschel Walker trade that sent a passel of players and draft picks to the Cowboys for the former Heisman winner. Walker, who gained more than 100 yards only once for the Vikes, should do better with new assistant head coach Tom Moore sending in the plays.

Ironically, the Vikings won all eight of their home games, played indoors, but failed to prevail in any cold-weather sites, picking up victories in only Tampa and the Silverdome. If they do win it all this season, how many general managers will feel compelled to scale 50-foot walls next year?

The Detroit Lions could have done an "el foldo" act last year after stumbling to a 1–8 start. But coach Wayne Fontes refused to panic and the Lions finished 6–1, with upsets of the Packers, the Browns and the Saints. Much of the credit goes to running back Barry Sanders, who finished a close second to Christian Okoye for the league rushing title. Sanders, the new, improved and better-behaved version of Billy Sims, made offensive guru Mouse Davis' run-and-shoot a lot more run than pass.

Desperate for an outside pass rush on defense, the franchise instead nabbed Heisman-trophy quarterback Andre Ware on the seventh pick of the first round of the draft. He should be perfectly suited to the team's offensive scheme.

The Lions have the right attitude and some of the right talent. In the topsy-turvy world of the N.F.C. Central, anything can happen.

It was almost the season of destiny for the Green Bay Packers, time to finally put the Lombardi years to rest. Finishing at 10–6, the Pack was in the play-off hunt until the final game of the season. The unlikely hero was quarterback Don Majkowski, who specialized in comeback victories and fourth-down magic.

The Packers got plenty of help from Plan B (they signed 20 players) but little from number-one draft pick

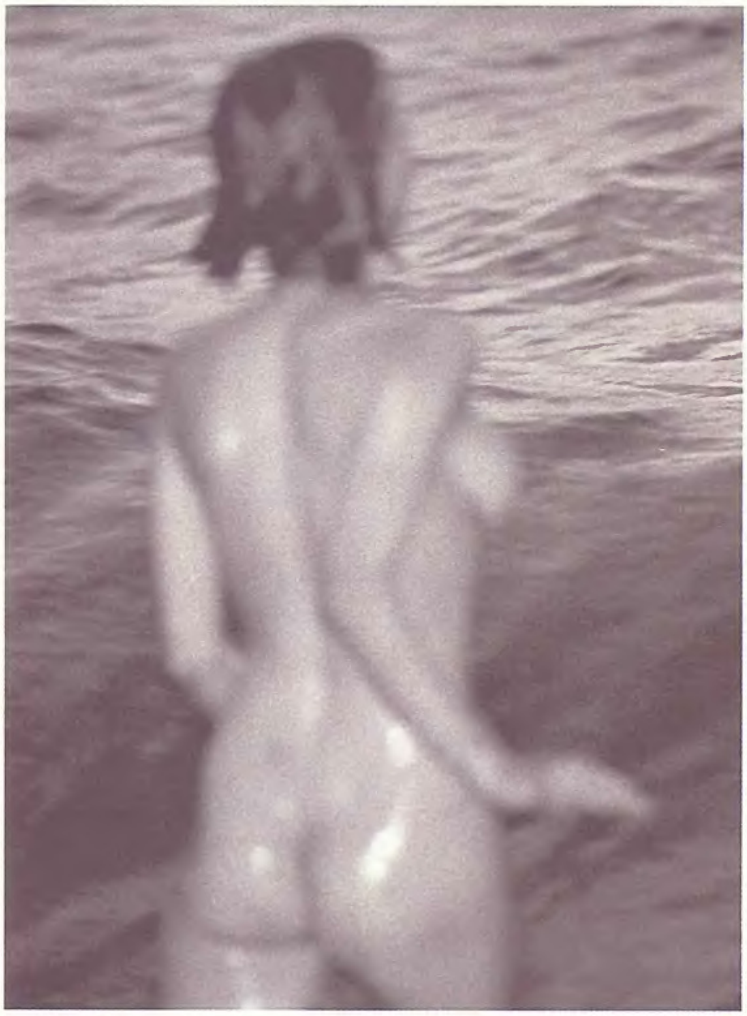
(continued on page 146)

"I thought I completed the talent part of the contest last night in your motel room!"

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY

ROSANNA

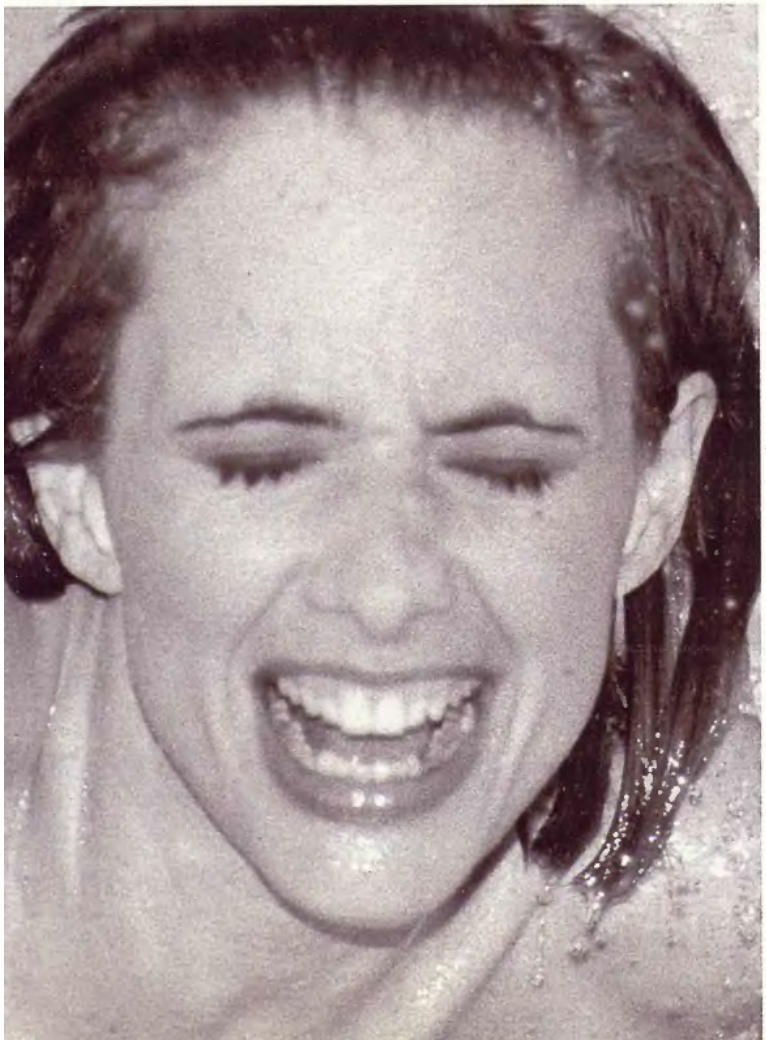
a top lensman and a florida sunset shed new light on a hollywood star



AS FAR AS photo assignments go, this one seemed pretty routine—on paper, at least: Famous actress would fly to Naples, Florida, to pose for famous photographer against the backdrop of a fancy hotel built on sparkling sands. Famous actress (did we mention she's a *stunning* famous actress?) would strut about in colorful beach attire while famous photographer snapped her beauty on 35mm film. Meanwhile, fancy hotel would loom majestically in the background, delighting the folks at *Condé Nast Traveler*—the publication that arranged this charming frolic—and everyone would go home happy. Ah, but this was *not* your normal photo shoot: See, the actress happened to be Rosanna Arquette, the charismatic, sexy star of *Desperately Seeking Susan* and a slew of other films—not to mention a forthcoming ABC miniseries in which she and Gary Cole play General and Mrs. George Armstrong Custer—and the man behind the lens was Bert Stern, whom *Camera* magazine once called "the most exciting photographer of the last quarter century." Anything was bound to happen on that sleepy Naples shore—and, as luck would have it, did.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BERT STERN

An award-winning craftsman who, throughout his 30-plus-year career, has been alternately referred to as complex and enigmatic, a media star and a genius, Stern is probably best remembered as the fellow who struck gold during a little photo session with a big star—Marilyn Monroe. He had captured the screen goddess at her most natural (and, as it turned out, most nude) while on assignment for *Vogue* magazine in the summer of 1962. Ironically, MM died a little more than a month after Stern took the shots, and the resulting portfolio—thereafter dubbed "The Last Sitting"—became instantly famous. It entered the hearts and libraries of photo buffs and Monroe devotees world-wide. And although male legends would also find themselves framed in Stern's view finder over the years (Louis Armstrong, Paul Newman and Buster Keaton come to mind), his specialty was the ladies—from the unnamed model to the *Cosmo* cover girl to Elizabeth Taylor. And now, in Naples, it was Rosanna Arquette's turn. "But right away, there was trouble," remembers Stern. "First of all, Rosanna showed up on the set with short hair—a lot shorter than I had anticipated. Then she dropped the bombshell: She told us she wouldn't be posing in a bathing suit. The concept of the pictorial was that Rosanna was vacationing at this hotel in Naples. Who goes to Florida *without* a bathing suit?" Eventually, Stern's stylist coaxed Arquette into a one-piece model, and the shoot proceeded as planned—at least until the sun went down.



So there we were," says Stern, "romping along the beach after sunset, when suddenly Rosanna said, 'Do I have to wear this?'—and off came the suit. Needless to say, I began clicking away." Although the impromptu Stern-Arquette collaboration was exciting, it was also a wash: There simply hadn't been enough light to make decent photos. "So I suggested we do another session the following night," says Stern, "right after Rosanna's scheduled evening-gown shots for the magazine's cover." Arquette agreed, and Stern shifted into high gear. Within 24 hours he transformed himself from traveling photojournalist to *artiste*—calling upon his familiarity with the setting, checking the special touches he planned to incorporate into the session, reviewing those elements that can turn an ordinary commercial snapshot into, well, a *statement*. "I'm really familiar with Naples," he explains. "I have been since the Fifties. So I knew that, just before nightfall, Rosanna and I would have only three minutes—from the time the sun hit the horizon until it disappeared—of this magnificent *golden* light. That's when we'd get our shots." Which is exactly what they did. "Afterward, Rosanna was excited about the shoot," Stern recalls. "She liked the idea of doing sexy, pinuppy pictures. Only thing is, even though we submitted *all* the shots, *Traveler* didn't run any of the nudes." That's OK, Bert; *we* did.

CAPTIVE HONOR *(continued from page 90)*

"'When they started working me over, I tried to hold out, but, shit, I just couldn't. They broke me.'"

He stared into the cell, which was illuminated by a single bare bulb. Two men were standing in the room, some distance from the door.

"These are your new roommates. You must obey camp regulations or you will be punished."

The guard motioned for Stafford to step inside. He did, and the door closed firmly behind him. He was close enough now to make out the faces of the two other men. They were Americans.

Stafford embraced the first man he could reach.

•

They told one another, first, who they were. That meant, for aviators, what rank in which Service and what type of plane each flew. Bob Sawhill was an Air Force major, the pilot of an F-4. Tom Parrott, an Air Force captain, was not a pilot, actually, but an intelligence specialist who had gone along on the wrong mission. Each man told the story of his shoot-down; there was an odd pleasure in telling it, in being detached enough to describe it in detail.

Finally, they began to talk about their immediate situation. The conversation faltered and grew strained as each man tried to find a way to say the same thing.

"Listen, you two," Stafford said, "there's something I've got to tell you."

Two gaunt, unshaven faces looked blankly back at him from the shadows beneath the mosquito netting. He hesitated, then began.

"Ah... when they asked me questions and started working me over, I'm afraid I didn't do too well. I tried to hold out, but . . . well, shit, I just couldn't. They broke me." He felt the hot flush of shame all over again and looked down at the floor to avoid their eyes.

Finally, one of them spoke. "You, too?" he said. "Join the fucking club."

For three months, Stafford, Sawhill and Parrott left their cell only to bathe. They were awakened every morning by a gong, were fed pumpkin soup twice a day and were told when to lower their nets and go to bed on their boards and rice mats. They had no way of knowing how long this regimen would last. Within the space of a single thought, they could imagine six more months of it or 20 years.

•

During one of the routine shifts of cell assignments, Stafford ended up bunking with Richard Stratton. He was the senior ranking officer in the Plantation and one of the most celebrated, and controversial, figures of the war.

In one of their propaganda offensives, the North Vietnamese had decided to produce a confession from one of the captured "air pirates," who would acknowledge bombing civilian targets for the purpose of terrorizing the population. Stratton was the pilot they forced to confess. Inevitably, he did.

The confession was pieced together from several torture sessions. The final version was tape-recorded and played at a press conference for visiting journalists, including a photographer from *Life* magazine. When Stratton stepped out onto the stage and was told by one of his captors to bow, he did not merely nod his head politely and deferentially as he'd been told. Instead, he improvised a gesture that would show beyond any doubt that his confession was the result of torture, nothing more. He bowed deeply from the waist. Then he turned 90 degrees and bowed again. Another turn, another bow. And a fourth. Throughout this sequence of abject, mechanical bows, his remote and empty expression never changed. It was horrifying to those who witnessed the performance and to those who saw the photographs later in *Life*. He had turned the propaganda event into a disaster for his captors, and his ingenuity set a standard for his fellow prisoners.

Stratton had been a prisoner for a little more than a year now. It had been nine months since the shocking bowing performance, almost six since he had arrived at the Plantation. He was an old hand. So was his roommate Arv Chauncey, who had also been one of the first men imprisoned in the Plantation. Stafford was in good hands.

"Arv," Stratton said one day, "you get on the wall and see if you can find out who else is here. I want to know if I'm S.R.O. in the camp."

"Roger," Chauncey said, and stepped up close to the wall that was common with the next cell, knelt and began rapping it with his knuckle. After a minute or two, a softer rapping sound came through from the other side. Chauncey moved his lips like a child learning to read.

At all of the POW camps in North Vietnam, communication among prison cells was strictly forbidden. To try was to risk being thrown into solitary, locked in irons, hung in ropes or beaten. Still, it was worth the risk, since communication was the foundation of any kind of resistance.

To teach the system to Stafford, Stratton drew a box on the concrete floor, using a piece of chipped brick for chalk. He divided the box into smaller boxes and then wrote the letters of the alphabet in them. When he finished, the grid looked like this:

A B C D E
F G H I J
L M N O P
Q R S T U
V W X Y Z

The letter C was substituted for K, Stratton explained, and the code was read like the coordinates on a map—down and right. To transmit an M through the wall, then, a prisoner would tap three times, pause, then tap twice.

"You figure out what you want to say," Stratton explained, "then you get the attention of the guy on the other side of the wall and tap it through. It's slow at first, but you get to where it's almost as fast as talking. Chauncey, here, is a first-rate communicator. Smooth and fast. But it is hell on the knuckles."

Since Stratton was senior in the camp, the wall of his cell was alive with the sound of messages. In addition to acquiring the names of their fellow prisoners, which they memorized like a mantra, the men used the tap code to keep everyone informed when someone was taken from his cell up to the Big House for interrogation, which the POWs called quizzes. After the session was concluded, the rest of the camp would be told what the North Vietnamese were after and whether or not the man had been tortured.

One day a prisoner was taken from his cell for interrogation, and for days, Stafford and the others waited for him to return. When he was finally led out of the Big House, the man was plainly in bad shape. While he was still lying on the floor of his dark cell, too weak even to sit or to lie on his bunk, he heard a soft, steady tapping coming through the wall. Through a red blur

(continued on page 170)

SUNTORY

DRAFT BEER

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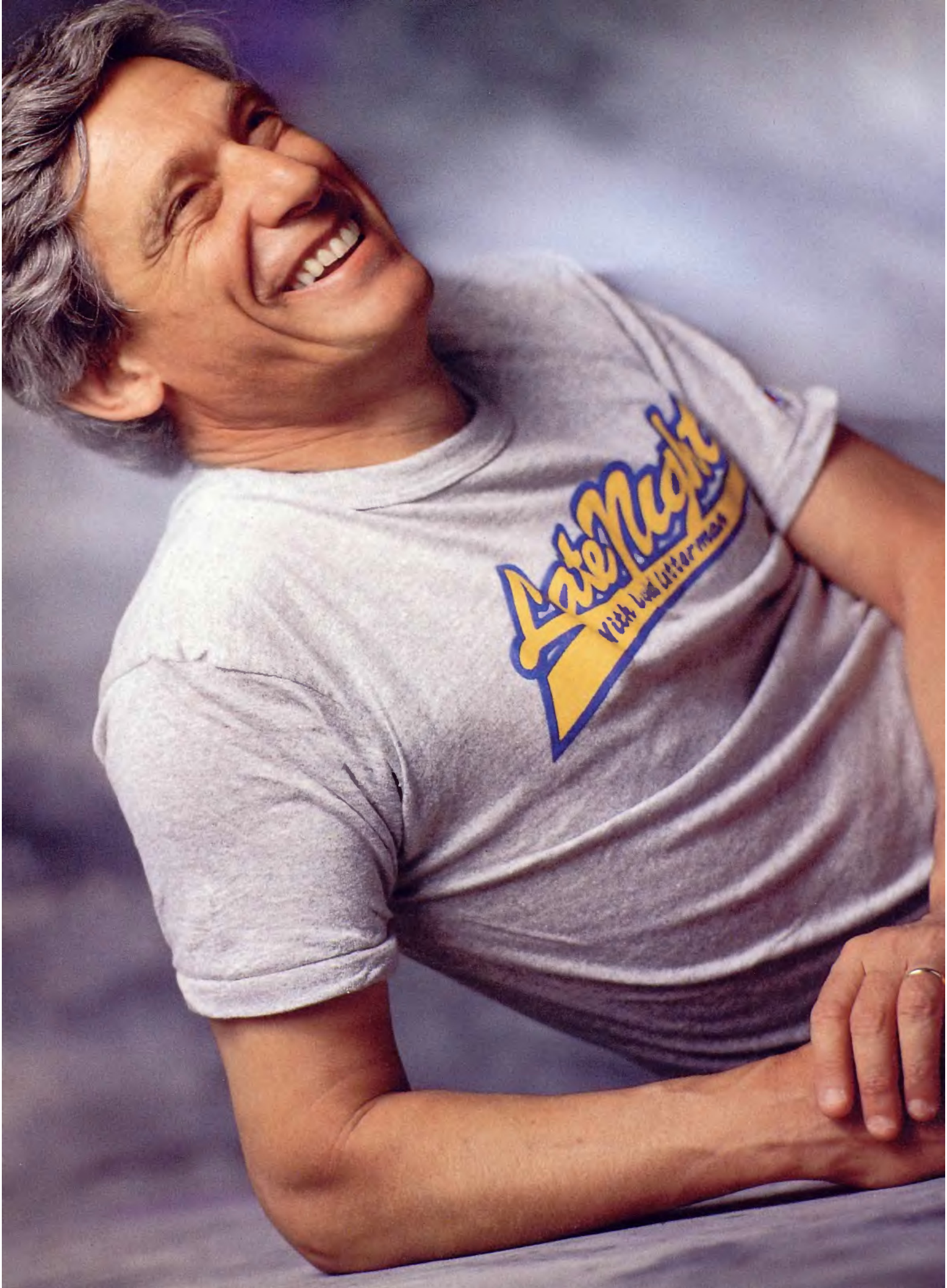
A taste of another culture.


Late Night
with David Letterman

20 QUESTIONS

MAURY POVICH

tv's most infotaining man smirks at david letterman's crush on his wife, thumbs his nose at network news and explains why he's ending his *current affair*

Hello, everyone. This is the story of a survivor. Maury Povich, in his last year as the host of the tabloid TV show "A Current Affair" on Fox, can say that he beat the odds and outlasted the critics who called his show trash and who saw in its non-network-news style little more than gossip and innuendo. Instead of fading away, Povich became the grand master of the wry editorial smirk and the effective raised eyebrow. Contributing Editor David Rensin met with Povich at his New York office. Says Rensin, "Maury works in a private cubicle just off the overcrowded 'Current Affair' offices—hardly palatial digs. His floor is littered with newspapers, his desk overrun with everything from books to a piece of the Berlin Wall. Photos of his wife, Connie Chung, dress the walls. Maury is a guy who doesn't take himself too seriously, fears that he should, worries about getting older, wishes people could just lighten up and would rather be golfing."

1.

PLAYBOY: *A Current Affair* airs its share of other people's dirty laundry. Tell us about your own underwear.

POVICH: I wear *Current Affair* underwear. [*Laughs*] I *do*! You want to see it? It reads CURRENT AFFAIR and has the big triangle logo. I'm serious. Look, you paint pictures with words. [*Laughs, drops his trousers*] See? All cotton. Hundred percent. [*Pauses*] That's as dirty as this interview gets, right?

2.

PLAYBOY: We'll see. After you helped break the Rob Lowe story, how upset were you that he didn't talk with *A Current Affair* when he finally went public about his home-video adventures?

POVICH: When he got back into the movie business, promoting *Bad Influence*, I asked for an interview. His publicity people went bananas. They said, "You have the audacity? You are the show that *spread* this malicious tape all over the country." Yeah. As if *we* had stood behind the camera in Atlanta. They were downright mean. They said, "We don't know whether to cry or laugh," and hung up. It was very ungenteel. A couple of days later, Rob went on CNN and was quoted as saying, "The problem is, the country doesn't know the difference between Dan Rather, who's a serious journalist, and Maury Povich, who's an idiot." What Rob didn't know is that *that* gave us an excuse to run the whole thing again, *including his quote*. [*Laughs*]

3.

PLAYBOY: What pisses off the news establishment most about *A Current Affair*? Do you get the respect you deserve?

POVICH: They write it off by saying that they don't consider it *news* because it's successful. In other words, no news show is successful, just reputable. [*Laughs*] They have blinders on. When they get hit with something different, or unique, or not taught in the Columbia journalism school, the immediate reaction is negative. I've known Rather, Jennings, Brokaw, Shaw—all those guys—for years. [When I see them] they have a tendency to slap me on the back and say [*quietly*], "Gosh, it's really going well for you." And I say, "That's OK. You don't have to whisper. It's all right." You can't say I sold out, because I didn't have anything to sell out to. We created this thing. But if they want to insist . . . well, then, so have they [sold out]. You can see the imprint of *A Current Affair* on every news show in the country now. They cover stories they never would have.

4.

PLAYBOY: What's the etiquette for the Maury Povich smirk, on and off the air?

POVICH: On the air, it's organic to the show, but it's not scripted, since there's always a danger of parodying myself. I've always been an instinctual sort. I can't pull it off unless it's spontaneous. I don't believe a lot of the silly stories—and that can be anything from UFOs to dogs that talk to some of the wet-T-shirt stuff—and I use the smirk then. The smirk happens with serious stories, too. If I *just don't believe it*, I don't think the viewers believe it and I want them to have a stake in this.

Off the air, well . . . it's been a part of me since I've been in this business. The juices of a journalist emanate from cynicism and skepticism.

5.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like you might feel miscast on *A Current Affair*.

POVICH: No, but I *am* going to leave the show next year and do a syndicated talk show for Paramount. Five years is a long time. It will be thirteen hundred shows. Fox wanted me to stay and I will say that were it not for Fox and *A Current Affair*, I'm not too sure I would have my family name back. I mean, I would be known as Mr. Chung. Fox has been great for me. But I also felt it was time to start fresh.

I'm not too sure whether I'll next get into the pit with Phil, Oprah and Geraldo, or Arsenio, Koppel and Carson. All I can say is that it will not be a six-transvestites-on-a-stage kind of show; it will be more news-oriented, like *A Current Affair*. On most talk shows, you may have a feeling for the subject; you may be *shocked* by the subject, but you don't have any real feeling for the people up there. To me, news is still an *intimate* subject. You can talk about all the institutions you want to, but in the end, it's people.

6.

PLAYBOY: What is *A Current Affair*'s most memorable story and its most regrettable one—in terms of the people involved?

POVICH: The most memorable is the [Robert] Chambers ["The Preppie Murderer"] tape. Haven't topped it. It really made the show. It came right when we were first going into syndication. We had only about twenty stations, and within months, we had a hundred. Most regrettable? I'd say the Jessica Savitch tape, when we did re-creations badly. And yet the result was positive. We now realize that if we're going to do re-creations, we have to do them as central to the story. We had given Savitch's parents the opportunity to recapture their daughter's honor because of the book written about her that laid bare her life. In the middle of her parents' explanation, we showed a car that's all yucky coming up out of a canal and a shadow of a figure behind it. There was no reason for it, just none. It was tasteless. And we learned.

7.

PLAYBOY: On David Letterman's last anniversary show, there was a short film of Dave hanging out with your wife, Connie, while she shopped for your shoe trees. And *(continued on page 163)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRAD GUICE

PLAYBOY COLLECTION

things you can live without, but who wants to?

Hand-formed of Bakelite with adjustable arms of chrame and brass, the Juma Lamp, with its unique cranelike construction that can be folded flat, is a re-creatian af a classic art deco light af the Forties. It is available in brown or black, from Xonex International, Mayfield Village, Ohio, abaut $150.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

Crafted of natural shrunken cawhide with brass closures, this courier-style Caracciola attaché is also available in gray or black, from the Goldpfeil Boutique, Beverly Hills, $935.

Now that cuff links are hot again, pick stylish ones such as this snazzy polka-dot gold-vermeil pair with blue-and-white-enamel insets, from Rosenthal-Truitt, Los Angeles, about $155.

JVC's SC-F007U Compact super VHS modular component system includes a Super VHS-C stereo recorder/player, a 3" LCD color monitor with speaker and a videa camera, $2499.

ADAM, the All Digital Answering Machine with telephone, features instant access to messages without rewind, day/time info and message farwarding, by PhoneMate, abaut $300.

Vantix' U.S.G.A.-approved telescoping golf clubs include metal waods, irons and a putter in a ballistic nylan case, from Tamrac, Canoga Park, Califarnia, $1098, with a bag, etc.

Sanyo's suede-textured rechargeable electric shaver is fitted with a high-speed blade and a cobalt-coated nickel foil that's smaath and soft on the skin, $59.95, including a case.

Where & How to Buy on page 172.

The Euro-tech enameled-steel Aquarello Washmobil is available in yellow, white, red or black, from Hastings Tile & Il Bagno Collection, Freeport, New York, about $1390. Scrub-a-dub-dub!

PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST *(continued from page 124)*

"Parcells has tried to build another Super Bowl champ; as he finds one piece of the puzzle, he loses another."

tackle Tony Mandarich, who never broke into the starting line-up after a prolonged contract holdout. Wide receiver Sterling Sharpe had 90 catches and 12 T.D.s, while linebacker Tim Harris managed 19½ sacks without ever shutting his mouth.

Green Bay picked up a steal in this year's draft when Minnesota running back Darrell Thompson was still available on the 19th pick of the first round. Thompson will certainly pressure underachiever Brent Fullwood. Majkowski, as yet unsigned and engaged in a suit against the N.F.L.'s free-agency rules, should settle by the opening game.

A Packers team returning to the Super Bowl would make a great story, but remember that the Pack had the league's easiest schedule and best luck last season. Despite Linday Infante's superior coaching, don't expect Green Bay on top of the N.F.C. Central just yet.

While no one has ever questioned the intensity of Chicago Bears coach Mike Ditka, there were plenty of fans last season who wondered about his judgment. Ditka ranted and raved, denounced his team as losers, criticized his rookies in public and several times took over the play calling from offensive coordinator Greg Landry in mid-game—all to no avail. The Bears finished 6–10 (after a 4–0 start) and failed to win the N.F.C. Central for the first time in five years.

The success of the Bears in the Eighties was based on the dominance of their defense. In 1988, they were the number-two defensive team in the N.F.L.; in 1989, they were 25th. Injuries were a big factor, but none was bigger than the season-ending knee injury to defensive tackle Dan Hampton in game four. Even Pro-Bowl middle linebacker Mike Singletary appeared vulnerable once Hampton exited. When injury wasn't a problem, execution was.

On offense, the Bears failed to improve a mediocre quarterback duo of Mike Tomczak and Jim Harbaugh. Neal Anderson, the Bears' leading rusher, with 1275 yards, was signed to a new multimillion-dollar contract, but Thomas Sanders and Dennis McKinnon are gone. Brad Muster, the number-one fullback, had off-season back surgery.

Ditka, in the last year of his contract and probably the last year of his coaching career, would love to go out a winner. But the Bears are a shadow of their former selves and the Central Division is no longer filled with patsies.

Who would have guessed that the Tampa Bay Buccaneers would beat the Chicago Bears twice and still win only five games? For coach Ray Perkins, it was another year of frustration. The running game, led (if you can call it that) by Lars Tate, averaged just 94.2 yards per game. Quarterback Vinny Testaverde got off to a good start but resumed his inconsistent ways once his pass protection broke down. And the defense, which also showed early promise, disappeared as the Bucs dropped nine of their last 11 games.

After three losing seasons, Perkins may be losing his patience. "Next year," he says, "there's going to be a little more pressure." He helped his team immeasurably by discounting predraft rumors about the emotional and physical condition of linebacker Keith McCants and nabbing the future Hall-of-Famer with the fourth pick of the first round. The three teams who passed on McCants may regret that decision for a long time.

In a move to bolster the Bucs' running attack, Perkins traded future draft picks to San Diego for running back Gary Anderson, who sat out last season with contract problems. The Bucs also took a chance in the draft on running back Reggie Cobb, whose potential was clouded by some off-field problems at Tennessee.

Testaverde has fewer excuses for failure this year. The running attack should improve, and so will the offensive line, anchored by tackle Paul Gruber, who has yet to miss a down in two years. The Bucs' biggest problem is that Detroit and Green Bay, long their comrades in mediocrity, have also improved.

In the vernacular of coach Buddy Ryan, "The Philadelphia Eagles kicked butt in the N.F.C. East last year." But after two victories over archrival New York and a total of 11 wins, the highest in Ryan's four-year tenure, why is he so grumpy? Maybe it's because his Eagles have yet to win a play-off game, surrendering most recently to the Rams (21–7) in last year's wild-card game.

EASTERN DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Philadelphia Eagles	10– 6
New York Giants	10– 6
Washington Redskins	9– 7
Dallas Cowboys	4–12
Phoenix Cardinals	4–12

The problem with the Eagles is not a lack of aggression. The defense made 30 interceptions and had 26 fumble recoveries, both league highs. Along the defensive line, Clyde Simmons, Jerome Brown and four-year All-Pro Reggie White all reached double figures in sacks. And second-year cornerback Eric Allen emerged as one of the league's top coverage men.

On offense, Ryan has hired new offensive coordinator Rich Kotite, who will try to get Randall Cunningham back on track after a sub-par season. Cunningham may have been suffering from writer's cramp after signing a seven-year, $17,900,000 contract extension last year.

Ryan promised Philly fans a Super Bowl by the end of his five-year contract. This is year five.

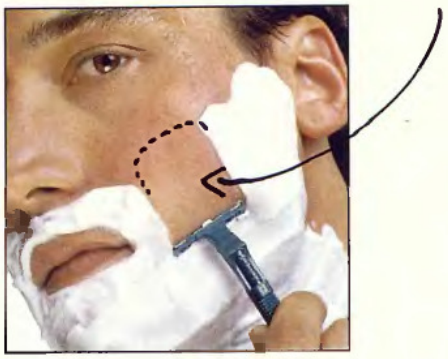
The only team that won more regular-season games last season than the New York Giants (12) was the 49ers (14), a feat made more remarkable by the fact that three front-line players—running back Joe Morris, tight end Mark Bavaro and defensive end Eric Dorsey—missed all or most of the season. The problem for the Giants the past two years has been that they can't seem to beat the Eagles (four straight losses) or win a play-off game.

Since 1986, coach Bill Parcells has been busy trying to build another Super Bowl champ, but as he finds one piece of the puzzle, he loses another. The Giants lost ten players in Plan B this year, including five starters. The offensive line is young and huge (the starting five weigh a combined 1415 pounds), but quarterback Phil Simms may have his best seasons behind him and running back Ottis Anderson is 33. Georgia running back Rodney Hampton, the Giants' number-one draft pick, will probably win a starting job by the beginning of the season.

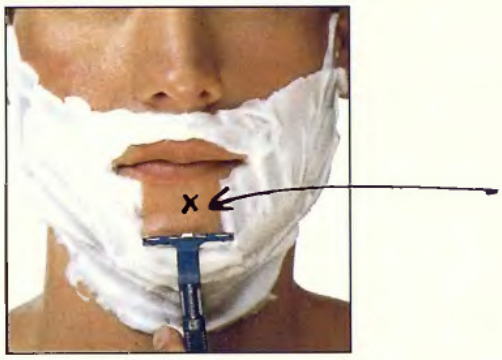
On defense, the linebacking remains the strong suit. Lawrence Taylor is the best outside linebacker ever and Carl Banks, Gary Reasons and Pepper Johnson are outstanding. However, there's little depth either on the defensive line or in the backfield, where seven-year starter Terry Kinard, a Plan B loss, will be missed.

The Washington Redskins stumbled out of the blocks last season, dropping their first two games to the Giants and the Eagles on freaky last-minute plays, and struggled uphill from there. Considering the midseason injuries to cornerback Darrell Green (broken wrist) and offensive linemen Joe Jacoby and Mark May (knees), plus the distraction of Dexter Manley's ban from football for a third instance of substance abuse, coach Joe Gibbs did a fine job in coaxing ten wins out of the Redskins.

Going into this season, Gibbs is committed to starting quarterback Mark Rypien, who finished strong last year. Rypien's season start had been inglorious as he set a *Guinness Book* record by fumbling the first ten times he was sacked. "The Posse"—Art Monk, Gary

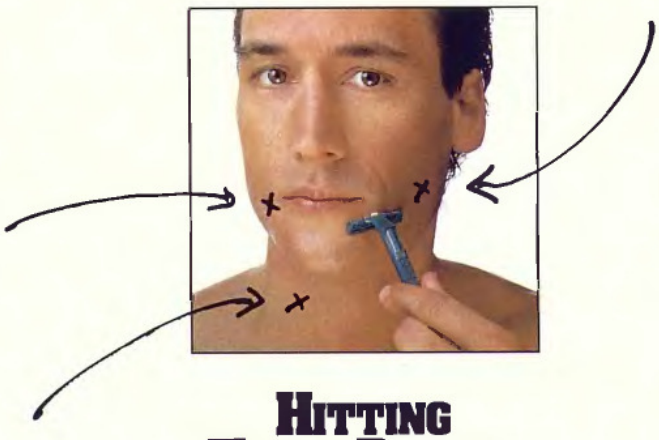


HANDLING THE ZONE.



PENETRATING THE LANE.

HOW JIM PAXSON SHAVES EVERY PLACE ON HIS FACE.



HITTING THREE POINTS.

He does it with the Schick® Slim Twin® Disposable razor. Slim Twin has a slim head to shave hard-to-reach places.

In fact, it works so well, men like Jim Paxson prefer it over Gillette Good News® regular.

Slim Twin even has a one-push cleaning bar to remove soap and stubble.

So get with the program. And get to the tough spots with Schick's Slim Twin Disposable.

It reaches every place on every face.

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Clark and Ricky Sanders—each collected more than 1000 yards receiving. Running backs Ernest Byner, Gerald Riggs and James Wilder are all good but in the twilight of their careers.

Dallas Cowboys coach Jimmy Johnson has the security of the gutter (a 1–15 record last season) and a ten-year contract that has nine years to run. At times last year, it looked as if he might need the better part of the decade to straighten out the Cowboys' problems.

The offense was terrible. Dallas was shut out three times, while under Tom Landry, it was shut out only twice in 29 years. Rookie quarterback Troy Aikman has yet to lead his team to a win; the Cowboys' only victory was against the Redskins when Steve Walsh started.

Once Johnson and owner Jerry Jones realized how bad their team really was, they cashed in their chips and traded running back Herschel Walker to the Vikings for a bunch of players and draft choices. The deal didn't work for either team, though both have hopes for the future.

The Cowboys defense was almost as bad as the offense. The pass rush was nonexistent and Cowboys defenders managed only seven interceptions all season.

Ordinarily, a 1–15 record entitles a team to the first pick in the draft. Unfortunately for the Cowboys, they had already used that number-one choice to take quarterback Steve Walsh in the supplemental draft. Aikman is not happy about having Walsh watching him from the side lines and Walsh is not happy playing behind Aikman. The team has tried to trade Walsh but so far has been unable to make a deal.

New Phoenix Cardinals coach Joe Bugel believes that "organizations win Super Bowls." Don't look now, Joe, but the one you're working for is more than a little suspect. Bugel, formerly offensive coach for the Redskins, was hired to replace Gene Stallings after Stallings announced in midseason that he would not seek a contract extension. Ironically, Stallings was doing a stellar coaching job and had the injury-riddled Cards 5–5 at the time, but the team took a nose dive and failed to win another game.

The fans in Phoenix weren't enthralled with the situation, either. Season-ticket sales declined by 18,000 and the Cardinals failed to sell out even one game. Meanwhile, owner Billy Bidwill has steadfastly supported player personnel director George Boone, whose draft-day decisions have often been suspect.

With Neil Lomax retired because of an arthritic hip, Bugel is at least clear on whom he wants to start at quarterback—Timm Rosenbach, the Washington State Q.B. selected in the supplemental draft.

Both rushing and stopping the rush were big problems for the Cardinals last year. Running back Stump Mitchell went out with a knee injury after game four. Because a full recovery is questionable, Bugel was delighted that Indiana running back Anthony Thompson was still available to the Cards in the second round of the draft.

The N.F.C. East championship is a toss-up among the Eagles, the Giants and the Redskins. The Eagles have the easiest schedule, the Giants the most talent. Sorry, Redskins.

WESTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Kansas City Chiefs	11– 5
San Diego Chargers	10– 6
Oenver Broncos	9– 7
Los Angeles Raiders	7– 9
Seattle Seahawks	5–11

Ask most football experts to pick a team on the rise and they'll name the Kansas City Chiefs. In fact, over the final eight weeks of last season, the Chiefs at 5-2-1 were the best team in the A.F.C. Give the credit to new coach Marty Schottenheimer.

Schottenheimer brought an appreciation of hard-nosed defense when he came over from the Cleveland Browns, as well as an ability to spot the obvious—which was that Christian Okoye,

the 260-pound Nigerian who can run 40 yards as fast as Jerry Rice can (4.48 seconds), ought to be the center of his offense. Result: Okoye was the N.F.L.'s leading rusher, with 1480 yards. The Chiefs lack a good backup for him, but so far, no one has been able to make the good-natured and aptly named Christian mad, much less hurt him. The fact that he operates behind one of the better and bigger offensive lines (three players over 300 pounds) doesn't hurt, either.

And the defense, first in the A.F.C. and second overall, will likely get even better. Neil Smith, at defensive end, is on the verge of greatness. The linebacking corps, already one of the best in football, with N.F.L. Defensive Rookie of the Year Derrick Thomas, will be bolstered by the addition of Percy Snow, the Chiefs' first pick in the draft. The defensive backfield—with Albert Lewis, Kevin Ross and perennial All-Pro Deron Cherry—is nearly as good as the linebackers.

The missing letter in the phrase A.F.C. Championship for the Chiefs is Q, as in quarterback. Steve DeBerg started last season, did poorly and was benched. Steve Pelluer, the former Cowboy, replaced him and was injured. DeBerg returned to finish out the season well, and young Mike Elkins awaits his chance. But can the Chiefs ride any of these guys to the championship?

Forget everything you ever thought you knew about **San Diego Chargers** football. The Dan Fouts/"Air" Coryell all-offense, no-defense days are history. The Chargers finished sixth overall in the N.F.L. in defense last season.

Owner Alex Spanos has hired Bobby Beathard, formerly of the Washington Redskins and one of the best talent evaluators in football, as general manager. Beathard's challenge will be to find some offense to go with the defense. The Chargers are committed at quarterback to young Billy Joe Tolliver, who coach Dan Henning predicts is "the quarterback of the future here." Ex-Bear Jim McMahon was released in the off season.

Beathard surprised most experts when he played it straight in the draft and took USC linebacker Junior Seau with the fifth pick of the first round instead of trading down. "We couldn't pass him up," said Beathard of the 1989 Pac 10 Defensive Player of the Year. Seau, with 18 sacks last season, should fit in well with a defensive unit that led the A.F.C. with 48 sacks. Linebacker Leslie O'Neal (12.5 sacks) and defensive ends Lee Williams (56.5 sacks in five seasons) and Burt Grossman (ten sacks as a rookie) are the stuff about which opposing quarterbacks have nightmares.

Before last season's **Denver Broncos**/Cleveland Browns A.F.C. championship game, Jay Mariotti, a Denver newspaper columnist, suggested that "a Sunday loss may be best for the community," better than "returning to another Super Bowl, with the world watching, and getting pounded again."

After the Broncos' Super Bowl pounding, ex-49er Randy Cross quipped, "The only thing they won was the coin flip."

And poor John Elway was left mumbling, "When are we going to win one of these things?"

Were the Broncos really that bad or were the 49ers that good? You could lay it all on the 49ers if it weren't for history: Super Bowl XII, Cowboys 27, Broncos 10; Super Bowl XXI, Giants 39, Broncos 20; Super Bowl XXII, Redskins 42, Broncos 10. But coach Dan Reeves doesn't believe in history; he believes only in the future. The problem is that the 1990 Broncos look an awful lot like the 1989 version. That's not bad, since Denver did get to the Super Bowl, but in this league, if you're not getting better, you're getting worse.

Elway was not one of the top-ten-rated passers in pro football last season. In fact, he was no better than ninth in the A.F.C. Reeves's rehire of quarterback coach Mike Shanahan seemed to settle Elway down toward the end of the season, though Shanahan couldn't help him in the Super Bowl fiasco.

Before last season, Reeves made two

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PLAYBOY'S 1990 ALL-PRO UNDERHYPED TEAM

great players who haven't gotten much press

OFFENSE

Mark Rypien, Washington	Quarterback
Marion Butts, San Diego	Running Back
Dalton Hilliard, New Orleans	Running Back
Mark Carrier, Tampa Bay	Wide Receiver
Anthony Miller, San Diego	Wide Receiver
Ferrell Edmunds, Miami	Tight End
John Alt, Kansas City	Tackle
Paul Gruber, Tampa Bay	Tackle
Randall McDaniel, Minnesota	Guard
Steve Wisniewski, Los Angeles Raiders	Guard
Courtney Hall, San Diego	Center

DEFENSE

Jon Hand, Indianapolis	End
Lee Williams, San Diego	End
Jerry Ball, Detroit	Tackle
Vaughan Johnson, New Orleans	Inside Linebacker
Michael Walter, San Francisco	Inside Linebacker
Billy Ray Smith, San Diego	Outside Linebacker
Chris Martin, Kansas City	Outside Linebacker
Maurice Hurst, New England	Cornerback
Eric Allen, Philadelphia	Cornerback
Bubba McDowell, Houston	Safety
Bennie Blades, Detroit	Safety

SPECIALTIES

Jason Staurovsky, New England	Place Kicker
Rich Camarillo, Phoenix	Punter
James Dixon, Dallas	Kick Returner
Clarence Verdin, Indianapolis	Punt Returner
Harry Sydney, San Francisco	Special Teams

brilliant moves that undoubtedly saved the Broncos from a predicted finish of third place or worse in the A.F.C. West. He hired Wade Phillips as defensive coordinator and took Alabama running back Bobby Humphrey in the supplemental draft. Humphrey responded by gaining 1151 yards and Phillips' rushing defense topped the conference by allowing 60 fewer yards per game (with an average of 98.7) than it did in 1988. Phillips' defensive plan favored aggressiveness over complexity and allowed linebacker Karl Mecklenburg to re-establish himself as a Pro Bowler.

Denver's success last season had as much to do with the over-all weakness of the A.F.C. as it did with the Broncos' strength. Until they can establish a consistent passing game and not simply rely on the big play, the Broncos will have to count on Reeves's coaching to get them back to another Super Bowl. Or maybe they'd prefer to stay home.

Wanted: A home for Al Davis and the Los Angeles Raiders. Only cities with warm climates, a new or renovated stadium with lots of luxury boxes and several hundred million dollars need apply. The Raiders, once the darlings of Oakland, then the neglected stepchild of La La Land, haven't been able to go home again, in large part, because Davis and some Oakland politicians underestimated the anger of the city's nonfootball fans when asked to put their tax dollars in Silver and Black stock. So, for now, the Raiders remain at the Coliseum, a stadium they filled only to slightly more than half capacity last season.

While the Raiders haven't been able to figure out where to park the team bus, they have decided who is going to drive it. Art Shell, once a player, now head coach, was given the wheel after a disastrous 1–3 start prompted Davis to fire Mike Shanahan, the first time he had ever dismissed a head coach. Shell emphasized toughness and allowed his players to sit on their helmets, a practice banned by Shanahan. The Raiders responded by winning seven of their last 12 games and nearly making the play-offs.

Shell has made it clear that this season, he favors quarterback Steve Beuerlein over Jay Schroeder. Marcus Allen and Greg Bell, acquired in a trade with the Rams just as we went to press, have the unenviable job of handling the rushing responsibilities until Bo Jackson shows up, though one has to wonder how much longer Bo will play both football and baseball.

While there are questions about who is going to carry the ball, there are plenty of talented receivers to throw to if a rebuilt offensive line can give Beuerlein the time. Tim Brown is expected to return to 100 percent after knee surgery last season. Mervyn Fernandez picked up more than 1000 yards in his absence and Willie Gault, the former chocolate swirl, is hoping to be more than a deep-threat decoy.

On defense, the Raiders need an injury-free season from defensive end Howie Long. Greg Townsend, who had 10.5 sacks from the outside-linebacker slot last year, moves to the other defensive-end position.

The Raiders have talent in the defensive backfield with Terry McDaniel and Eddie Anderson. They hope that second-round draft pick Aaron Wallace will bolster a mediocre linebacking corps.

Despite some improvements, Shell will find that this Raiders team has more tradition than talent, especially in the rapidly improving Western Division.

Last year, the Seattle Seahawks finished 26th out of 28 in total offense and 23rd against the rush on defense, and still won seven games. They'll struggle to do as well this season. Hall-of-Famer Steve Largent has retired. Curt Warner went south to the Rams under Plan B, leaving only unproven second-year back Derrick Fenner and Elroy Harris as replacements. Another likely casualty is deodorant spokesman Brian Bosworth, lost to a shoulder injury.

Quarterback Dave Krieg played in his third Pro Bowl, proving that a willingness to show up counts more than quarterback fumbles when winning that post-season honor. Krieg had 18 fumbles and threw 20 interceptions. Coach Chuck Knox hopes that Krieg will be able to get the ball to wide receiver Brian Blades more often this year. The rest of the Seattle offense will likely consist of different methods of putting the ball in the hands of John L. Williams, one of the most versatile backs in the league.

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Last season, Cincinnati Bengals coach Sam Wyche was fined $3000 by the N.F.L. for shutting the media out of the locker room after a loss to Seattle. On another occasion, he grabbed a side-line microphone and reminded rowdy

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Cincinnati fans that they weren't in Cleveland; later, he lambasted Jerry Glanville and his Houston Oilers. Unfortunately, Wyche's football team was a tad more demure.

CENTRAL DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Cincinnati Bengals	11– 5
Cleveland Browns	10– 6
Houston Oilers	9– 7
Pittsburgh Steelers	7– 9

The 1988 A.F.C. champs failed to make the play-offs, finishing 8–8. They were the soul of inconsistency, destroying opponents one week and surrendering meekly the next. Injuries hurt, but the root of the problem was that the Bengals just didn't play hungry.

One of the most talented teams on paper over the past several years, the Bengals have some problems to solve beyond their appetite, though Wyche is confident that they can again reach the Super Bowl. He's depending on quarterback Boomer Esiason to have another season like 1988. Wyche says, "Boomer's task this year is to be an exceptional leader; to bring his team to a Super Bowl championship and not just a statistical lead in offensive categories." Behind Esiason will be running back James Brooks, who gained 1239 yards last season and led the Bengals to the league's team rushing title. Tim McGee and Eddie Brown are excellent wide receivers, but there's little depth behind them.

Cincinnati's biggest problem is stopping the rush. The Bengals allowed opponents an average of 4.5 yards per carry. Tim Krumrie has to re-establish himself in the middle. A replacement for linebacker Reggie Williams, who retired after 15 years, could be draft picks James Francis from Baylor or Bernard Clark from Miami.

Considering that quarterback Bernie Kosar couldn't throw farther than 20 yards all season long and that Kevin Mack, the work horse of the Cleveland Browns running attack, missed 12 games because of some messy business involving cocaine, you have to give credit to first-year coach Bud Carson for steering Cleveland to its fourth A.F.C. Central championship in five years. But the Browns were helped by parity in the division, in which the highest number of wins was nine and the lowest eight.

Kosar's elbow is healed, Mack is back on the right side of the law and Carson has hired Jim Shofner, most recently with the Phoenix Cardinals, as offensive coordinator. The philosophy on offense will be ball control, with a shorter, more concise passing attack and lots of opportunities for Mack and little Eric Metcalf, who was energy personified before he wore down toward the end of last season. The Browns took Michigan running back Leroy Hoard as their first pick in the draft to back up Mack.

On defense, Michael Dean Perry is the player Mike Ditka dreamed that brother Fridge would be. He's explosively quick off the ball and very strong. The corners remain a question, particularly because the Browns have been unable to sign Frank Minnifield. Hanford Dixon was lost in Plan B, but the Browns acquired Raymond Clayborn, another aging but talented player, to fill his spot.

Over the past few seasons, the Houston Oilers have developed a reputation as a talented team that always finds a way to lose. Cincinnati coach Wyche called the Oilers "the most stupid team in the league" after his Bengals blasted them 61–7. As impolite as the remark seemed, it was true. The Oilers were the most penalized team in football (2056 yards) and gave up the most points in the A.F.C. (412), a lot of them on big pass plays. Those are the kinds of mistakes that get coaches fired and, sure enough, Jerry Glanville was soon packing black shirts and pants and heading for Atlanta.

The Oilers found Glanville's successor—University of Houston coach Jack Pardee—right down the street. Not only did Pardee have the right address, he was also a practitioner of the run-and-shoot—the ideal offense for the Oilers and quarterback Warren Moon.

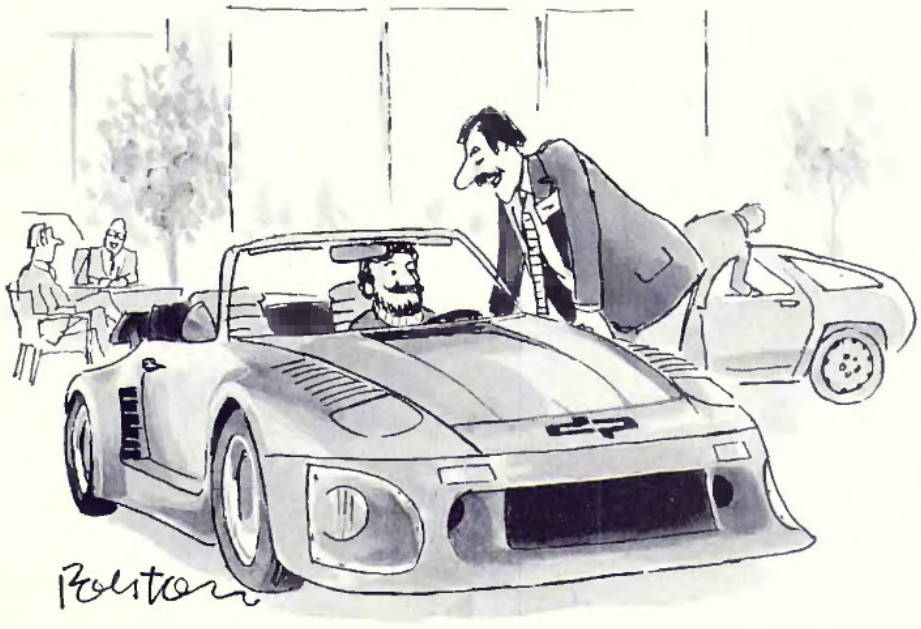
With a plethora of talented running backs, it seems almost certain that the Oilers will deal one off before the season begins. Pardee clearly favors playing Alonzo Highsmith: "Out of the one-back spot," he promises, "Alonzo can do it all." The wide receivers—Drew Hill, Ernest Givins and Curtis Duncan—perfectly fit the wide-open offense.

However, what Houston's offense does, Houston's defense can undo. Defensive stalwart Ray Childress is trying to come back from a fractured leg; nose tackle Doug Smith is recovering from an off-season gunshot wound to the leg. The Houston linebacking corps is undistinguished.

While Pittsburgh Steelers coach Chuck Noll has often been described as stoic, a better term might be unflinching. Noll is the man who fashioned the Steelers dynasty that won four Super Bowls, who watched his great players retire to the Hall of Fame and stayed on to risk being called a has-been, whose lowly team finished 5–11 in 1988 and started off 1989 by losing its first two games by a total of 92–10. And, evidently, he's still a good coach—because Pittsburgh roared back to win five of its last six games and make the play-offs for the first time in five years.

But how did Noll work his magic? Pittsburgh had more than its share of injuries and holdouts. Rookie running back Tim Worley, the Steelers' top draft pick, didn't produce until the final five games. The passing offense—no offense to quarterback Bubby Brister—was the worst in the league. And the defense, 19th in the league, didn't have good stats, either. However, the Steelers did win the take-away/giveaway tug of war by 11. And Rod Woodson, who gained almost 1000 yards returning kicks, often put the offense in good field position.

Other than a lot of optimism, there's not much to recommend the Steelers this year. Defensive coordinator Rod Rust left to take the head-coaching job at New England. In desperate need of a defensive lineman, the Steelers used their first pick to draft Eric Green at tight end, a position already adequately filled by Mike Mularkey. And Joe Walton, who found little success and no



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happiness with the Jets, has been hired as the new offensive coordinator. But before you count Pittsburgh out, remember that the man who doesn't flinch is still at the helm.

The A.F.C. Central will be a dogfight among the Bengals, the Browns and the Oilers. Two wild-card teams could come out of the pack.

EASTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Buffalo Bills	11– 5
Miami Dolphins	8– 8
New York Jets	5–11
Indianapolis Colts	5–11
New England Patriots	4–12

Last year, the Buffalo Bills were supposed to be the best team in the A.F.C., and they did win the divisional title, but only because no other team in the East played better than .500. The Bills almost beat Cleveland in the play-offs, but then, the Browns weren't so hot, either.

One of Buffalo's problems was that the players expended more emotion criticizing one another's play than they did against the opposition. Quarterback Jim Kelly had verbal skirmishes with most of his teammates, two assistant coaches punched each other out and the general manager invited media critics to leave town.

Kelly and his teammates issued apologies and the Bills signed him to a $20,000,000 contract. The team maintains that last year's turmoil was greatly exaggerated and that with a happy Kelly and a few troublemakers gone, the Super Bowl is still attainable. However, Plan B cost the Bills running back Ronnie Harmon, punter John Kidd, nose tackle Fred Smerlas and wide receiver Flip Johnson. Cornerback Derrick Burroughs' career ended last year with a neck injury and safety Mark Kelso ended the season wearing a special helmet because of a series of concussions.

On the positive side, Kelly can sometimes dominate a game and Thurman Thomas gained more yards from scrimmage than any other back in the league. Bruce Smith is one of the best defensive ends in football and the Bills linebacking corps—with Cornelius Bennett, Shane Conlan, Ray Bentley and underrated Darryl Talley—is formidable.

The best thing the Miami Dolphins have going for them is that three of their rivals in the A.F.C. East—the Colts, the Patriots and the Jets—are in a state of disarray or rebuilding from the bottom up. It's all the more frustrating for coach Don Shula, who, after 27 seasons and 285 victories (second only to George Halas), can't seem to make the Dolphins (8–8 last year) better than the league.

Events in the off season haven't helped. After owner Joe Robbie's death last January, Shula and his star quarterback Dan Marino traded a volley of insults and Marino talked trade. Of course, Shula knows better than to give up the best thing the Dolphins have going, even if he is a little free with his opinions.

Perhaps as a gesture toward Marino's good health, Shula and the Dolphins drafted two enormous offensive linemen, Richmond Webb from Texas A&M and Keith Sims from Iowa. The rest of the line, which was already better at pass protection than run blocking, should give Marino plenty of time to hit favorite receivers Mark Clayton, Ferrell Edmunds and the Dolphins' most versatile player, Jim Jensen.

As everyone knows, Miami's problem for the past few years has been defense. And while Shula and defensive coordinator Tom Olivadotti have made some improvements, the Dolphins are still a long way from having the kind of intimidating defense that it takes to win a Super Bowl.

Somebody should have offered New York Jets coach Joe Walton a blindfold to spare him watching his team meekly surrender to Buffalo 37–0 in last season's finale. Let's hope that for Jets fans, it was the end of an era of frustration and mediocrity.

In December, owner Leon Hess hired ex-Patriot Dick Steinberg as general manager and told him to start a football team. Steinberg, mercifully, fired Walton and his staff and then unsuccessfully tried to hire Michigan State coach George Perles. He finally landed Cincinnati offensive coordinator Bruce Coslet and set about putting the microscope, as he called it, to the Jets' talent. He declared, "There aren't enough guys here in the prime of their careers to build solidity," and in another piece of understatement, "The Jets are not one of the strongest teams." At 4–12 last season, the Jets weren't about to argue.

Steinberg then had a highly successful draft, landing Penn State running back Blair Thomas with the second over-all pick, taking West Virginia wide receiver Reggie Rembert next and picking up a steal at the 84th pick in California quarterback Troy Taylor.

Thomas will start immediately in place of Freeman McNeil. Receivers Al Toon and Mickey Shuler will return after missing much of last season because of injuries. The defense will struggle but should finish better than last year's platoon. And if the media and fans can wait a New York minute, Steinberg and Coslet may put together a competitive team in a year or two.

You can't say that Indianapolis Colts owner Robert Irsay isn't a gambling man. He's the guy who traded Cornelius Bennett, now a Pro Bowl fixture at linebacker, in the three-way deal with the Bills and the Rams that made Eric Dickerson the unlikeliest of Hoosiers. For this year's top draft pick, he traded another Pro Bowler, offensive tackle Chris Hinton, wide receiver Andre Rison and the Colts' number-one pick next year to get Illini quarterback Jeff George. Then he signed George to a $15,000,000 contract, the highest amount ever paid to a rookie. In other words, Irsay bet the farm.

How's this going to turn out? Hinton has only about five great seasons left; Rison has an entire career; next year's number-one pick, who knows? Dickerson? He wants to be traded or retire. George? Well, ask the Michigan Wolverines. They played him and their best solution was to hit him early if they could, and if they couldn't, hit him late, because he hates being tackled.

The Colts will likely straighten things out with Dickerson, since no one else seems to want him in a trade. Dickerson will shoulder the offensive burden because George won't be ready as a pro passer. Elway wasn't ready when he was first drafted, and neither was virtually any other highly touted rookie Q.B. in recent memory, with the exception of Dan Marino.

It's astonishing to think that the New England Patriots and the Chicago Bears, who combined for a measly 11 wins between them last season, played for the Super Bowl only four years ago. The Patriots never seemed to recover from that crushing defeat. And coach Raymond Berry, once New England's darling, paid the price and has been replaced by Rod Rust, who at 61 is the oldest head coach in the league.

New England has plenty of excuses for last season's failures. Linebacker Andre Tippett, defensive end Garin Veris and cornerback Ronnie Lippett were all out with injuries before the season began. Wide receiver Stanley Morgan missed seven games with a broken leg; Irving Fryar missed five. Running back John Stephens, who had been a terror in 1988, inexplicably gained more than 100 yards only twice.

New England's biggest problem was finding someone to play quarterback. Berry tried four players who all had losing records: Tony Eason (1–2), Doug Flutie (1–2), Steve Grogan (2–4) and Marc Wilson (1–3). Eason and Flutie are gone and most New England fans wish Grogan and Wilson were as well. The team, by its own admission, needed to draft a franchise quarterback but managed only to select LSU's Tommy Hodson on the third round. There have been franchise quarterbacks such as Joe Montana drafted on the third round. It's unlikely that the Patriots will be so lucky with Hodson.

Rust has a formidable task ahead of him and may find himself eligible for Social Security before New England is a winner.

 (continued from page 78)

"Rabbit liked Reagan. He liked the foggy voice, the lopsided smile, the way he floated above the facts."

Angstrom. I've already written down your six."

"I need the practice," Harry says, and strokes it, and watches it rim out on the left edge. Not his day. Will he ever have a day again? Fifty-five and fading. His own son can't stand to be in the same room with him.

"He was going for those Reagan Democrats," Joe continues explaining. "Except there aren't any Reagan Democrats, there're just simple rednecks. Now that I'm down South here, I understand better what it's all about. It's all about blacks. One hundred thirty years after Abe Lincoln, the Republicans have got the antiblack vote and it's bigger than any Democratic Presidential candidate can cope with, barring a massive depression or a boo-boo the size of Watergate. Ollie North doesn't do it. Reagan being a total airhead didn't do it. Face it, the bulk of this country is scared to death of the blacks. That's the one gut issue we've got."

After that episode with Skeeter 20 years ago, Rabbit has had mixed feelings about blacks, and whenever the subject comes up, he tends to hold his tongue lest he betray himself one way or another. "Bernie, what do you think?" Harry asks while they're watching the two others hit from the second tee, a 136-yard par three over that same scummy pond. He finds Bernie the wisest of the three, the most phlegmatic and slowest to speak. He never came back totally from some open-heart surgery he had a few years ago. He moves cumbersomely, has emphysema and a bit of a humpback and the slack look of a plump man who lost weight because his doctor told him to. His color isn't good, his lower lip in profile looks loose and moist.

"I think," he says, "Dukakis tried to talk intelligently to the American people and we aren't ready for it. Bush talked to us like we were a bunch of morons and we ate it up. Can you imagine, the Pledge of Allegiance, 'read my lips'—can you imagine such crap in this day and age? Ailes and those others, they made him into a beer commercial—'head for the mountains.'" Bernie sings his last phrase, his voice quavery but touchingly true; Rabbit is impressed by this ability Jews seem to have, to sing and to dance, to give themselves to the moment. Bernie concludes, "To my mind there are two possibilities about Bush—he believed what he was saying or he didn't. I don't know which is more terrifying. He's what we call a *pisher*."

"Dukakis always looked like he was sore about something," Rabbit offers. This is as close as he can bring himself to admit that, alone in this foursome, he voted for Bush.

Bernie maybe guesses it. He says, "After eight years of Reagan, I would have thought more people would have been sore than were. If you could ever get the poor to vote in this country, you'd have socialism. But people want to think rich. That's the genius of the capitalist system: Either you're rich or you want to be, or you think you ought to be."

Rabbit liked Reagan. He liked the foggy voice, the lopsided way he smiled, the way his head kept wagging during the long pauses, the way he floated above the facts, knowing there was more to government than facts, and the way he could change direction while saying he was going straight ahead, pulling out of Beirut, getting cozy with Gorby, running up the national debt. The strange thing was, except for the hopeless down-and-outers, the world became a better place under him. The Communists fell apart, except for in Nicaragua, and even there he put them on the defensive. The guy had a touch. Harry dares say, "Under Reagan, it was like anesthesia."

"Ever had an operation? A real operation."

"Not really. Tonsils when I was a kid. Appendix when I was in the Army. They took it out in case I was sent to Korea. Then I was never sent."

"I had a triple bypass three years ago."

"I know, Bern. I remember your telling me. But you look great now."

"When you come out of anesthesia, it hurts like hell. You can't believe you can live with such pain. To get at your heart, they split your whole rib cage open. They crack you open like a coconut. And they pull the best veins they can find out of your thigh. So when you come out of it, your groin's killing you as well as your chest."

"Wow." Harry inappropriately laughs, since while Bernie is talking to him on the cart, Ed, with that pompous fussy setup he has—laying his hands on the club finger by finger like he's doing flower arrangement, and then looking toward the hole five or six times before swinging like he's trying to shake loose cobwebs or a tick in his collar—looks up during the swing so the topped ball scutters into the water, skipping three times before sinking, leaving three interlocking sets of rings on the water. Alligator food.

"Six hours I was on the table," Bernie is urging into his ear. "I woke up and I couldn't move. I couldn't even open my eyelids. They *freeze* you, so your blood flow is down to almost nothing. I was,

"I told you we were an equal-opportunity employer. I didn't say we were fucking crazy!"

like, locked into a black coffin. No. It's like I *was* the coffin. And then into this darkness comes this creepy voice, with a thick accent, the Pakistani anesthetist."

Joe Gold, with his partner's ball in the water, tries to hit too quickly, to get a ball in play, jerking the club back in two stages like he does and then roundhousing with that flat swing stocky guys tend to have. He pushes the shot off so he catches the pot bunker on the right.

Bernie is doing a high, Pakistani voice. "'Ber-nie, Ber-nie,' this voice says, so, honest to God, I think maybe it's the voice of God, 'oper-ation a suc-cess!'"

Harry has heard the story before but laughs anyway. It's a good, scary story about the edge of death.

"'Ber-nie, Ber-nie,'" Bernie repeats, "like it came out of the clouds to Abraham, to go cut Isaac's throat."

Harry asks, "Shall we keep the same order?" He feels he disgraced himself on the previous hole.

"You go first, Angstrom. I think it shakes you up to hit last. Go for it. Show these nudniks how it's done."

This is what Rabbit hoped to hear. He takes a seven iron and tries to think of five things: keeping his head down, keeping his backswing from being too long, moving his hip while the club is still at the top, keeping his downswing smooth and keeping the club face square on the ball, at that point on the sphere where a clockface says 3:15. From the whistly instant way the ball vanishes from the center of his held-down vision, he knows the hit is sweet; they all together watch the dark dot rise, hover that little ghostly extra bit that gives the distance and then drop straight down onto the green, a little to the left but what looks pin high, the ball bouncing right with the slant of the bowl-shaped green.

"Beauty," Ed has to admit.

"How about a mulligan?" Joe asks. "We'll give you one this time."

Bernie asks, pushing himself out of the cart, "What iron was that?"

"Seven."

"Gonna hit 'em like that, my friend, you should use an eight."

"Think I'm past the hole?"

"Way past. You're on the back edge."

Some partner. The old soldier in Harry, the masochistic Christian, respects men like this. It's uncritical love, like women provide, that makes you soft and does you in.

"For me, I think a choked-up six," Bernie says.

But in trying to take something off the shot, he takes off too much and leaves it short, over the water but on the bank where it's hard to take a stance. "Tough chip from there," Harry says, unable to resist a gentle needle. He still blames Bernie for parking the cart so close on that attempted deliberate hook.

Bernie accepts the needle. "Especially after that last shitty chip of mine, huh?" he says, pushing his cut-up, deflated, humpbacked old body into the cart, Harry having slid over into the driver's seat. The guy who's on the green has earned the right to drive. Harry feels momentum building, they're going to cream these creeps. He glides over the water on an arched wooden bridge with red-rubber treads laid over the planks. "From where you are," Bernie tells him as they get out, "the green slopes down. Hit your putt too hard, you'll slide miles beyond."

Ed, with a ball in the water, is out of it. Bernie's stance on the steep bank is so awkward he whiffs the ball once, shanks it sideways on his next swing and picks up. But sandy Joe Gold, in his element, waggles his feet to plant himself and manages a good blast shot out of the pot bunker. With Bernie's advice preying on his mind, interfering with his own instincts, Harry strokes his long approach putt tentatively and leaves it four feet short. He marks it with a dime while Joe two-putts for his bogey. Joe takes his time and gives Harry too long to study his four-footer. He sees a break, then doesn't see it. In trying to avoid lipping out on the left like he did on the last hole, he loses his par putt, very makable, an inch to the right. "Son of a son of a *bitch*," he says, frustration pressing from behind his eyes so hard he thinks he might burst into tears. "On in one, and a crappy three putt."

"It happens," Ed says, writing down the four with his trained accountant's primness. "Tie hole."

"Sorry, Bern," Harry says, climbing back into the cart, on the passenger side.

"I screwed you up," his partner says. "Should have kept my yap shut about the green being downhill." He unwraps another cigar and, pushing the pedal, leans back into a long day.

Not Harry's day. The Florida sun seems not so much a single thing overhead as a set of klieg lights that pursue you everywhere with an even white illumination. Even directly under palm trees and right up against the 12-foot pine fences that separate the village from the rest of the world, the sun finds you, reddening the tip of Rabbit's nose and baking his forearms and the back of his nongloved hand, which is dotted with little white bumps of keratosis. He carries a tube of number-15 sunscreen in his golf bag and is always dabbing it on, but the ultraviolet rays get through anyway, cooking his squamous cells into cancer. The three Jews he plays with never use anything and just get a comfortable tan, even the bald top of Bernie's head, smooth as an ostrich egg as he bends over his shots with that awful reverse-shift, squeezed-feet stance of his. Harry feels Bernie's steady, mechanically repeating ineptitude—short shots, chunked chips—as a burden today, since he can't quite carry him, and wonders why somebody who exudes suffering wisdom the way Bernie does never learns a thing about golf or even seems to try. To him, Harry supposes, it's just a game, a way of killing time in the sun at this stage of his life. Bernie was a boy once and then a man making money and children (a carpet business in Queens, two daughters who married nice solid guys and a son who went to Princeton and the Wharton School in Philadelphia and became a hostile-takeover specialist on Wall Street), and now he's at the other end of life's rainbow, and this is what you do: Bernie endures retirement fun in Florida the way he's endured his entire life, sucking that same tired wet-cigar taste out of it. He doesn't see what Harry sees in the game—infinity, an opportunity for infinite improvement. Rabbit doesn't see it himself today. Around the 11th hole—a dog-leg par five that he butchers, slicing his second shot, a four wood, so wildly it winds up in a condo's side yard, between some plastic trash cans and a concrete slab with some rusting steel clothesline poles sunk into it (a German shepherd chained to the clothesline barks at him, lunging toward him so the taut wire sings, and Gold and Silberstein loafing in the cart cackle, and Bernie chomps deeper and looks morose), taking the out-of-bounds drop for a four while the dog keeps barking and barking, trying to hit a three iron so hard he digs six inches behind and sprays sand all over his shoes and into the tops of his socks, pulling the next iron to the left into a bed of parched and shedding azaleas beside the 12th tee, taking a drop for another stroke, skulling the chip clear across the green (all three playing partners keeping a ghastly silence now, shocked, mourning for him, or is it holding in their glee?), plunking the next sand shot against the trap lip so it dribbles back, and picking up in disgust, and even hitting himself on the knee when, after raking, he flips the sand rake to one side—after this hole, the game and day begin to eat him into a state of depression. The grass looks greasy and unreal, every other palm tree is dying from the drought and dropping stiff brown fronds, the condos line every fairway like tall stucco outhouses, and even the sky, the sky where your eyes can usually find something unpolluted, is dirtied by jet trails that spread and wander until they are indistinguishable from God's clouds.

The hours pile on, noon comes and goes, the klieg lights begin to dim, but the heat is turned up higher. They finish at quarter to three, Harry and Bernie $20 down—both sides of a five-dollar Nassau, plus the 18 and a press on the second nine that they lost. "We'll get 'em next time," Harry promises his partner, not really believing it.

"You weren't quite yourself today, my friend," Bernie admits. "You got girlfriend trouble or something?"

Horny, Jews are: He once read a history of Hollywood about their womanizing. Harry Cohn, Groucho Marx, the Warner brothers, they went crazy out there with the sunshine and swimming pools and all the Midwestern *shiksas* who'd do anything to be movie stars—participate in orgies, blow a mogul while he was talking on the telephone—yet his golf partners are all married to the same women, 40, 50 years, women with dyed hair and big bangles on both wrists who can't stop talking when you see them all dolled up at dinner, Bernie and Ed and Joe sitting smilingly silent beside them, as if all this talking their women do is sex, which it must be: pep, life. How do they do it? Wear life like a suit made to fit exactly. "I guess I told you," Harry tells Bernie, "my son and his family are visiting."

"There's your problem, Angstrom. You felt guilty horsing around with us, you should have been entertaining your loved ones."

"Yeah, entertain 'em. They just got here yesterday and are acting bored already. They want us to live next door to Disney World."

"Take them to Jungle Gardens. Up in Sarasota, down Forty-one from the Ringling Museum. Fern and I go there two, three times a winter and never get bored. I could watch those flamingos sleep for hours—how do they do it? Balanced on one leg two feet long and thinner than my finger." He holds up a finger and it seems thick. "Thinner than a fucking pencil," he swears.

"I don't know, Bernie. When I'm around, my kid acts like he doesn't want my own grandchildren to have anything much to do with me. The little boy, he's four, is pretty much a stranger, but the girl and I could get along. She's almost nine. I was even thinking I should bring her out in a cart sometime and let her try to hit the ball. Or maybe rent a Sunfish, Ed, if your son over at the Bayview could write me up as a guest."

The foursome is having beers and free munchies in Club Nineteen, next to the pro shop, on the bottom floor of Building A of Valhalla Village. The darkness inside—the dark panels and beams in the style of an English pub—is intensified by the subtropical brightness outside, at the round white tables under umbrellas saying *Coors*. You can hear the splashing from the pool, between buildings A and B, and the throbbing of a generator housed on the other side of the wall, beyond the rest rooms and dart boards and video games. At night, sometimes, Harry imagines he can hear the generator throbbing through all the intervening apartments, carpets, air conditioners, conversations, mattresses and peach-colored hall. Somehow, the noise curves around and clings to the walls and comes in his big sliding window, the crack that's left open to the Gulf air.

"No problem," Ed says, as he totals their scores. "Just show up at the front desk and ask for Gregg Silvers. That's what he calls himself. They'll let you walk through the lobby and downstairs to the changing rooms. I don't advise wearing bathing suits into the lobby; they try to discourage that. Do you have a day I can tell him to expect you?"

Harry gets the impression this may be a realer favor than he thought, a bigger deal than it's worth. "Friday, if ever," he says. "Does Gregg have to know for sure? Tomorrow I thought we'd head up Sarasota way."

"Jungle Gardens," Bernie insists.

"Lionel Train Museum," Joe Gold contributes. "And right across from the Ringling Museum, there's Bellm's Cars and Music of Yesterday, is I think what they call it. Over a thousand music machines, can you imagine? Antique cars from 1897, I never knew there were cars then. You're in the car business, aren't you, Angstrom? You and your boy. You'll both go ape in there."

"I don't know," Harry begins, groping to express the curious cloud Nelson carries with him, that dampens any outing.

"Harry, this is interesting," Ed says. "Giving you a seven, two over par for handicap purposes, on the eleventh, where you picked up, and a courtesy six on the sixteenth, where you put two balls in the water, you scored an even ninety even so. You weren't playing as bad as it looked. Waste a few less drives and long irons and you'll be in the eighties every time."

"I couldn't get my ass into it, I couldn't *release*," Harry says. "I couldn't let go." He has an unaskable question for these wise Jewish men: How about death? He asks them, "How about that Pan Am jet?"

There is a pause. "It has to be a bomb," Ed says. "When you've got splinters of steel driven through leather luggage and wreckage strewn across fifty miles of Scotland, it has to be a bomb."

Bernie sighs. "It's them again. The Shiiteheads."

"Arabs," Joe says. A patriotic glee lights his wobbling eyes. "Once we got proof, the F-111s'll be flying into Libya again. What we ought to do is go right into Eye-ran and stick it to the ayatollah."

But their tongues are less quick than usual; Harry has made them uneasy, with what he hadn't meant to be a political question. With Jews, everything in the papers comes back to Israel.

"I mean," he says, "how the hell do you think it feels? Sitting there and

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having the plane explode?"

"I bet it wakes you up," Bernie says.

"They didn't feel a thing," Ed says, considerately, sensing Harry's personal worry. "Zero. It was over that quick."

Joe says to Harry, "You know what the Israelis say, don't you, Angstrom? 'If we got to have enemies, thank God they're Arabs.'"

Harry has heard this before but tries to laugh. Bernie says, "I think Angstrom could use a new partner. I depress him."

"It wasn't you, Bernie. I came depressed."

Club Nineteen puts out a wonderful array of nibbles in little china bowls monogrammed with Valhalla Village's logo, two sea-blue intertwined Vs. Not just dry-roasted peanuts and almonds but pretzel sticks and salted pumpkin seeds and tight curls of something like Corn Crisps, only finer and sharper in the mouth in that blissful instant when the tongue works it around to be crunched between the molars. The other men take only a pinch of this starchy, salty salad now and then, but soon the bowl is empty, Rabbit doing most of the eating.

"That crap's loaded with sodium," Bernie warns him.

"Yeah, but it's good for the soul," Harry says, about as religious a remark as he dares put forth. "Who else is ready for another beer? Losers buy this round."

He is beginning to feel expansive: His dark mood is thinning like a squirt of ink in alcohol's gentle solvent. He waves for the waiter and asks him to bring along with four more beers another bowl of munchies. The waiter, a fawnlike young Hispanic wearing an earring and a limp gold chain on one wrist, nods in a frightened way; Harry must seem enormous to him, menacingly white and pink and sodden with sodium-retained water. The whole quartet must seem loud and potentially unruly: ugly old gringos. Another squirt of ink. Harry feels heavy again. Good times in Florida are never as good as those boozy late afternoons at his old club back in Pennsylvania, the Flying Eagle, before Buddy Inglefinger married that lanky crazy hippie Valerie and moved to Royersford and Thelma Harrison got too sick with lupus ever to show up and Ronnie had to drop his membership because of their medical expenses and Cindy Murkett got fat and Webb divorced her so you never saw her anymore. In Florida, the people are so cautious, as if on two beers they might fall down and break a hip: The whole state is brittle.

"Your boy play golf?" Joe is asking him.

"Not really. He's never had the temperament. Or the time, he says." And, Rabbit might have added, he never really invited him.

"What does he do, for fun?" Ed asks. These men, it dawns on Harry, are being polite. By ordering another round of beers, he has stretched the 19th-hole camaraderie beyond where it's effortless. These guys' sexy elderly wives are waiting. Gossip to catch up on, letters from dutiful, prospering children to read. Interest to add up. Torah to study.

"Beats me," Harry says. "Hangs around with a bunch of Brewer creeps, swinging singles, sort of. I never see him having much fun. He never went in for sports."

"The way you talk about him," Bernie says, "he could be the father and you the son."

Rabbit agrees enthusiastically; with a boost from the second beer, he almost has a vision. "Yeah, and a delinquent son, at that. That's how he sees me, an old juvenile delinquent. His wife looks miserable." Where did that come from? Was it true? *Help me, guys. Tell me how you've got on top of sex and death so they don't bother you.* He goes on, "The whole family, the two kids, too, seem on edge. I don't know what's up."

"Your wife, does she know what's up?"

That mutt. Harry ignores the question. "Just last night, I tried to talk to the kid in a friendly fashion and all he did was bitch about Toyotas. The company that feeds us, that saved him and his old man and his shady little crook of a grandfather from being bums, and all he does is complain about how Toyotas aren't Lamborghinis! Jesus, that beer went down fast. It felt like the Gobi Desert out there."

"Harry, you don't want another beer."

"You want to get home and tell your family about Bellm's. B-E-L-L-M-S. I know it sounds like I can't spell. Every old car you could imagine. From before steering wheels. Before gears, even."

"To be honest, guys, I've never been that much into cars. I drive 'em, I sell

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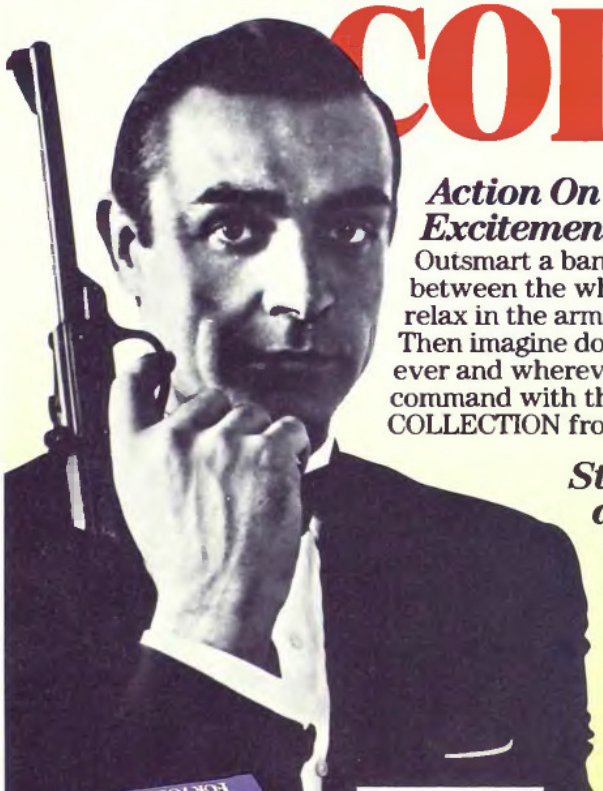

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Timothy Dalton in *The Living Daylights.*

'em, but I've never really understood the damn things. To me, they're all alike. Great if they go, lousy if they don't." The other men are standing up.

"I want to see you out here tomorrow afternoon with your little granddaughter. Teach her the basics. Head down, slow take-away."

That was Bernie talking; Ed Silberstein tells him, "Work on shortening that backswing. You don't need all that above the shoulders. The hit is right in here, right by your pecker. Best advice I ever had from a golf pro was, Imagine you're hitting it with your pecker."

They have sensed his silent cry for help, for consolation, and are becoming more Jewish on Harry's behalf, it seems to him as he sits there.

Bernie has pushed up from the table and towers over Harry with his gray skin, his loose dewlaps full of shadows. "We have an expression," he says downward. "*Tsuris*. Sounds to me, Angstrom, like you got some *tsuris*. Not full-grown yet, not *gehakte tsuris*, but *tsuris*."

Pleasantly dazed with alcohol, his chest distantly stinging, the tip of his nose beginning to feel sunburn, Harry has no inclination to move, though the world around him is in motion. Two young college-kid hot-shots who were pressing them from behind all afternoon have finished and are making the video games over by the rest rooms warble, zing, whistle and bleat. Animated automatons in many colors appear and disappear on the screens. He sees his white fingers, with the big moons on their fingernails, absent-mindedly dabble at the bottom of the bowl of munchies, as if he is trying to pick up the intertwined Vs. The junk food has been consumed. He cannot be absolutely sure, in memory, if the waiter ever brought a new bowl.

Joe Gold, his hair a sandy mane, his magnified eyes surging back and forth within his spectacles, bends down a bit, as if rooting his feet again in a trap, and says, "Here's a Jewish joke for you. Abe meets Izzy after a long time no see. He asks, 'How many children do you have?' Izzy says, 'None.' Abe says, 'None! So what do you do for aggravation?'"

Their laughter seems speeded up, like the action in a beer commercial; their mockery in its unnatural unison holds a premonition for Harry, that he has wasted the day, that now he must hurry, hurry to catch up, like when he used to run late to school with a watery flutter in his stomach. The three other men, returning to their solid domestic arrangements, in farewell, cuff at him, even pinch the nape of his neck, as if to rouse him from a spiritual torpor. In Florida, he thinks, even friendship has a thin, provisional quality, since people may at any minute buy another condominium and move to it, or else up and die.

"Sure I smell great. I took a workshop in smelling great."

RUBBER JUMP

(continued from page 100)

the 150-foot columns, strapped themselves in and slept. In the morning, John rappelled to the end of the bungee and bounced in place. Then he climbed halfway to the top of the bridge and dropped. Then to the top. "It was a hormone cocktail of terror and exhilaration" he says. The others followed while Peter filmed.

"The last guy to go weighed two hundred pounds," said Peter, "and I was sure the bungee had been stretched and was going to break. It didn't, but it was intense, like being a spider and dropping into the Grand Canyon on a web."

From then on, they did it once a month, just for fun, and as they became comfortable with the equipment, John's visions became grander, loonier. They jumped from cranes, harnessed two people together for Siamese drops, dived from the Golden Gate on cords so long that their bodies went into the water up to the waist before the first rebound: "Like a toilet plunger getting slammed in and sucked out," said John.

"But our best jump," he said, "was the Bear Hug. We wanted to do something extreme." Peter was shaking his head again. "It was actually a combination of two other jumps," said John. "The first is called the Pendulum, where you anchor the bungees on one side of the bridge, run them underneath and jump off the other side so that you get a swing big enough to keep you from hitting the bridge on the rebound. That technique let us get into what we call the Acme Sandbag Jump. On that one, you hold a fifty-pound sandbag on the way down so that you load the cords with extra stretch. You drop the bag at the bottom—like pulling a trigger—then rebound to a point that's actually higher than the bridge. The idea of the Bear Hug was to use Peter as a human sandbag."

"John came up with the idea about two months before we actually did it," said Peter, "and I just laughed and said, 'Yeah, that would be a pretty wild move,' thinking it would never come to fruition. I should have known better, because *everything* John talks about actually happens. We decided to use a hundred-foot bridge in the mountains. There was about ten feet of water in the river, heavy volume, people rafting."

"The plan was that I would hook into the bungees," said John, "get behind Peter and put him in a bear hug. He would be hanging on to the rail, hooked into nothing . . . zero."

"So John jumped with one sandbag first, as a test, and I was really hoping that he'd come back up, hit the bridge and be hurt so that I wouldn't have to do it," Peter said, smiling. "When the one sandbag jump was successful, my heart

dropped. Then two sandbags worked and I knew that I was going to have to do it. It was a strange feeling. I weigh one hundred and fifty pounds—that's like three sandbags. We had it calculated as best we could, but we didn't know how hard we were going to hit the water, if maybe I'm going to be plastered on the bottom and get knocked out. Or maybe we don't even reach the water, which means no energy would be dissipated and John goes straight back up and hits the bridge."

"So Pete's hanging on to the rail, and I'm behind him with my entire being focused on my hands and my grip. . . ."

"And I'm trusting John's grip, completely. You talk about being high on life . . . to know that you could die, but you probably won't, but you don't know it. People were filming, so I just kind of got my Kodak courage together, told myself, You're going to do this, so why freak yourself out? Everything melted away, I let go and the bridge just disappeared."

"We dropped like a ton of bricks and when the cord kicked in, I could feel the *g* force trying to tear Pete out of my arms, because at that point, his weight was doubled. It was like trying to hold a baby in a car accident. We hit the river and I rolled and twisted and when I let go, I was ripped out of the water, completely out of control, and I could see the bridge just flying at me until I sailed like a rag doll eight feet above it. Saw all my buddies on the bridge. It was the most intense endorphin rush I'd had in my entire life. A dream move."

"I just remember slamming into the river on my back," said Peter, "and going deeper and deeper, till I was about a foot from the bottom. Then the water sucked me through the channel and I swam to shore. It was the most glorious moment in my life."

The brothers smiled at each other, proud of themselves all over again.

For the rest of the lunch, the Kockelmans talked about starting their business, about the risk that that had amounted to. When John had proposed the idea, Peter had told him he'd better not use the family name. As safe as he knew their system to be, he was sure that they would be sued. They haven't been. In fact, of the several thousand jumps, the worst mishap has been a dislocated shoulder of a man who suffered the injury several times before.

"We can't guarantee that you won't get a little abused, slapped around by the cord, that sort of thing," said Peter. "But we don't want to water it down. I mean, we could make people wear helmets, gloves, leathers, we could put them in a cage. But we want to let them out there on their own as far as we safely can. In a way, we're unique. We offer people something that the rest of the world in these times of torts and liability and litigation doesn't."

"We don't want to turn it into something you could get at Great America," said John. "As it is, it's you making a conscious effort to leap off that bridge or out of a hot-air balloon, which is the way we do it these days. Either way, though, It's you and how you deal with fear."

•

I stood with one hand on the bridge railing, dealing with my fear, listening to Roger's prejump briefing. "We're going to give you a countdown from five. You're going to go headfirst." I looked down at the river below where it squeezed between two boulders into a short slash of white water. I listened for mumbling of the rapids, and when I realized that it was too far below for the sound to make the reach, the whole picture took on the quality of something seen through binoculars.

"Jump as far away from the bridge as you can," said Roger. "That way, the harness will automatically rotate you into the seated position. And keep your hands away from everything. You're going to be pulling about three *g*s down at the bottom, and your first rebound is going to be about seventy-five percent of your original distance, so you don't want your hand stuck in your harness. We had one guy who got disoriented at the top of his first bounce, grabbed the bungee and slid all the way down, took the skin off his hands." He asked if there were any questions, then added a final admonition. "Oh . . . and for the guys . . . you gotta make sure the harness is out of the way of the old crotch."

There was some chuckling, but not from me. My old crotch had paid the harness tax some years before on a sky dive, an electric moment that wasn't that funny.

"Lance is going to show you how to do the swan dive," said Roger as a young blond kid with the muscles of a gymnast stepped up to be rigged. Roger clipped the long triple bungee to a carabiner that hung from the harness just over Lance's belly button. When he held it out for us to see, it looked like he was holding a baby by the umbilical cord. Lance stepped over the rail and the group chanted the countdown. At zero, he sprang into a pretty Acapulco swan, then dropped away. He was still belly down, arms out, when he reached the limit of the bungee's stretch, where he flipped violently and was heaved back toward us at terrific speed. We lost sight of him under the bridge, then saw him take the second drop and second rebound, which he embellished with a flip and a couple of twists. He bounced twice more, put a gung-ho yell into the air, then swung to a stop. Roger lowered the climbing rope, Lance clipped into it, then the whole group grabbed the rope

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and pulled like a mule train till we had him back on the bridge.

Nothing to it, I thought. Except maybe for that quick flip at the bottom, where it looked as if he'd been slapped across the face with the bungee. But the next jumper, a woman named Cathy who was making her 17th jump, had a better time of it at the bottom. She let her swan dive rotate just enough so that she was on her back and clear of the cord as she began the return trip. I ran to the other side of the bridge and craned over just in time to see her at the top of her first rebound in the sort of weightless split second that Wile E. Coyote has just before he crashes to the desert floor in the Road Runner cartoons.

Five jumpers followed Cathy. Some of them screamed at the bottom, some of them screamed at the top, but they all climbed back onto the bridge wearing big, breathless smiles.

Roger read my eyes as he hooked me in. I stood there smiling, trying to look casual, wondering why you never get any better at fear, no matter how much you practice it. I climbed over the rail, looked out into the big empty and suffered the voice inside that always takes you aside at the last second and says something like, "You know you could die, but you probably won't, but you don't know if. . . ."

When the countdown hit "go," I flew into a tense swan, then fell through a zone of pure animal fear so intense that I went blind. I don't know whether I actually closed my eyes or if maybe some deeper set of lids snapped shut on me, but the next thing I saw was the river moving away from me at high speed. There was no snap in the elastic turnaround; just a smooth, heavy slowdown, then—*zang*—I was on my way feet first, back up toward the bridge. I cartwheeled through the weightless zenith, then gravity got me back and I took the second drop out of shape and out of control, so that the bungee smacked me in the forehead at the bottom. I spent the next two bounces fending off the cord with my hands exactly as I'd been told not to. When the thrashing finally stopped, I hugged the bungee, then dangled in the feeling that I had just awakened from one of those violent dreams that take your poor sleeping mind through six kinds of hell but somehow leave your body alone.

Back on the bridge, I walked my adrenaline shakes into a warm, drowsy endorphin buzz that lasted till Roger took me aside and offered me an extra jump. The rest of the group were going to get two. He thought—since I was the man from *Playboy* who'd done all kinds of crazy damn things—that I might like a bonus, third jump, a chance to do something fancy.

No thanks, two jumps will be just fine, I thought. "Sure, why not?" said the man from *Playboy*, the man who's made a career writing checks with his mouth that I have to cash with my ass.

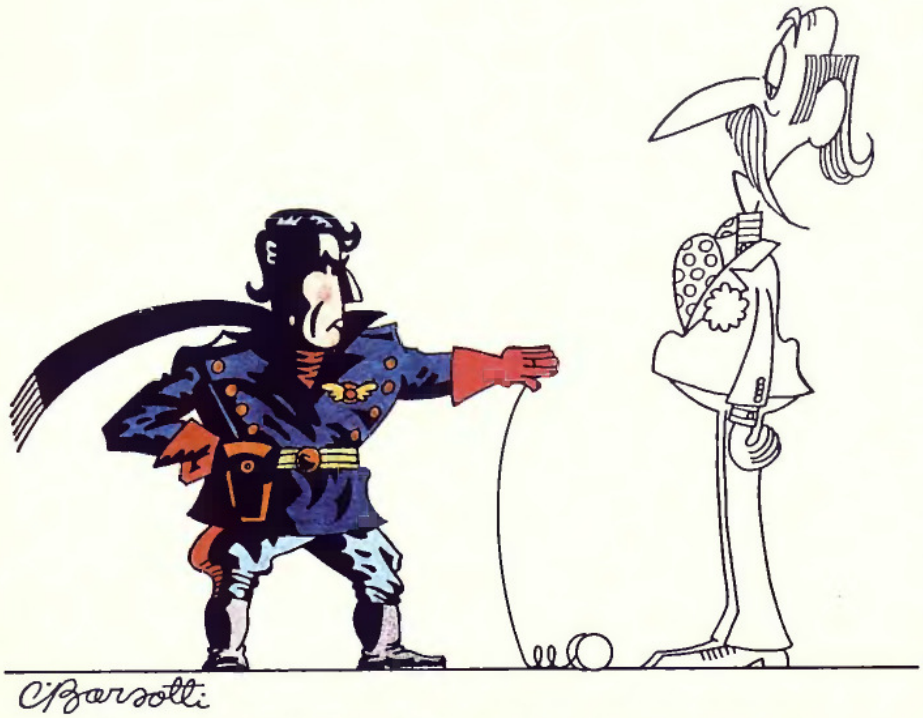
The others took their turns flinging themselves backward off the railing. Watching them fall away belly-up, I could see the fear on their faces all the way down. When they were safe on the bridge, most of them said it had been harder to let go of the rail with their backs to the void.

For me, it was pretty much the same as the swan dive; the stupefying rush in the free-fall seconds, the fierce trigger moment at the turnaround, the eerie weightlessness at the top. The difference came at the bottom of the second drop, where the old crotch took a hit that felt as if it had been delivered by a huge snapping animal.

When everyone had taken a second jump, Roger said, "Maybe instead of a flip, we ought to have you do a bat drop."

I had no idea what a bat drop was, but it sounded better than spinning backward into the abyss and I said, "Fine." He explained it to me, and a minute later, I climbed out onto the frame. I made a monkey-bar move that got my feet above my head, then felt Roger grab my ankles and hook them over the pipe so that I could hang headfirst, arms straight down, an arrow pointing to the water. I felt the grip on my ankles loosen through the countdown, then release, and I took off like a stooping hawk. I saw the water coming and was sure I was going in. As it was, I stopped about five feet short, and this time, because there was no pendulum effect, I exploded straight up, into the shadow of the superstructure, into the coils of floating slack that waited for me exactly at the top of the rebound. And there, in the still of the weightless moment, the cord threw a nice tight loop around my neck, and I took my second drop, 80 feet, in which there was plenty of time to think about death but not enough to do anything about it. Fortunately, the noose had chicken-winged my left arm in with my neck, so that when I hit bottom, the strangling I got was less than professional. The cord choked me off for a second, smacked me hard across the face, raked my trapped arm, then loosened on the second rebound, enough so that I was able to grab it with my right hand, throw the noose off my neck and fall again. I hit bottom hard on the next two bounces, but I was so happy to be hanging by my harness instead of by my neck that the whipping I took from the cord seemed merciful: a little tar, a few feathers compared to a lynching.

Roger yelled down to ask if I was all right. I waved, then hooked into the rope for the quiet ride up. I lay back in the harness and touched the bungee burn over my eye, another burn on my wrist, felt my lip swelling. Lucky again, I thought. I let my arms dangle, had myself a big sigh, and for the rest of the ride, I just hung there like an old puppet being hauled up for repairs. Or maybe retirement.



"I assure you, sir, there's nothing wrong with your yo-yo that a shorter string wouldn't cure."

MAURY POVICH

(continued from page 141)

recently, he used your voice on his show but never mentioned your name or showed your face. How do you feel about being the butt of his jokes?

POVICH: Letterman is, I am dead sure, in love with my wife, and he resents me terribly. It's shtick with him. [Every time he has talked about me] he has called me Murray, Morley Safer, Morton Downey, Jr., the three-hundred-pound gorilla and the guy who does that icky show. And every time *he* says Murray, Connie says Maury. I didn't know anything about the film clip until I saw it on the air. I thought it was very funny, especially when he said, "I'm out with this guy's wife and *he* rolls by on a bus." [*Laughs*] That actually happened, because it was sweeps time, with posters of my mug on every bus in the city.

As for using my voice, his writers came over [to my office] for this skit. That's typical Letterman. He just doesn't want to see me. I did it because I thought he would give me a great compliment at the end of the piece or something, and he could change our whole relationship. And he never mentioned my name. Not one moment of credit came from his lips. [*Laughs*] I guess they'll do *anything* at that show for a gag, even go into the enemy camp. [*Grimaces*] And I accommodated them.

8.

PLAYBOY: It must be great fun when the three of you are together.

POVICH: He's never shown any friendliness toward me. I've been in his show's green room. I've been at his Christmas parties and he won't say hello to me. He has told my wife, "I *don't* want to say hello to him. *Don't* bring him over." I think what happens is, he likes to invite me to his parties and not speak to me. For the last annual *David Letterman* party, I was conveniently out of town. One reason [I don't think he likes me] is his obvious attraction to my wife . . . he wants me out of the picture. Instead of the usual obsessive fan, I think I've got an obsessive host on my hands. [*Laughs*] I think there's no question that he lusts after my wife. And she knows it. And she's flattered. I handle it. I would never tell her not to go on his show. Noooo. Unh-unh. I want to catch them.

9.

PLAYBOY: Seriously. Do you think there's a problem here?

POVICH: No. This is somewhat tongue-in-cheek. Letterman has been terrific with Connie, because he's allowed people to see her marvelous, funny side. And she works with him so well. I mean, she's been on *Letterman* as much as Marv Albert has.

If there's any problem, it's that she thinks Letterman owes her. She wants him to do one of the few interviews he's ever done, on *her* show. And the son of a gun won't go on. I told her that to *really* show the world what he's like—because he won't reveal his personal life—she should put a cardboard cutout of him in the chair and interview it. But she won't do that. I think what turned him off is that she interviewed Arsenio Hall on her show and got the highest rating of the night. So he has not consented yet, and there may be a war going on at this moment.

10.

PLAYBOY: What's the most recent advice you gave your wife about her TV show?

POVICH: The only advice I've given was during the onslaught of all that bad, negative criticism about re-enactments. I now am a veteran of criticism. I can't take the advice of a lot of actors who used to say to me, "I never read the reviews." I *have* to read the reviews. So I told her you can read them, but, boy, you just can't react to them. You cannot let them get under your skin. That was the first time in her life that she was ever faced with that kind of criticism. The initial wave about the show would have toppled most mortals, including me—and I think she's taken it terrifically. She's absorbed it, shrugged it off and moved on. The show continues to evolve. Quite frankly, I think that my wife has dealt a hell of a lot better with the criticism of her show than maybe the two anchors on *Prime Time Live* have dealt with theirs.

11.

PLAYBOY: Does TV reflect its audience, or does it create its audience?

POVICH: Wow! Sometimes we give the viewers what they want, but what *A Current Affair* has resisted is giving them what researchers and marketers *decide* they want. We've never done research on the show. We don't have marketing surveys, focus groups. I came out of that network-newscast view of "What we know is best and we're going to tell you what you should know." But on *A Current Affair*, we have always, every day, tapped our gut and decided what works. What *we* think works.

12.

PLAYBOY: Your dad is a respected sportswriter, your sister a senior editor at *Newsweek*. Was your career a matter of destiny?

POVICH: At five, I wanted to be a garbage collector. Some people say I've attained it. I wanted to be a ballplayer so badly when I was young; I was a bat boy for the old Washington Senators baseball team. That's about it. And the reason I'm in this end of it is strictly that I didn't want to drag on my father's coattails. I wanted to be judged on my own. But I desperately wanted to be in this business. It's all I've ever thought about from the age of fourteen on.

13.

PLAYBOY: What's the most important thing a man can learn from his father, and when did you learn it?

POVICH: Even if you rebel against your parents and you feel estranged at times when

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you're young, it's gonna change. Believe me, you're not going to lose your love for them, and they're going to show you their love in many more meaningful ways. I probably learned that the first time I was fired. My dad had a great line. I had to call him up, because he was going to read about it in the newspapers. I was almost forty years old, and I was just devastated and embarrassed. It was a very tough call to make. After I told him, there was a long silence, and then he said, "Well, son, let me tell you one thing: Get all the sharp instruments out of the house." For my father to say something that funny destroyed all the terrible feelings I was experiencing.

14.

PLAYBOY: *USA Today* said Connie was the newsperson people would most like to have to dinner. What are her most troublesome and her most attractive table manners?
POVICH: She's a wee sloppy. [*Laughs*] She'll splatter the pasta once in a while. If she's going to eat dinner, give her a big napkin. That's her only problem at the table. Otherwise, she's got a terrific sense of humor and she's a mimic. She has the most wonderful smile and laugh; it just cuts through any awkwardness. She is a regular-guy girl.

15.

PLAYBOY: Does it bother you that people often mistake her for Kaity Tong, another New York newswoman?
POVICH: Everybody mistakes Connie for Kaity. In fact, when Kaity had a baby, I walked into my office and there was a big sign that said, CONGRATULATIONS, DADDY!

16.

PLAYBOY: When the two of you are at a cocktail party, who's listened to more? Whose friends are more interesting?
POVICH: We had a great moment recently, when CBS invited us to a gala at which Prince Philip was being honored. You have to be introduced to royalty, so finally, somebody introduced us. There was this kind of blank "Hello" from the prince and the person who introduced us told him, "They are big television people in the United States." The prince was nodding. There was an awkward silence, and I said, "I work for Mr. Murdoch," and the prince said, "Well, I guess some mugs have to do it," and left. [*Laughs*] We could have been mortified, but we just burst out laughing.

We have such long-term friends, and we had such a long-term courtship, that we know each other's friends. We don't even *have* new friends. My friends are highly critical of me and highly respectful of Connie. And her friends are the same.

17.

PLAYBOY: How do you keep current?
POVICH: What you see on the floor are seven newspapers—*The New York Times*, *New York Post*, *New York Daily News*, *Newsday*, *The Wall Street Journal*, *USA Today* and *The Washington Post*—and it's eleven o'clock in the morning. And I watch CNN all day. I also read the weeklies *Time* and *Newsweek*. But what you find is that if you read so many newspapers a day, you kind of skim the national magazines, because, for the most part, you know it.

18.

PLAYBOY: What's on your nightstand?
POVICH: Gore Vidal's book on Hollywood in the Twenties; Avery Corman's book *Fifty*; Robert A. Caro's latest volume on Lyndon Johnson; and a detective novel by William Murray, whom I like. Also a lamp and two alarm clocks. One I think is slowly developing a heart problem, so I'm setting them both. But the first one won't die. [*Laughs*]

19.

PLAYBOY: What's better than watching yourself on TV?
POVICH: I don't watch myself, because I see the big nose, all the cavernous lines—my face looks like a road map—and I hear my voice, which is not good. People say, "Boy, you have a distinguished voice," and I say you don't know how many cigarettes and whiskeys it took to develop that voice. If I stop and look in a mirror, it's to find out whether I've gotten decent-looking yet. I think I need new lighting. Maybe *that* will give me back my youth, make the hair seem less gray and the lines in my face less cavernous. I always want to check if maybe a miracle's happened!

20.

PLAYBOY: If your voice is bad, your face a road map and your nose too big, how do you explain having come so far?
POVICH: The same way you explain yourself when you go into a deli and it's crowded and you take a number: If you hang around long enough, they gotta call it.

"Hey, Harry? Have you ever noticed that they use Sunshine Fresh fabric softener on these sheets?"

SAVIORS AND LOANS

(continued from page 58)

the Federal Government was in hock for a couple of billion dollars. Not what you'd call a victimless crime.

Keating's antics typified the mess elsewhere. The savings-and-loan scandal is not some bloodless accounting or computer glitch. It is the artful work of a breed of connivers such as Keating who jumped in to stake their claim in the permissive financial climate of the Reagan years.

Money talks and Keating almost walked. Thanks to the intercession of the Senators and other powerful friends, the Federal watchdogs were ordered to halt their investigation. On May 20, 1988, *The Arizona Republic* later reported, Keating threw a victory bash at his Phoenix offices. And quite a bash it was. During the revelry, a computer was thrown out a second-floor window, Keating unbuttoned his shirt in Superman style to reveal an anti-regulatory-agency T-shirt. A female secretary and a male executive were close enough on top of a desk for "Keating to lash their legs together with a roll of transparent tape." *The Arizona Republic* also reported that the taped executive had managed to free himself and pour champagne down the front of another secretary's blouse while Keating had yelled, "Get this champagne colder." Pretty kinky. It's a good thing the party was in Phoenix, not in Cincinnati.

None of the above should suggest that Keating is less than fully committed to what Phyllis Schlafly and other bluenoses call "family values." After all, he did appoint his 28-year-old son to an $800,000-a-year job as board chairman of the company. True, this wasn't the estimated $3,000,000 salary the elder Keating was paying himself, but the young man, an Indiana University dropout and country-club bus boy, had to start somewhere. And how about this: Between 1986 and 1988, says the Government, Keating and his family took around $34,000,000 from Lincoln's parent company in bonuses, salaries and sales of stock. Sounds like a close-knit family to me.

Then the party ended. Less than a year after the victory bash, regulators felt compelled to seize Lincoln, contending that the S&L was financially "unsafe and unsound." Suddenly, Keating was a loser and his former friends were clucking about how bad the S&L mess had gotten. Greenspan, who had testified to Keating's character, now had second thoughts and has since admitted, "The size of the problem is certainly large enough for anyone to choke on."

How different things might have been if Greenspan had choked a bit earlier. What is the public to make of a banking expert who judged Lincoln to be "a financially strong institution that presents no foreseeable risk"? Greenspan had defended Lincoln by comparing it to 17 other thrifts that were equally aggressive and strong. Sixteen of the 17 are now in bankruptcy.

Keating was a master at creating an aura of moral sanctity—and he never let anyone forget it. Two years after his Lincoln Savings shenanigans began, in 1986, he found time to send out a fund-raising request for his Citizens for Decency Through Law, offering a membership card in return for donations. This was not just any membership card, as his letter trumpeted:

"This is no ordinary membership card which I enclose. It's a shining symbol of your love—your love of your country, your love of your children, your love of God. It carries a great history with it—the history of a nation's fight against the pit demons of pornography. . . . Just take this card in your hand. Hold it. Feel the bond with me, and with the hundreds of thousands of decent, God-fearing people across the country who stand in unbending line against the forces of absolute evil."

The man who wrote those words was even then engaged in what the Federal regulators charge was racketeering and fraud that would cost the taxpayers, including God-fearing ones, at least two billion dollars and would destroy the savings of hundreds of small investors. You had better believe that this guy, like so many others who have policed our moral standards, knows from "absolute evil."

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Charlie Sheen *(continued from page 118)*

"Sheen has two tattoos—a dragon on his right shoulder and a kabuki face on his right forearm."

They'd advise Sheen, "Don't sweat the petty things, pet the sweaty things."

But when people got close, Sheen's expression would go flat and his whole body would coil as if to spring into action. I saw it happen more than once, when a girl would get up the nerve to ask for an autograph, then another would follow, and suddenly, the whole crowd would surge forward.

I think more than physical danger, Sheen saw the psychic risk of his situation—how alone all the attention threatened to make him—ultimately. He was probably lucky to have had Martin Sheen as a father and to have seen combat and danger early and to be on guard against them.

•

The morning routine was businesslike: "We don't talk in the morning. We just listen to music," Sheen had warned me. He was there to get the job done. CDs of U2 played in the make-up trailer while Sheen shaved. Then Lynne, an exotic goddess with curly red hair tumbling down her back, pored over his head for half an hour, creating the proper effect for the lens. Sheen sipped cappuccino and flipped through the paper.

Someone asked him if he wanted any breakfast. "See if they can make any pancakes," Sheen said. "But not those whole-wheat ones. No buckwheat or anything like that. I like Aunt Jemima pancakes. Real American food."

At the other end of the trailer, Sheen's stunt double, Eddie Braun, called, "Say, do you want me to have a tattoo?"

Sheen has two tattoos—a dragon on his right shoulder and a kabuki face on the inside of his right forearm, the latter signed by Bo Tin, a famous Japanese tattoo artist who had tattooed the Japanese Mafia. The only Westerners Bo Tin had tattooed before Sheen were Bruce Lee and Muhammad Ali.

"When a woman ends an affair, she turns to her women friends. When a man ends an affair, he starts another one. Thank God."

"Do you have the paints?" Lynne asked Matthew Mungle, the maestro in charge of special make-up—everything from a scar that was on Sheen's cheek to a human head that melts.

"Right here," Mungle said. He was thin and bearded, with a soft smile. He began shaking the little bottles of special tattoo make-up, and then free-handed a replica of Sheen's kabuki-face tattoo in about 20 minutes, signature and all. "Don't scrub it when you shower," he told Braun. "It should last for a few days."

Sheen's make-up finished, we returned to his trailer, where his pancakes were waiting under aluminum foil. He pulled off the foil and there were four of the biggest, fattest buckwheat pancakes that ever graced a greasy griddle. "What is this shit?" he asked. "Jesus, did I not say no buckwheat?"

"You did," Kenney said.

"Brain dead," Sheen said.

But he did not throw them away. And when neither Kenney nor I wanted to eat them, he put them in the freezer rather than waste them. Braun, who had doubled for Sheen's older brother, Emilio Estevez, on *Wisdom*, said that the whole Sheen family was special. He said that Estevez would call him on the phone the day after a stunt to ask how he was. "Charlie's the same way," Braun told me. "They're both sweethearts."

•

It was the 23rd day of shooting and I was hanging on to the back of a golf cart with one hand, blowing around a curve in the road through the forest. Sheen was driving and Kenney was in the shotgun seat. Early on, the actors had taken a golf cart apart and figured out how to override the throttle governor, so the machines were now modified for pure speed. They weren't allowed on the roads, but there we were, hoping nothing wide and slow came around the blind curves.

Things were getting crazier as the shoot progressed. Bill Paxton had taken me aside and said of the production, "This is the Titanic, man, and I'm shoveling coal in the engine room."

That same day, Lewis Teague had also taken me aside and said of his *macho* collection of actors, "They drink all night, get three hours' sleep, and then come to work, and they're temperamental to begin with. It makes things difficult." But Teague had strapped himself to a rocket with that group, and he'd hired Navy Seals to train them, and now they were primed and acting like Seals, and it was a woolly ride, "a hair ball," as one of the military men had put it.

The Navy Seals had taken Sheen, Rick Rossovich, Paxton and other actors into the woods for a short training course at the beginning of shooting, but Sheen had told me, "It wasn't that bad

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compared with the boot camp we went through on *Platoon*." The Seals had to keep most of what they did secret and were fond of saying, in response to almost any question, "If I tell you that, I'll have to kill you."

Teague had been upset because Rossovich (on his golf cart) had pushed actor Cyril O'Reilly's golf cart into the lake during the filming of a scene of some zany Seal antics. O'Reilly came out soaking wet and pissed. The cart engine was ruined. Everyone thought it was a moronic stunt but then realized it was something that an actual Seal might do, and Teague (who is actually far cleverer than the actors think he is) decided to use it in the film.

Earlier, we had all been sitting at picnic tables under the trees by the golf-course clubhouse, eating lunch. I looked over at Rossovich and saw that he had somehow gotten hold of Michael Biehn's knife, the one he had used in *The Abyss*, a giant buffed stainless-steel knife, razor sharp with a jagged edge. Rossovich grabbed the hand of the guy next to him, who happened to be a real Navy Seal, and started doing a scene from *Aliens* in which a crew member stabs a knife into the table between the fingers of another, repeatedly, faster and faster, until we realize that he's not a human, he's an android. Rossovich was not an android, but he did pretty well, right up until he got the knife going superfast, and Biehn suggested he stop, because what if he hurt the nice, combat-trained, killer Seal?

Sheen didn't take part in the wildness. He was not aloof, but he just wasn't involved. I remember one night at the bar, he had ordered a strawberry daiquiri and got heavily razzed by the *macho* cast. When the pink drink was delivered by the waitress, it had a mound of whipped cream on top, and Sheen carefully spooned all of it onto a saucer, saying to me, "You can write, 'He wiped the jizz off his manly drink.'"

In an interesting way, Sheen has gone beyond the fight and the fury. Someone asked him how he liked *Eight Men Out* and he said candidly, "I don't remember too much about it. I was taking too many drugs and drinking too much at the time." So he has been there—he even fathered an illegitimate child five years ago. And while he didn't usually pass judgment on his fellow warriors—he understood from his own past their energetic state of abandon—he was upset with one of them, a married actor, for taking a sea wife on the shoot.

A naval seaman had given me a tour of a ship, explaining that now that women also ship out, when sailors are gone for six months, "the wedding rings come off and people acquire sea wives and sea husbands." The same thing sometimes happens on film locations—people are far from home, alone and lost in a fairy-tale land. But Sheen had learned to believe in defensive living when it came to the Hollywood machine. When the actor was leaving the bar with his sea wife, Sheen called after her, "Leave some for his wife!" then added, *sotto voce*, "He's in way over his head."

•

We were sitting in the trailer after lunch. Kenney was at the kitchen table, reading *A Brief History of Time*, while Sheen tried to use the phone. He was cut off three or four times. The fighter planes sounded like rubber tires screeching and smoking in some infernal, airborne drag race of torque and gravity. When no one came to get Sheen for a shot, he decided to turn on the second game of the A's against the Blue Jays. After we'd been watching for half an hour, a Sears commercial came on and Sheen said he had done the voice-over. I expressed my surprise. Why would he, one of the hottest young male talents in the country, do voice-overs?

"It's good cash," he said. "It's a lot of money and it's easy. You get three accounts and you're set. It's not selling out. I don't appear on camera." Twenty minutes later, a Toyota commercial came on and Sheen smiled and sat up a little from his slouch on the couch. "The old man," he said with his sly, James Dean smile, cutting his hazel, glinting eyes toward me. "He does voice-overs for Toyota, Pepsi and Polaroid."

During the baseball game, Sheen tried the phone again and was cut off again. That was when we went outside and smashed it to pieces. When we came back inside, he seemed drained of tension. He sat on the couch cracking pistachios and his knuckles, and we talked about poetry and how the publishing business works and doesn't work. He was interested in getting his book of poetry published. He carried it with him on the shoot and worked on it in spare moments.

After a while, he scooped up the shells and dumped them into a bowl, stretched out on the couch, kicked off his muddy loafers and went to sleep.

The loafers were the only shoes he wore the whole time I was there. In fact, he wore the same black sweat pants and black checked sports coat, too, each day changing only his T-shirt. He traveled with very few clothes—one suit, one pair of jeans, one pair of khaki pants. "I figure, even if I wear the same thing for a week, I'm wearing it only two hours a day because of wardrobe changes," he said. "So that's only—what—fourteen hours? That's not even a whole day."

When Sheen finally came out and did his part of the scene, the fans were waiting for him, and for a few moments, there was a scene that evoked a Beatles concert in the Sixties: hordes of girls going crazy, screaming, rending garments. Kenney, standing nearby, caught Sheen's eye and mimed putting a bullet through the roof of his mouth. Sheen cracked up.

By the end of a long day of shooting, the atmosphere could get pretty silly, with wardrobe and make-up people spraying Super String from a can. Laughter, high, long and tired, echoed around the forest, as the crew ran and played. I heard one of the actors muttering to himself, "Oh, please say that word I long to hear."

"What word is that?" someone asked.

"Wrap," he said.

We escaped back to base camp and found that the Jays and the A's were still playing, so we hunkered down to watch. Word came that a column of fans was on the march through the forest toward the trailer, so Kenney moved his rented black T-bird in order to make a quick getaway as soon as the game ended.

Forty minutes later, we were skimming along the dappled forest road, passing the dispersing crowd of fans, who weren't even looking to see who was in the car. They were in another world.

We were, too, driving home from the set in the black T-bird, Sheen riding shotgun. He had offered to sit with me in back and, in fact, had once insisted on sitting in the back, but it felt wrong. He was the star. Anyway, I wanted him in the front, where I could watch him.

When we'd eaten lunch together, he'd asked permission to smoke and had seemed concerned that I hadn't finished eating, as if it might spoil my meal if he lighted up. Now he asked, "Are you a Zep fan?" before putting on the tape he was holding in his hand. It was *The Song Remains the Same*, and he rewound to *Stairway to Heaven*, saying that it had to be "among the all-time top-five greatest live songs."

To our right, the big red sun was going down, and off to the left, two giant swamp-green C-130 airplanes sat with their ramps down, loading. We passed a blonde pleasure unit in a maroon Alfa Romeo, and I saw Sheen's head turn to check her out, just for a moment, then turn back to his concentration on the task at hand—playing drums on his knees to *Stairway to Heaven*. I thought I understood why Sheen views his life as something of a fire fight. With his father almost dying for real in a make-believe Vietnam movie, Sheen must have learned that fantasy and reality can make a deadly mix, that some games are played for keeps even if they are just games. Then a fighter plane, sideways in a 90-degree bank, appeared out of the mist over the freeway before us and silently crossed from right to left, as big and white as Moby Dick, as we left the hot mist, the green forest, the loud highway behind.

(Advertisement)

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Dear Friend,

I made $9,800 in 24 hours. You may do better!

My name is John Wright. Not too long ago I was flat broke. I was $31,000 in debt. The bank repossessed my car because I couldn't keep up with the payments. And one day the landlord gave me an eviction notice because I hadn't paid the rent for three months. So we had to move out. My family and I stayed at my cousin's place for the rest of that month before I could manage to get another apartment. That was very embarrassing.

Things have changed now. I own four homes in Southern California. The one I'm living in now in Beverly Hills is worth more than one million dollars. I own several cars, among them a brand new Mercedes and a brand new Cadillac. Right now, I have a million dollar line of credit with the banks and have certificates of deposit at $100,000 each in my bank in Beverly Hills.

Best of all, I have time to have fun. To be me. To do what I want. I work about 4 hours a day, the rest of the day, I do things that please me. Some days I go swimming and sailing — shopping. Other days, I play racquetball or tennis. Sometimes, frankly, I just lie out under the sun with a good book. I love to take long vacations. I just got back from a two week vacation from — Maui, Hawaii.

I'm not really trying to impress you with my wealth. All I'm trying to do here is to prove to you that if it wasn't because of that money secret I was lucky enough to find that day, I still would have been poor or may be even bankrupt. It was only through this amazing money secret that I could pull myself out of debt and become wealthy. Who knows what would have happened to my family and me.

Knowing about this secret changed my life completely. It brought me wealth, happiness, and most important of all — peace of mind. This secret will change your life, too! It will give you everything you need and will solve all your money problems. Of course you don't have to take my word for it. You can try it for yourself. To see that you try this secret, I'm willing to give you $20.00 in cash. (I'm giving my address at the bottom of this page.) I figure, if I spend $20.00, I get your attention. And you will prove it to yourself this amazing money secret will work for you, too!

Why, you may ask, am I willing to share this secret with you? To make money? Hardly. First, I already have all the money and possessions I'll ever need. Second, my secret does not involve any sort of competition whatsoever. Third, nothing is more satisfying to me than sharing my secret only with those who realize a golden opportunity and get on it quickly.

This secret is incredibly simple. Anyone can use it. You can get started with practically no money at all and the risk is almost zero. You don't need special training or even a high school education. It doesn't matter how young or old you are and it will work for you at home or even while you are on vacation.

Let me tell you more about this fascinating money making secret:

With this secret the money can roll in fast. In some cases you may be able to cash in literally overnight. If you can follow simple instructions you can get started in a single afternoon and it is possible to have spendable money in your hands the very next morning. In fact, this just might be the fastest *legal* way to make money that has ever been invented!

This is a very safe way to get extra cash. It is practically risk free. It is not a dangerous gamble. Everything you do has already been tested and you can get started for less money than most people spend for a night on the town.

One of the nicest things about this whole idea is that you can do it at home in your spare time. You don't need equipment or an office. It doesn't matter where you live either. You can use this secret to make money if you live in a big city or on a farm or anywhere in between. A husband and wife team from New York used my secret, worked at home in their spare time, and made $45,000 *in one year.*

This secret is simple. It would be hard to make a mistake if you tried. You don't need a college degree or even a high school education. All you need is a little common sense and the ability to follow simple, easy, step-by-step instructions. I personally know a man from New England who used this secret and made $2 million *in just 3 years.*

You can use this secret to make money no matter how old or how young you may be. There is no physical labor involved and everything is so easy it can be done whether you're a teenager or 90 years old. I know one woman who is over 65 and *is making all the money she needs* with this secret.

When you use this secret to make money you never have to try to convince anybody of anything. This has nothing to do with door-to-door selling, telephone solicitation, real estate or anything else that involves personal contact.

Everything about this idea is perfectly legal and honest. You will be proud of what you are doing and you will be providing a very valuable service.

It will only take you two hours to learn how to use this secret. After that everything is almost automatic. After you get started you can probably do everything that is necessary in three hours per week.

Here's what newspapers and magazines are saying about this incredible secret:

The Washington Times:
The Royal Road to Riches is paved with golden tips.

National Examiner:
John Wright has an excellent guide for achieving wealth in your spare time.

Income Opportunities:
The Royal Road to Riches is an invaluable guide for finding success in your own back yard.

News Tribune:
Wright's material is a MUST for anyone who contemplates making it as an independent entrepreneur.

Success!
John Wright believes in success, pure and simple.

Money Making Opportunities:
John Wright has a rare gift for helping people with no experience make lots of money. He's made many people wealthy.

California Political Week:
. . . The politics of high finance made easy.

The Tolucan:
You'll love . . . *The Royal Road to Riches.* It's filled with valuable information . . . only wish I'd known about it years ago!

Hollywood Citizen News:
He does more than give general ideas. He gives people a detailed A to Z plan to make big money.

The Desert Sun:
Wright's *Royal Road to Riches* lives up to its title in offering an uncomplicated path to financial success.

PROOF

I know you are skeptical. That simply shows your good business sense. Well, here is proof from people who have put this amazing secret into use and have gotten all the money they ever desired. Their initials have been used in order to protect their privacy, but I have full information and the actual proof of their success in my files.

'More Money Than I Ever Dreamed'
"All I can say — your plan is *great!* In just 8 weeks, I took in over $100,000. More money than I ever dreamed of making. At this rate, I honestly believe, I can make over a million dollars per year."
A. F., Providence, R.I.

'$9,800 In 24 Hours!'
"I didn't believe it when you said the secret could produce money the *next morning.* Boy, was I wrong, and you were right! I purchased your *Royal Road to Riches.* On the basis of your advice, $9,800 poured in, in less than 24 hours! John, your secret is incredible!"
J. K., Laguna Hills, CA

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"I was able to earn over $15,000 with your plan — in just the past two months. As a 22 year old girl, I never thought that I'd ever be able to make as much money, as fast as I've been able to do. I really do wish to thank you, with all of my heart."
Ms. E. L., Los Angeles, CA

'Made $126,000 In 3 Months'
"For years, I passed up all the plans that promised to make me rich. Probably I am lucky I did — but I am even more lucky that I took the time to send for your material. It changed my whole life. Thanks to you, I made $126,000 in 3 months."
S. W., Plainfield, IN

'Made $203,000 In 8 Months'
"I never believed those success stories . . . never believed I would be one of them . . . using your techniques, in just 8 months, I made over $203,000 . . . made over $20,000 more in the last 22 days! Not just well prepared, but simple, easy, fast . . . John, thank you for your *Royal Road to Riches!*"
C. M., Los Angeles, CA

'$500,000 In Six Months'
"I'm amazed at my success! By using your secret I made $500,000 in six months. That's more than twenty times what I've made in any single year before! I've never made so much money in such short time with minimum effort. My whole life I was waiting for this amazing miracle! Thank you, John Wright."
R. S., Mclean, VA

As you can tell by now I have come across something pretty good. I believe I have discovered the sweetest little money-making secret you could ever imagine. Remember — I guarantee it.

Most of the time, it takes big money to make money. This is an exception. With this secret you can start in your spare time with almost nothing. But of course, you don't have to start small or stay small. You can go as fast and as far as you wish. The size of your profits is totally up to you. I can't guarantee how much you will make with this secret but I can tell you this — so far this amazing money producing secret makes the profits from most other ideas look like peanuts!

Now at last, I've completely explained this remarkable secret in a special money making plan. I call it "The Royal Road to Riches". Some call it a miracle. You'll probably call it "The Secret of Riches". You will learn everything you need to know step-by-step. So you too can put this amazing money making secret to work for you and make all the money you need.

To prove this secret will solve all your money problems, don't send me any money, *instead postdate* your check for a month and a half from today. I guarantee not to deposit it for 45 days. I won't cash your check for 45 days before I know for sure that you are completely satisfied with my material.

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There is no way you can lose. You either solve all your money problems with this secret (in just 30 days) or you get your money back *plus* $20.00 *in cash* **FREE!**

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CAPTIVE HONOR *(continued from page 138)*

"RESEARCH PROVES NINETY NINE PRCNT OF POWS JAC OFF XX WE NEED YOUR HELP TO MAKE IT ONE HUNDRED"

of pain, he counted out the taps and translated them into letters, and then into words, putting it all into a message:

RESEARCH PROVES THAT NINETY NINE PRCNT OF POWS JAC OFF XX WE NEED YOUR HELP TO MAKE IT ONE HUNDRED PRCNT XX

Years later, the man would say that that message had probably saved his sanity, if not his life.

•

Looming over every action the POWs took when dealing with the North Vietnamese was a group of difficult questions: How far should they push their resistance? What should a man expect from himself and his comrades? What was the limit?

Well, Stratton said at first, resist "as long as you can." This was refined later to "as long as is prudent." And, finally, "to the point of serious or permanent injury." It was always a subjective evaluation, but the rule was: Don't make it too easy for them or too hard on yourself. As important as it was to hold out, it was perhaps even more vital for a man to gather his strength after he had been broken and get back on the team. When a man came back from interrogation, it was crucial that he tell his fellow POWs what he had said. He would keep faith with his fellow prisoners. Jeremiah Denton, a prisoner in another camp, gave it a name: bouncing back. The alternative was a disintegration of unity and morale. It was either bounce back or every man for himself.

•

Not every POW in the Plantation was willing to obey Stratton's orders or to live by the bounce-back doctrine, and the North Vietnamese were quick to exploit the exceptions. Prisoners who did not bother with even a pretense of resistance were separated from the others. They were fitted for clothes to replace their prison pajamas. They were taken out of the prison from time to time to inspect bomb damage and meet with wounded North Vietnamese. They were indoctrinated, repeatedly, in the North Vietnamese line about the war. Eventually, the men were told the reason for this extra attention: They were going to be sent home.

This was inexcusable to the other POWs. While it had been necessary to be flexible about how much a man would be required to suffer before he went beyond name, rank, serial number and date of birth, there was no question when special favors and parole were offered. There was simply no reason to accept either. Stratton began writing a formal military order, using toilet paper, ink made from brick dust and a bamboo sliver sharpened on the rough concrete floor for a pen. It addressed the questions of early release, specifically, and the duties of an American prisoner of war, in general. The plan was to smuggle this "official" document into the cell where the early-release prisoners were held. All that was needed was a courier. Everyone in Stratton's unit volunteered.

The prisoners concealed the little bundle of paper by tying it to the courier's genitals, a place their body-shy captors were loath to inspect. Every time one of them left the cell for camp details, he tied on the order and waited for his chance.

"Son of a bitch, but this thing gets *heavy*," Stafford would say when he came back to the cell.

"Yeah, but look at it as exercise. Just think what it does for your physique,"

"How do you expect to get into college if you never study?"

his cellmate would reply.

One day, when the normal lethargy of the camp seemed a little worse than usual, Stafford saw his chance. He was on the way to the mess hall to spend the morning making coal balls, cooking briquettes prisoners fashioned from coal dust and water. His guard was paying no attention to the American wearing droopy pajamas who shuffled along dispiritedly ahead of him. All the while, Stafford tried to focus his attention on the cell where the early releases were held, just a few more steps ahead of him. He took a quick, furtive look over his shoulder, saw his guard smoking and talking, and reached inside his pajamas and untied the string.

When he was next to the cell window, he raised his good arm high enough to reach the sill and, like a basketball player tapping back a missed shot, flicked his wrist and let the package fall from his hand. He tensed for the impact of a rifle butt aimed from behind. Nobody raised a hand.

For the next four hours, Stafford made coal balls with trembling fingers. Whenever the guard moved or spoke to another guard in the yard, his stomach twisted into a knot. He did not relax until he had been led back across the yard and returned to his cell. When the door was closed and locked behind him, he broke into a smile, gave a thumbs up and said, "Mission accomplished."

The other men in the cell smiled back and pounded him on his shoulders and back, being careful to stay away from the injured spots. "Goddamn, Al, baby. Way to go, man. Shit-hot job."

Typical of the war in Vietnam, Stafford's successful mission yielded small and ambiguous results. Some of the men who had read the order were persuaded to turn down early release, but the North Vietnamese found replacements for them. But by succeeding, Stafford had "rescued" one or two men who were vacillating and, more important, he had *done* something. It stiffened the resolve and raised the spirits of the other men in the Plantation. It allowed them to feel that they were still resisting and that the war, no matter how hopeless it looked, was still going on.

•

A week before Christmas 1972, the POWs in Hoa Lo were awakened in the middle of the night by waves of B-52 bombers flying high over the city. For more than a week, the city burned and the walls of the old prison trembled. Inside, men cheered and the guards did not try to quiet them.

The Christmas bombings, as they came to be called, remain controversial. Pointless and barbaric according to one view; necessary and overdue, to another. Among the POWs, then and much later, the feeling was that the bombing ensured that they would all go home when the peace papers were signed. Before the bombings, they were hostages and represented an asset of sorts. But if they could be used as a pretext for military action—for more B-52 raids—then they were not worth any possible ransom.

Stafford and the other men—being kept in a camp far from Hanoi—knew nothing of this. They had not been told about the Christmas raids or about the signing of the treaty. They celebrated the new year—1973—and did their best to keep warm and occupied. Then, one night, the guards began putting them in formation according to some new system, as if it were the first day of boot camp.

"Hey, you know what?" one man said. "They're lining us up in order of shootdown. This time, I believe we are going home."

•

On the morning of their scheduled release, the men were fed breakfast and then loaded onto buses and driven to the airport in Hanoi. They formed ranks and were marched over to tables manned by officers from North Vietnam and the United States. Stafford's name was read off a roster and he stepped forward. The North Vietnamese put a check by his name and the Americans did the same. Custody had changed hands.

It took an hour, perhaps, to complete the transfer. When the paperwork and other formalities had been concluded, the cargo ramps were raised into place, sealing the planes, and the engines were brought up to full power. One by one, the big planes taxied out onto the runway and took off.

Stafford felt like he was holding his breath while the plane built speed. Then the wheels left the ground and were retracted. He could see the coast and the Gulf of Tonkin, just the way it had appeared five and a half years earlier on the morning when he had waked in the grip of that bad feeling. At that moment, he felt that he had at last accomplished his mission.

As the big plane crossed the coast line, Stafford and all the men around him began cheering and laughing with unrestrained joy. They were free.

•

Captain Robert Mitchell, a Navy flight surgeon, organized a study of the Navy and Marine POWs immediately after they returned from Vietnam. Every man was given a complete physical, as well as a battery of tests and several interviews with a psychiatrist. Each was also assigned a counterpart who was as close to him as possible in age, physical

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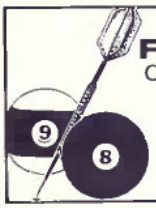

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Back to Campus
Page 92: His quilted jacket by Tom Tailar, 212-730-0196. Tam Tailar, Washingtan, D.C. Paisley print shirt by Bugle Bay far Men, 212-564-4950. Hecht's Ca., Washingtan, D.C.; Famaus Barr, St. Lauis. Jeans by Jardache, 212-279-7343. Leather belt by Charles Chevignon, 212-764-1336. Charivari, N.Y.C.; Ultimo, Chicago. Lace-up shaes by Steeple Gate, McCreedy & Schreiber, N.Y.C.; Mario's, Partland and Seattle. His leather backpack by Clava American, 203-869-2329. Natural Leather, N.Y.C.; Tata, N.Y.C.; Jasmine/Sala, Cambridge, Mass.; Up Against the Wall, Washingtan, D.C. Her autfit by Calvin Klein Spart.

Page 93: His poplin jacket by Members Only, 800-223-5553. Kramer's, Hanalulu. Denim overalls by Guess?. Bloamingdale's, Short Hills, N.J. Haaded sweatshirt by Axis, 212-764-5775. Rev-2 Clothing, N.Y.C.; MGA & Guess?, L.A. T-shirt by Fruit of the Laam. Available at discount stares near yau. His watch by Charles Chevignon, 212-764-1336. Her autfit by Benettan, 212-593-0290.

Page 94: His toggle coat from B. Free by M. Julian, 213-629-8041. Cada Unlimited, Great Neck, N.Y.; High Energy, Baltimore; Up Against The Wall, Washington, D.C. Save Our Planet sweatshirt by Catler. Stern's, N.Y. and N.J. Corduroy pants by Guess?. Blaamingdale's, Shart Hills, N.J.; MGA and Guess?, L.A.

Page 95: Still-life collection from top to battam. Black backpack, Bad Guys, 212-768-0690. The Whipp, N.Y.C.; The Stawe Trading Post, Stowe, Vt.; The Great Outdaar Stare, Siaux Falls, S.D. Hiking boots by Travel Fax, a divisian of Hongsan, 800-221-6627. In N.J., call 201-560-1155. Select locations of Father & San Stores. Leather belt by Charles Chevignon, 212-764-1336. Spart shirt by Pepe, 213-747-4711. Hudsan's New Yark, N.Y.C.; U.S. Male, Memphis; All American Jeans, New Orleans; Benjamin's, Carpus Christi, Tx.; Rolo, San Francisca. Archie watch from Cheval by Babtron, 800-833-9898. Mervyn's, Fla., Mich. and West Coast locations. Small nate pads and clipboard, Charles Chevignan, 212-764-1336. Eyeglasses by Guess? Eyewear. Pildes Optical, N.Y. tri-state area and Fla.; Cahen's Fashion Optical, N.Y.C.

Page 96: His denim jacket by French Connectian, 212-221-7504. Urban Outfitters, at all locatians. T-shirt by Fruit af the Loom. Available at discount stores near you. Catton trausers by Calvin Klein Spart far Men. The Calvin Klein Store, Chestnut Hill, Palm Beach, Dallas and N.C. Leather belt by Billy Belts, 818-331-6306. Carsan Pirie Scatt, Chicaga. His penny loafers by Barclay, 800-847-5510. Giovanni D'Italia Faatwear Empire, Habaken, N.J.; Dale's Shaes, Cincinnati; Haney's Shae Store, Omaha; Club House, Irvine, Cal. She is wearing his cable knit sweater by Nautica. The Nautica Stare, N.Y.C. and Newport Beach, Cal. Her denim skirt by Bik Bak, 212-921-1297. Her black hase by Ralph Lauren, 212-354-5310. Her hat by Benettan, 212-593-0290.

Page 97: Wool sports caat by Henry Grethel, 212-237-1555. Henry Grethel Studia, Chicaga; Carsan Pirie Scatt, Chicago and Milwaukee. Cotton denim shirt by Bugle Bay Men, 212-564-4950. Jeans by h.i.s., 800-422-5561. In N.Y. State, 800-342-3411. Silk tie from Perry Ellis by Manhattan Menswear Graup, 212-221-7500. Tie clip by Tam Tailar, 212-730-0196. Tom Tailor, Washingtan, D.C. and Princetan, N.J. Her autfit by Benettan, 212-593-0290.

The Playboy Collectian
Page 142: Juma Lamp fram Xanex Internatianal, 216-442-1600.

Page 143: Fram tap to battam, Caracciola attaché from Galdpfeil Bautique, 800-486-FEIL. Crauch and Fitzgerald, N.Y.C.; Leather Warld, Bastan and Newtan Center, Mass.; Galdpfeil Boutiques, Miami and Beverly Hills. Gold-vermeil cuff links fram Rasenthal-Truitt L.A., 213-659-5470. Century City Shapping Mall, Costa Mesa, Cal. JVC Campact videa system, call 800-252-5722 for a location near you.

Page 144: ADAM Answering Machine by PhaneMate, 213-618-9910, sales department. ADAM may be faund at mast stores that sell consumer electranics. Circuit City, Cal.; Macy's, mast locatians; American Express Merchandise Services. Vantix' galf clubs from Tamrac, 818-715-0090. Sanya electric shaver, 818-998-7322, x439. Service Merchandise, nationwide; Saccanes Razor Center, Newton Center, Mass.; Electric Emparium, L.A.

Page 145: Aquarello Washmabil fram Hastings Tile & II Bagna Collection, 516-379-3500. Hastings Tile & II Bagno Callectian, N.Y. and Chicago; Internatianal Bath & Tile, Sauthern Cal.

characteristics and experience—excluding the years of imprisonment. These men were to be given the same annual examinations and tests. The data, it was hoped, would yield useful information about the long-term effects of captivity.

Fifteen years after the program was started, Captain Mitchell had discovered some interesting, even startling, facts. First, the men who returned were in surprisingly good health, considering. They suffered the lingering effects of many untreated injuries, but otherwise, their general health was better than that of the men in the comparison group, especially in the cardiovascular field; the ex-POWs had fewer heart attacks, which could be accounted to the fact that they seldom ate any red meat or other high-cholesterol food. Furthermore, they did not seem to suffer from any lingering emotional problems that could be traced to their captivity. They experienced the same frustrations and anxieties as the men in the comparison group and, in fact, showed a slightly better ability to deal with stress—something else they had picked up in Vietnam.

There had been very few long-term psychiatric problems. One of the POWs had been institutionalized, and there was one suicide. A few, such as Stafford, had suffered bouts of depression, but the numbers were not out of line. The experience, grim as it had been, had not ruined these men for life. They had truly bounced back.

•

Every three years, former POWs come from all over the country to socialize and remember for a weekend. Al Stafford drove to Washington, D.C., in June of 1987 for one of these reunions.

During a cocktail party on the first evening, he was standing off from the crowd, looking for a familiar face, when someone shouted his name, ran across the room and leaped into his arms. For a moment, Stafford did not know who the man was. "Al, baby," he shouted. "God, it's great to see you, man. I've been worrying about you for twenty years."

It was John Roosen, the man whose place Stafford had taken in the Alpha strike on the day he was shot down.

"Goddamn, man. Great to see you."

"You too, John."

"Al, listen, you understand, don't you? I mean, there was no way I could have flown that bird that day. It was just *pouring* hydraulic fluid."

"For Christ's sake, John."

"No, I'm serious. Tell me you understand. It's been on my mind for twenty years."

"I understand. What do you think I am?"

"Al, man. I think you are the greatest."

PLAYBOY
ON·THE·SCENE
WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

THE FINISHING TOUCH

The good news is that you've finally obtained a TV with a screen the size of an N.F.L. end zone, a VCR that you can actually program and a killer sound system. Now the bad news: How do you store all this great stuff and the software that goes with it? Read our lips: Custom Woodwork & Design, in Bedford Park, Illinois, which specializes in audio-video cabinetry. Its storage units begin at $210; a room paneled in natural walnut—shown here—costs about $18,000. (Other finishes include natural, dark and black oak and four colors—ebony, almond, pewter and white.) This installation is snug and complete, but it can be expanded to accommodate future needs. Anyone for a laser-disc player?

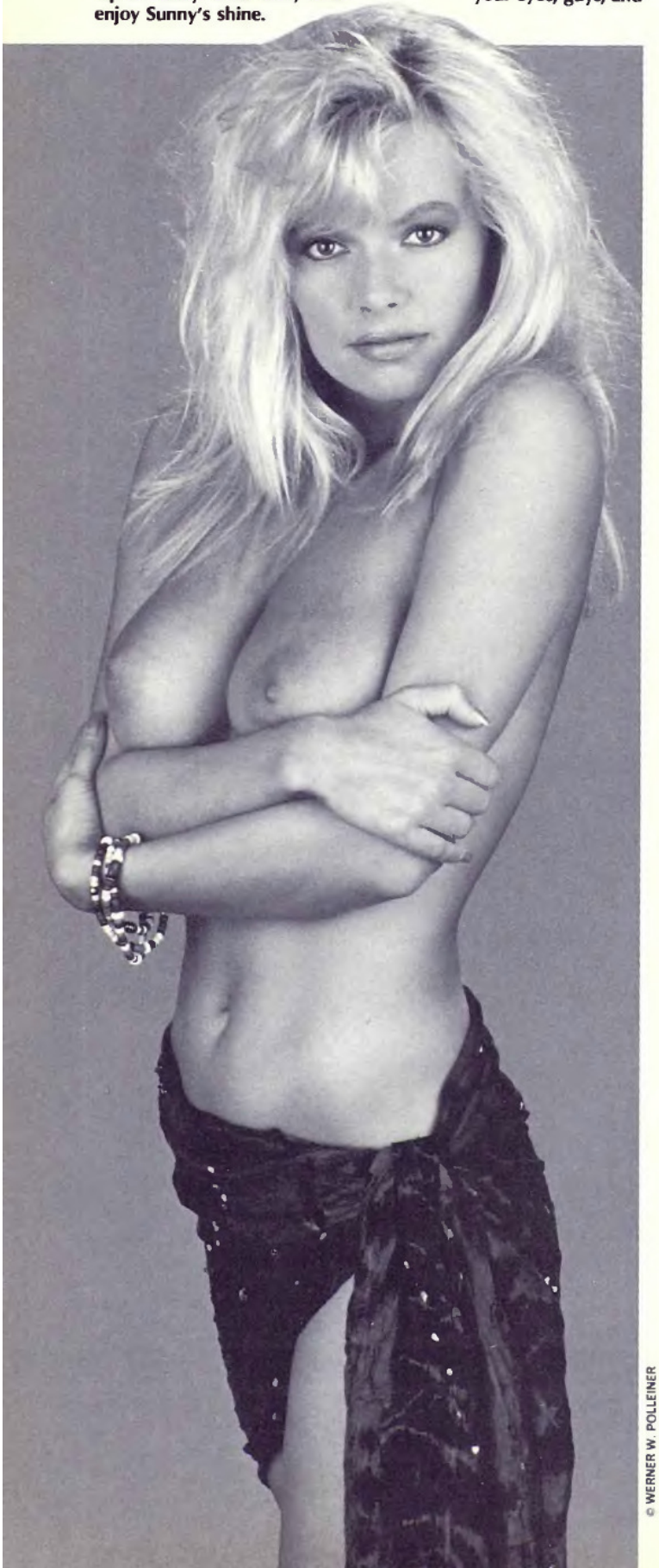
STEVE CONWAY

Because Custom Woodwork & Design's handsome audio-video cabinet installations are one of a kind, we took our cameras to The Media Room, an electronics store at 5701 Dempster Street, Morton Grove, Illinois, where one portion of a listening room had been paneled by C.W.D. A planner kit identical to the one The Media Room used to create its home theater is available from Custom Woodwork & Design, 5200 West 73rd Street, Bedford Park, Illinois 60638, for four dollars. Or call C.W.D. at 800-323-2159 for information on its national network of dealers.

GRAPEVINE

No Knocks on Wood

Canadian dancer and beauty SUNNY WOOD is just starting out in showbiz. She has produced her own poster and appeared in a swimsuit calendar and in the Hawaiian Tropic Swimsuit Pageant. We have high hopes that some smart Hollywood producer will get hip to Sunny. Until then, feast your eyes, guys, and enjoy Sunny's shine.



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Happy Talk

DON JOHNSON and MELANIE GRIFFITH have plenty to celebrate. He's starring in *Hot Spot* and she's the tart in *the* hot movie, *Bonfire of the Vanities*, set to open in December.

© PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Dishing Some Dirt

You may not know these Georgia boys yet, but trust us, you will. You'll never forget their name, CHICKASAW MUDD PUPPIES, and you'll check out the album *White Dirt*. Then you'll like the Puppies themselves and be surprised that people can dance to this stuff. Then you'll dance.

Birds of a Feather

Finally, a group that really does sound like the next-generation Rolling Stones. You'd best check out the BLACK CROWES and their album, *Shake Your Moneymaker*. Yes, that's Chuck Leavell on keyboards and a wonderful version of Otis Redding's *Hard to Handle*. The Crowes are taking off.

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Our Belle Sings

This year, vocalist REGINA BELLE sang on Broadway and toured with Maze, and her second LP, *Stay with Me*, went gold. She can belt out a song with the best of the lady shouters and sing a ballad that will make you swoon. This Belle tolls for you.

Beyond the Fringe

Starlet CHERYL JOHNSON has a poster for sale and has appeared in *Hard Ticket to Hawaii* on the big screen—but not in this getup. Bo knows just about everything, but Cheryl knows jackets.

© MARK LEIVOAL

© JOYCE SILVERSTEIN / RETNA LTD.

Chic Geeks

Have rocker STEVE VAN ZANDT and actor JOHN GOODMAN been hanging out with Axl Rose's fashion consultant? Catch John's spider movie *Arachnophobia*, and look for Steve in a club near you.

THE BIG SOUNDS

Tired of tuning in to the *Bart Simpson Rap*? Then return with us to those thrilling big-band sounds of yesteryear. Delta Music, in conjunction with Damark International, is offering *The Kings of Swing*, a boxed set of five CDs, for $49.95. Artists include Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Duke Ellington and others on 85 classic cuts. To order, call 800-729-9000. And, yes, *Kings of Swing* is available on cassettes, too. The price: $24.95. It all sounds good to us!

DREAM OF THE CROP

"Think of us as the Bloomingdale's of erotica," says Mark Anthony, the president of Dream Dresser, a kinky, classy boutique at 1042 Wisconsin Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C. 20007. Dream Dresser sells the stuff that wet dreams are made of—thigh-high patent-leather boots with six-inch heels ($420), latex lingerie ($40 to $150), Victorian corsets ($245), an *Arabian Nights* leather halter top draped with silver chains ($75), a black-satin maid's dress ($99) and the sleek and sexy patent stretch play suit pictured here that's priced at $145, not including the gloves and booties. Dream Dresser's ten-dollar catalog is hotter than Washington in August. Go for it, you horny devil!

HOW *WEIRD* CAN YOU GET!

From 1923 to 1954, *Weird Tales* magazine published the most spine-tingling fiction imaginable. Some of the stories were early works by such famous writers as Ray Bradbury; others ran once and then were never reprinted. Now 32 of the weirdest tales (one from each year of publication) have been collected into an anthology that's available from Weinberg Books, P.O. Box 423, Oak Forest, Illinois 60452, for $12. Read before dark.

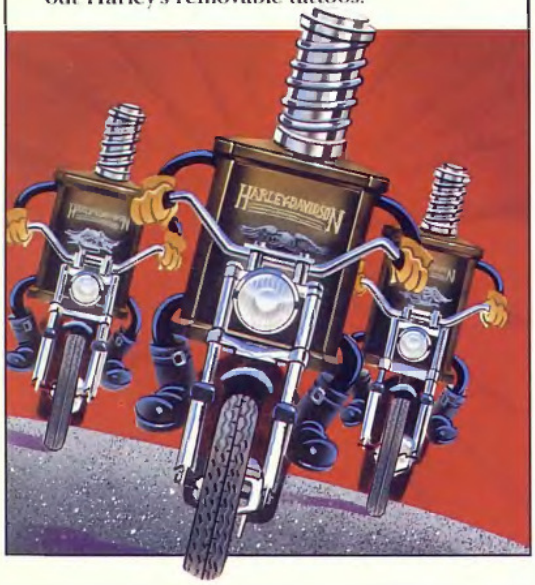
Weird Tales
32 UNEARTHED TERRORS
A STORY FROM EACH YEAR THE CLASSIC HORROR AND FANTASY MAGAZINE WAS PUBLISHED
Weird
Introduction by ROBERT BLOCH
Edited by STEFAN R. DZIEMIANOWICZ, ROBERT WEINBERG, and MARTIN H. GREENBERG

GO WESTERN FILM, YOUNG MAN

It's going to be anything but the last roundup for cowboy films as the Wyoming Western Film Festival rides into Sheridan, September 12 to 16. Events include a guest appearance by Chuck (*The Rifleman*) Connors, Western dances, Western art show, Indian powwows, cowboy poetry readings, four-wheel-drive tours to historic sites, including Butch Cassidy's hangout (now, *that*'s what we call historic), and the screening of a posse of cowboy films. Four-day admission to all events is $550. Call Vistas West at 800-735-8383. Head 'em up and ride 'em out!

SMELL OF THE OPEN ROAD

You don't have to own a Harley-Davidson motorcycle to go hog wild over that company's new cologne and after-shave. Strong and bold like the bikes, these Harley toiletries combine the scents of lemon, sage, rosemary, carnation, nutmeg, amber, patchouli, sandalwood and vanilla. (Sorry, the odor of 10W-40 motor oil isn't one of them.) Both the cologne and the after-shave are available from Harley dealers for $29.95 and $24.95, respectively. And while you're there, check out Harley's removable tattoos.

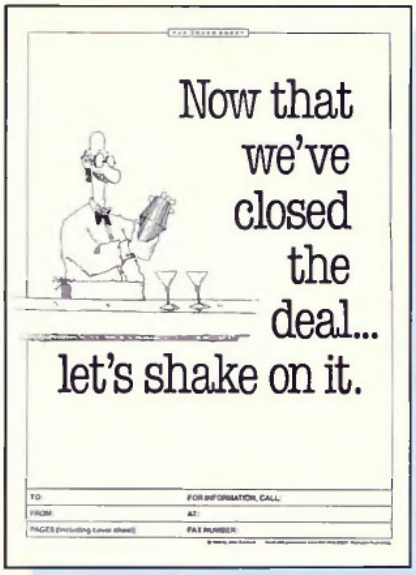


SOMETHING TO COLLABORATE WITH

Working on the great American novel and can't get past the second page? Slip a Collaborator floppy disk into your IBM- or Macintosh-compatible PC and get help from an electronic "analysis tool for writers, producers, directors, story editors, etc.," that has Aristotle's six elements of drama programmed into it. Frankie Corporation, 3021 Airport Avenue, Suite 112, Santa Monica, California 90405, sells the Collaborator for $399. That's the cheapest collaborator you'll ever find.

JUST THE FAX, PLEASE

Looking for a way to call attention to your faxes, now that there are more than 3,000,000 machines in daily use? Pick up a $9.95 copy of *Fax This Book*, a softcover filled with more than 100 full-page cartoons by syndicated cartoonist John Caldwell that are designed to be photocopied and faxed. Along with the one pictured here, there's "Here's Our Bill. Please Look It Over Carefully," showing a man with his head in a pelican's beak, and "Congratulations! You Work Miracles," that pictures an executive pulling a sword from a stone. Good idea—and that's a fax.



HOW SUITE IT IS

As the name implies, Guest Quarters Suite Hotel is just that—a 30-story suites-only establishment that has recently opened at 198 East Delaware Place in the heart of Chicago's Magnificent Mile. Prices begin at $180 for a single ($205 for a double) suite that includes living room/bedroom, luxe bath, mini bar with fridge, two TVs and much more. For those really in the chips, Guest Quarters also offers the $900-per-night Presidential Suite, which has 1500 square feet, a view of Lake Michigan and—as you probably guessed—a whirlpool in the bathroom. For reservations, call 312-664-1100. Tell them we said hello.

FLIP SOMEONE THE BIRD

Those of you who have hung out on Rio's beaches know that the second most popular outdoor sport after bikini watching is whacking around a Brazilian *peteca*. That's a feathered toy that two or more people bat back and forth with their hands like a badminton shuttlecock. Now a California company named Volleybird is importing *petecas* and selling them for $12.95, postpaid. (A variety of styles are available at various prices.) Call 800-523-1776 to order a whole flock for yourself or to give someone the Volleybird.

NEXT MONTH

BIG WEST

BATTLING BUSTER

SCHOOL DAZE

AMERICAN GLADIATOR

BEFORE GOING TOE TO TOE WITH **TYSON** AND **HOLYFIELD,** HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP **JAMES "BUSTER" DOUGLAS** GOES A FEW ROUNDS WITH **DON KING, MUHAMMAD ALI** AND THE SCHOOL OF HARD KNOCKS—A KNOCKOUT REPORT BY **TONY FITZPATRICK**

"GIRLS OF THE BIG WEST"—*PLAYBOY* TAMES THE CONFERENCE IN A HIGH-RIDING PICTORIAL

KIEFER SUTHERLAND TELLS HOW HE DEALS WITH "STINKER LINES" IN MOVIE DIALOG, HOW TO PLAY A TOUGH GUY AND HOW HARD IT IS TO FIND THE PERFECT FATHER-AND-SON SCRIPT IN A **"20 QUESTIONS"** WITH ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S FAVORITE SONS

"THE 'LATE NIGHT WITH DAVID LETTERMAN' BOOK OF TOP-TEN LISTS"—STRAIGHT FROM THE HOME OFFICE IN NEW YORK, THE CITY THAT NEVER SLEEPS BUT OFTEN COUGHS UP PHLEGM, COME THE MIDNIGHT GURU'S TOP-TEN LISTS

SHINTARO ISHIHARA, THE LEGISLATOR WHO MAY WELL BECOME JAPAN'S NEXT PRIME MINISTER, DEFENDS HIS CONTROVERSIAL BOOK *THE JAPAN THAT CAN SAY NO,* BASHES **LEE IACOCCA** AND LAUDS HIS COUNTRY'S ECONOMIC DISCIPLINE IN A HIGHLY PROVOCATIVE **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"THE NIGHT MY BROTHER WORKED THE HEADER"—A TALE OF LOVE, FADING HOPE AND HAUNTED MEMORY BY *PLAYBOY* COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST WINNER **DANIEL MUELLER**

"AN AMERICAN GLADIATOR"—A ROLLICKING PICTORIAL IN WHICH WE PAY TRIBUTE TO CRASH TV'S TOUGHEST BEAUTY, **MARISA PARÉ.** IF WE DIDN'T, SHE'D BEAT US UP

"HARTWELL"—WHEN A MIDDLE-AGED ENGLISH PROFESSOR GOES GA-GA OVER A GORGEOUS COED, A COLLEAGUE CAN ONLY STAND BACK AND WATCH THE FIREWORKS—FICTION BY **RON CARLSON**

PLUS: "PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW," GARY COLE'S COLLEGE FOOTBALL FORECAST FOR 1990; A TIP OF THE HAT TO THE HOTTEST NEW HEADGEAR; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

HOW TO THROW
A MAJOR LEAGUE

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Yep.

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Merit Ultra Lights

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